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THE STORY OF JOHN HOPE



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BLACKSTONE STUDIOS

John Hope

THE STORY OF
JOHN HOPE

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE



NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1948

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Chapter I

ALETHEA'S ISLAND

IN THE SUMMER of 1868, Big Steve, the alarm bell on the watchtower at Augusta, Georgia, might have been heard far louder than for any fire or flood if the sentinel up there on his high platform had been able to discern the fateful events—passing—not long past—and those to come—within and beyond his horizon.

If the tongue of the bell could have told of these, and with irrepressible pulsations of bronze had shaken out cries of warning, of summons, of alarm across the land, they might have found echoes in the nation's heart and brought it broad awake to meet the stroke and heed the omen and solve the meaning of the sound of alarm.

But the bell hung there above the city like a giant flower on its tall stem listless in the heat, and silent as when, three summers before, the greatest storm the land had ever known had rolled away, leaving a President slain with the myriads of young men sown in their graves by the blindness of their forerunners.

And now, in the third year of peace, new furies had gathered and the air was full of dark, fiery, and solemn portents. In the spring, the new President had been impeached; and the man who demanded it was to die before the leaves fell.

In July, Georgia was returned to the Union. In that same month the army yielded the state to civil authorities.

Time had lately yielded two million bondsmen to citizenship and to generations of further wrong and injustice.

Time, in that summer, yielded the whole country to a future of new dangers and overwhelming responsibilities.

Reconstruction had begun.

In August, Johnson's Senate accuser, Thaddeus Stevens, died and was buried at his own request in a colored graveyard, as though he might there have deeper quiet in which to meditate on what man had made of man.

Reconstruction had begun, and John Hope was to live in it, under it, and through it. He had been born in Augusta on June 2nd.

On that June day, the life of the city seemed to flow on as steadily as the thick sullen tide of the Savannah on whose banks it stood. Once the river had run crystal-clear, flashing through the heavy forest, before man began to dye it with the hues that mark his path. De Soto was the first to bring a stain, coloring the stream at the future town site with the blood of Indians who had met him with gentleness and hospitality.

History, after so dire an action, hid the scene for two centuries and then, as though it required such an interval to produce a cosmic balance after that first brutish figure, presented as his successor one of the best and most idealistic of men, James Oglethorpe, soldier, statesman, altruist, cherished and intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, of Goldsmith and Pope, who expressed his admiration in the lines:

One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

He was particularly fitted to found a community based on freedom, justice and the noblest aspirations. To this end he secured a commission from George II to establish the Colony of Georgia as a haven for Europe's oppressed, to be developed by free labor alone.

For the first seventeen years, all slavery was strictly prohibited in Georgia. The earliest colonists, carefully chosen respectable English debtors and persecuted Protestants, worked their small farms themselves and lived content with the laws. Then the trustees, in their haste to populate the new province, opened far wider the prison gates; and many of the later-arriving colonists, instead of working, spent their time in sowing disaffection with the Acts forbidding slave labor and large landholdings. The massed efforts of this shiftless and unworthy class forced the introduction of slavery into the colony. Undaunted by this defeat, the better class of citizens later placed their hopes of restoring the original freedom in its great advocate, Benjamin Franklin, then acting as London agent for the Georgia Assembly. Yet, deeply opposed as Franklin was to slavery, he was unable to help his Georgian friends, though he continued his efforts after the Revolution when he helped found and became president of one of the first societies for the abolishing of slavery.

But Augusta was well born, for Oglethorpe was its father and it began its life in those earliest days of freedom for all races of men. It stood at the head of the navigable waters and exchanged the riches that flourished between the mountains and the sea. They reached the town through the years in a great procession beginning with canoe-borne furs from the upper tributaries which later gave place to the bounties of the broad plantations farther down where fields of rice, flax, indigo, and hemp and vineyards colored the banks and then were swept away by tobacco until cotton overspread all.

After the Revolution, Augusta became the capital of Georgia and so continued for fifteen years. Meantime great events and their notable figures came and passed. Washington, as President, visited the town in the tobacco years. In 1798 the City of Augusta was incorporated and Thomas Cumming elected Intendant, or mayor. In 1825, when cotton had conquered, Lafayette came. The splendid old champion of freedom, returning to the United States at the invitation of Congress, was fêted and acclaimed almost as a god in his triumphal progress about the nation, and responded gallantly to the welcomes of the Augusta countryside. The journal of his secretary, M. Levasseur, makes this plain in the entry for March 22, 1825:

"On quitting Savannah we sailed at first for more than sixty miles between low marshy grounds whence issued many rivulets and which was covered by a vegetation the most rich and varied that it is possible to imagine. Among the tallest trees we observed four or five species of pines, nine of oak, tulip trees, poplars, plantains, sassafras, etc., beneath which grew more than forty kinds of shrubs of which the flower, foliage and perfume constitute the delicacies of our most brilliant parterres. Beyond this plain the soil rises rapidly about 200 feet and presents at intervals fine table lands on which are rich cotton plantations. . . . As we approached Augusta, two steamboats, crowded with a great many citizens of that town, came to meet us, and saluted General Lafayette with three cheers and the discharge of artillery. We answered them by the patriotic air of Yankee Doodle and by three rounds of our guns. They, joining us, we ascended the river together, each forcing the steam in rivalry of speed. There was something frightful in this contest; the three roaring vessels seemed to fly in the midst of black clouds of smoke, which prevented us from seeing each other. The *Altamaha* [Lafayette's boat] was victorious, which produced a lively joy in our brave captain, who seemed to be a man who would blow up his vessel rather than be beaten on such an occasion."

The enthusiasm of the citizens waiting on shore was no less intense, but after an address of welcome by Colonel William Cumming, son of the first Intendant, the visitor was allowed to rest at the Planters Hotel. M. Levasseur continues: "The General, forced to adhere rigorously to his calculations for travelling, had at first resolved to pass but one day at Augusta; but it was impossible for him to resist the earnest solicitations of the inhabitants that the greater part of the preparations for him should not become useless. He yielded and the entertainments for him were so multiplied that for the first time since the commencement of this prodigious journey he suffered a fatigue which caused us a momentary inquietude. . . . On the 25th, we left Augusta . . . but found the roads in such bad condition . . . that the carriage in which the General rode was near breaking down twenty times. The jolts were so violent that they occasioned General Lafayette a vomiting which at first alarmed us but this entirely ceased after a good night's rest at Warrenton."

On the following day they arrived at Sparta (seventy-two miles from Augusta), having been met and escorted to the town by a committee headed by its two chief citizens, Judge Hugh Taylor and General Abercrombie, an old comrade-in-arms of Lafayette. In proportion to its size there was probably no town in his route which greeted the old hero with more intense enthusiasm than Sparta. M. Levasseur noted particularly the affectionate character of his reception there. The town had been settled shortly after the Revolution by families from Virginia, and the citizens, entertaining their guest in the Old Dominion style, of course crowned the festivities with a grand Lafayette Ball at the Eagle Tavern, the invitations to which, signed by a dozen local names, were headed by that of Hugh Taylor.

In those early years of the nineteenth century, Judge Taylor owned several plantations in the neighborhood of Sparta. He maintained a great house in the town and another in Augusta which he occupied for a time each year. His summers were spent at Saratoga, New York, a watering place much frequented by wealthy Southern planters. He was senior partner in the Sparta cotton firm of Taylor & Chambers and had been justice of the Court of Hancock County in which Sparta was located. Though he was now married for the second time, his affections seemed centered upon Mary Elizabeth, his only child by his first marriage, who had as her inseparable companion and playmate the girl who was to be John Hope's grandmother—Alethea, the daughter of Mary, one of his numerous slaves. At the time of

Lafayette's visit, Alethea and Mary Elizabeth were about ten years of age.

Under the Judge's care, the two children had ample opportunity to see the French nobleman. Both girls were delicately fashioned and of an extreme prettiness, qualities which each retained throughout life, and which were noticeable to the great man, seeing them together, one so fair and one brown. Lafayette's burning revolt and struggle against slavery must have deepened his appreciation of Alethea's situation. Whether or not he learned the circumstances of her birth, they were of a character to which, through his long study of slavery, he was probably accustomed. When Alethea's mother was a young girl, her beauty had attracted the attention of a guest in the Taylor home to such a degree that he communicated his admiration to her master. The subject was perhaps then politely dropped, but the hospitality of the house was tacitly extended somewhat further; and that night, when the guest retired to his chamber, the girl was sent in to him. She was afterwards married to one of the house servants, who stood as the nominal parent of Alethea in place of her white father.

A year after Lafayette's visit, Judge Taylor died at Saratoga, leaving to Mary Elizabeth the larger portion of his estate and allotting to her twenty-one slaves, including Alethea. Sparta was at that time noted for its various private schools, and the young heiress had been attending one of them; but after her father's death her guardian sent her to New York to school, Alethea probably accompanying her on at least one of the trips north.

Mary Elizabeth returned to Georgia as mistress of the plantation and the Augusta house in 1830. Early in 1833 she was married to Edward Bustin, owner of the Eagle and Phoenix Hotel in Augusta and head of the cotton firm of Bustin & Walker. Their combined fortunes allowed them to live in luxury, and Alethea shared it as long as she remained with them, continuing always as companion rather than servant to Mary Elizabeth. The Bustins followed the Judge's custom of spending part of the year in Sparta, and here among the neighboring gentry were a number of plantation owners by the name of Butt, former Virginians of long tradition. To one of these the attraction of Alethea's golden youth proved irresistible.

Whatever may be said against the morganatic nature of this connection, it seemed to hold two extenuating characteristics; it was not a passing fancy on the part of the white man but the beginning of an alliance which continued until his death many years later. Moreover

it was by no means wholly a clandestine affair but frankly acknowledged to her and her descendants by his family both then and after his lifetime.

Alethea received her freedom and had a house of her own in Augusta where she reared and educated her seven children. Although the record of her manumission has disappeared and the exact date is uncertain, she appears with her children among "Free Persons of Color" in the Federal Census of 1860, being listed under the name of her former master as Alethea Taylor, though after the Civil War her children took the name of Butts—their father's name, with a letter added. The Census distinguishes Alethea's occupation by the quaint Victorian designation of "mantua maker" from others listed as mere "seamstresses." It would seem that after the death of the white father early in the 1850's Alethea, casting about for some means to support her family, had set herself up in the business to which the government gave so decorative a title.

Alethea illustrated to a marked degree the fact that the American Negro family was, particularly in those years, a matriarchy, the mother being the bright guiding star in the shifting and hazardous life of both slave and Free Negro. Though she had not been allowed to have formal schooling, Alethea had acquired through intimate association with her young mistress a high degree of literacy—whatever the one knew was shared by the other; and in addition she was kindled with an intense resolve to extend her knowledge to her whole race, beginning with her own children. Of these she had seven who reached maturity. The eldest, Ben, born in 1837 was followed in the next year by Joseph and on June 18, 1839, by Mary Frances (Fanny)—John Hope's mother; next came Anna (Nannie), James, Jane, and in 1852 Kate, the youngest. Alethea's resolve concerning the training of her children required a strong will and great resourcefulness. The impulse and intent to spread education among Negroes was a dangerous spark to lodge in the breast of one of them in the Georgia of those days. The state was becoming increasingly alarmed at the size and condition of mind of its Free Negro population; and, although instruction in reading and writing had long been forbidden the race, the Legislature at that time began to lay further restrictions upon it. In 1840 an act had been passed prohibiting the sale or gift of any book or books or paper or ink to a slave or a free person of color without permission of the owner or guardian. Within the next twenty years the Legislature declared that free persons of color were not citizens under the

Constitution. All between the ages of eighteen and fifty were taxed five dollars a year per person, no mean sum considering the value of money at that time. They were also required repeatedly to register and obtain certificates of their freeing, and finally in 1859 there was re-enacted a law, passed many years before, which forbade manumission except by a special act of the Legislature in the case of each slave, showing that the law had been continuously disregarded and explaining why only two manumissions had been recorded in the twenty previous years. The new act also prohibited Free Negroes from entering the state.

This suspicion and fear built up over a long course of years reacted severely on the Free Negroes themselves. They were not citizens. They could neither buy nor sell nor read nor write without the surveillance or at least the permission of the white people. They could not travel or settle down where they pleased. All Free Negroes were obliged to have guardians, and they could not move about freely even in their own county without a pass signed by this person. In many cases the guardians respected the inherent rights of their wards and did not interfere further than to protect them. Such was the situation in Alethea's case. Her guardianship, on the death of Butt, passed to Isaac Tuttle, one of his business associates. Mr. Tuttle was an aged, benevolent, and highly venerated citizen of Augusta, and Alethea suffered no personal severity in the legal change. After Tuttle's death his stepson, Dr. George M. Newton, became sponsor for Alethea's family, and a pass still survives in his handwriting, issued for James Butts:

Augusta, August 28, 1858

Jimmie can pass by railroad this day to White Oak Camp Meeting and return on Tuesday or Wednesday or sooner.

GEORGE M. NEWTON

John Hope, James Butts' nephew, presented this pass to Brown University in 1928 and wrote at the time: "Sometimes there is something amusing about very sad moments. . . . My three uncles knew how to read and write, although this was against the laws of the state of Georgia. Now some of the policemen did not know how to read and write, so my uncles used to keep a supply of old passes on hand and foist them on illiterate policemen on occasions when my uncles had not succeeded in getting a pass. Once, this particular uncle, to his dismay struck a policeman who could read. His only recourse was

to go meekly towards the court house until such a time as he could trip the unsuspecting policeman and escape. This he did without any unpleasant experience thereafter. I suppose the policeman would not want it known that he had been thus discomfited."

As for the legislative suppression of education, it only steeled Alethea's purpose. She began to extend her instruction to the children of colored neighbors, an opportunity seized by them with eagerness. For a number of years she conducted a secret school in her own house, an activity which grew to such dimensions as to require two assistant teachers. This courageous work continued until it grew too dangerous to pursue further; but the closing of the tiny academy by no means exhausted Alethea's resourcefulness. If she had to abandon the education of her neighbors' children, she would at least continue that of her own. They were eager and alert and worth all the schooling that could be given them. Fanny, in particular, deserved every possible chance. There was something unusual about her eldest daughter that impressed Alethea. Something was there besides her looks, though she was going to be a beauty. The girl responded, with an understanding beyond her years, to her mother's cares and to the small troubles of her brothers and sisters. And she had something else too. What was it? Whatever it was, it drew people to her. But she was shy, too. Didn't have much to say, didn't need to. Yes, Fanny must keep on with her schooling, and Alethea knew how to manage it.

If she could not educate her children in Georgia, there was the freer air of South Carolina where Negroes themselves sometimes owned slaves, and where even marriage between whites and blacks was permitted. Charleston, a seaport with fused English and French elements and a large population of Free Negroes, had a sophisticated atmosphere very different from inland Georgia. It was famous among Negroes as a place where they could get an education, especially if their fathers were white. There was even one school arranged by a white law firm particularly for the colored children of white fathers. So, upon the suppression of her own little school, Alethea sent Fanny and Nannie, two years younger, to study in Charleston where they were put to board with a colored woman who was not only free but herself a slave owner. And that the freer air of South Carolina was not free to all became evident to the sisters during their stay when the colored mistress sent one of her slaves to the workhouse to be flogged.

The girls returned to Augusta after two years with something unknown to most colored girls of their time, the poise given by travel

and a new environment at an impressionable age. Even Nannie, now thirteen, had greatly matured—the sweet selflessness, her radiant characteristic throughout life, was already apparent. But Fanny had blossomed beyond her mother's dreams. At fifteen she was a slender girl with a proud bearing, a dark olive complexion, finely spaced eyes, and broad forehead. Her former charm was now heightened; she was quietly, subtly magnetic. Her shyness was replaced by a deep reserve. She radiated the mysterious power of character, a force of which she was hardly yet aware, and which she was too gentle and kind ever to use for selfish ends. With satisfaction Alethea watched her among her brothers and sisters: Ben, now at nineteen a trained artisan; Joe, with his straight raven locks and high spirits; young James, fair-skinned and gentle-mannered (even perhaps while foiling policemen); selfless Nannie; little Jane and Kate. And yet mingled with their mother's pleasure was at first an underlying anxiety for Fanny's future. What could she do in life? Marry, perhaps. But in the meantime? All the Butts children had been brought up to share in the family responsibilities, and of course the local chances of work for a colored girl, of no matter what accomplishments, were strictly limited to the households of white people.

Alethea found herself, however, confronted with no immediate dilemma. Fanny's presence proved so valuable that the thought of her going elsewhere speedily faded. Alethea at last was free to devote all her energies to her costuming rooms as her eldest daughter became a radiating, harmonizing, and responsible element at home. Here, with Alethea as its sea wall and defender and with Fanny as the keeper of its light, was a brave little island in the threatening and turbulent ocean of ante-bellum society.

Chapter II

FROM A FAR COUNTRY

MY FATHER," John Hope once wrote, "was a Scotchman by birth and rearing." The addition of the word "rearing" is interesting, for it thus becomes clear that the son felt his father to be somewhat different from other men of Augusta and he thus explained the distinction. It is a hint worth following, for it suggests some of the many influences which were to lead to his parents' union.

James Hope, father of John Hope, was born in Langholm, Scotland, in 1805. The town of Langholm, at the meeting of the rivers Esk, Wauchope, and Ewes in Dumfriesshire and ten miles north of Gretna Green, is in the very heart of the Scottish Border country. It is, for example, six miles from the scene of the deaths of Douglas and Percy at Chevy Chase, and to realize that the romance of the countryside has been felt for centuries one has only to recall the words of Sir Philip Sidney: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas but I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

The name of Hope—incidentally with the given name of John—first appears in Scottish records in the thirteenth century, and the Hopes were in the neighborhood of Langholm early enough to have joined with their fellow dalesmen in all the border mêlées. But it was a more civilized part that was played by a Hope more than two centuries before the birth of John Hope, when a member of his family did what he could to bring to justice the leader of a lynching party. At that time the chief nobleman of the Langholm-Eskdale countryside was Robert, Lord Maxwell, who had lately been created Earl of Nithsdale and who had then appointed his cousin John Maxwell of Broomholm to be his bailie, or sheriff. The said bailie in the course of his activities saw fit to accuse Rossie Baittie, a poor widow, and her young son Willy of the capital offense of sheep stealing. The two unfortunates were immediately seized, and at the next sitting of the local court they were tried, found guilty, and condemned to "death by the pit." The wording of the sentence was, "That they should be taken to

the water of Ewes at that part called the Grieve and there they and either of them to be drowned in ye said watter to the death."

The words "with pit and gallows," incorporated into many Scottish baronial charters, clothed the holder with these powers of death-dealing. The "pit" was a hole dug in the bed of a river, and the pit at Langholm was called the Grieve. The mother and son were accordingly drowned in the Grieve by the bailie. Even granting the legality of such punishment under the Scotch code of the period, there was something especially dark and suspicious about this particular case. In the first place the court of trial was filled with the Earl's relatives and retainers. Among the "gentlemen of assize" were the Earl himself, his cousins Lord Maxwell of Eskdale and James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, and others of the family. Added to this circumstance, the prisoners could not be legally condemned unless they were actually seen in the act of stealing or, as the letter of the law read, caught "reid fang" (red-handed); and by the trial record no witness who claimed to have seen the theft appeared at the trial. But the drowning of the pitiful pair was not the end of the matter. There were whispers about the neighborhood that justice had been thwarted. They reached the ears of persons able to revive the case. The Earl was a powerful figure in the neighborhood but he was not the only one clothed with great authority. There was another in the person of Sir Thomas Hope, and he was the very man who could bring that matter to another conclusion, for he was Lord Advocate of the Kingdom of Scotland, no less; and he not only could but would. In June, 1641, he began in the high court of Edinburgh the prosecution of the bailie for willful murder. The Lord Advocate's charge had to rest on the technicality that the trial record of the widow and her boy did not show that they had been taken red-handed in committing the theft of which they were accused. The bailie's defense was that this omission occurred merely by an error of the recording clerk; but Sir Thomas was not without means of disqualifying this assertion. The bailie would certainly have been convicted and hanged, and others might have followed him to the gallows, if the Earl had not had one more card up his sleeve. This he quickly played. He sped to London and "saw" the King, Charles I, with whom he had long been in favor. The King's letter "To Our Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Thomas Hope, Baronet," dictated to the Earl's Scotch secretary "at our Court at Whytehall this 10 of Junii 1641," commanded Sir Thomas to stop the trial—"desist from any farder prosecutioun yair-of."

John Hope, in his own lifetime, was similarly to see justice prostituted by citizens of highest rank and their acts condoned with a show of legality at the seat of government itself.

Sir Thomas Hope, created a baronet for his services to the state, was not only a lawyer of rare ability but a classical scholar and a translator of the Psalms and the Song of Solomon. His descendants included the Earls of Hopetoun as well as some of lesser fortune who intermarried, as did John Hope's relatives, with the Corries and other untitled Border families. Of such families John Buchan has written:

"Those Border men of the long stride and the clear eye were a great race—I have never known a greater. The narrower kinds of fanaticism, which have run riot elsewhere in Scotland, rarely affected the Borders. Their people were 'grave livers,' in Wordsworth's phrase, God-fearing, decent in all the relations of life, and supreme masters of their craft. They were of a noble independence. As the source of the greatest ballads in any literature they had fire and imagination, and some aptitude for the graces of life. They lacked the dourness of the conventional Scot, having a quick eye for comedy, and, being in themselves wholly secure, they were aristocrats with the fine manners of an aristocracy." *

As for Langholm itself, the border enmities gradually died away, the location of the dreadful Grieve was forgotten, and the town passed into a long penumbra from which it at last emerged into the blaze of day when it was shone upon by the eye of Wordsworth, who with his sister—Coleridge deserting them before Langholm—came there on the walking tour of 1803. The poet's sonnet † on Wauchope kirkyard where John Hope's ancestors lie buried, suggests the peaceful air of antiquity which now clung to the town. To this the bard added the following note: "The Esk, both above and below Langholm, flows through a beautiful country, and the two streams of the Wauchope and the Ewes, which join it near that place, are such as a pastoral poet would delight in." And his sister Dorothy in her journal gave a charming picture of the town in 1803: "Arrived at Langholm about five o'clock. The town, as we approached, from a hill, looked very pretty, the houses being roofed with blue slates, and standing close to the River Esk, here a large river, that scattered its waters wide over a stony channel."

Into one of these blue-roofed houses Matthew Hope, John Hope's

* John Buchan, *Pilgrim's Way*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1940. Copyright, 1940, by Lady Susan Caroline Tweedsmuir. † See Addenda.

grandfather, brought about this same year his bride, Grace Corrie of Corrie Common in near-by Lockerbie. Matthew, a man of forward-looking and enterprising character, was one of the native pioneers in the manufacture of cotton, an industry then in its infancy in Scotland. The first Scotch cotton mill, established at Rothesay not long before, had been purchased by David Dale with Sir Richard Arkwright as his backer and guide; the two then built another mill at New Lanark, which later became famous in the social planning of Dale's son-in-law, Robert Owen. Matthew Hope followed these beginnings by starting his own cotton mill at Langholm.

In the old house on Charles Street were born James, the eldest child, 1805, Thomas, 1809, Anthony S., John, and Jane. James was destined to spend all his most impressionable years in Langholm at a time when there was hardly a neighborhood in Europe more calculated to stir and enrich a thoughtful boy's imagination. Signs of a great past, reaching back even into prehistoric time, rose all about him. The very walls of the houses on the street where he lived were partly faced with memorial stones, some with runic glyphs of the ancient British tribes and others with Roman inscriptions. Barrows and tumuli of the Picts lay half hidden about the town, and only a few miles distant at Holywood were the remnants of a sacred grove. But the visible past was not the only inheritance of the countryside. No one there could escape the great poetry that was in the air. The songs of Burns came ready to everyone's lips. The poet had spent the last five years of his life in near-by Dumfries, and his widow Jean still lived there. Over in Selkirkshire, a two hours horse trot, the sheriff there, Mr. Walter Scott, had written those grand pieces, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." His name was a passport into any house on the Border, and everywhere he went he asked for the old ballads. The dour-faced young schoolmaster at Annan, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, used to walk over to visit the Langholm minister; he was always asking for the ballads, too, and he knew a store of them. Some sang of Eskdale itself, like "Lord Maxwell's Last Good-night":

Adieu, Dumfries, my proper place . . .
And Langholm where birks there be,
Adieu, my lady and only joy
For I may not stay wi' thee . . .

There was nothing like them. The more you knew, the more you wanted to know; Kinmont Willy, Sir Patrick Spens, Tam Lin—each

was a song and story together. Young James Hope could never learn enough of them. And he could sing them, too, those that had tunes to them. People liked to hear him, as he revealed the gift which was to remain his throughout life.

Life, however, is not all singing and balladry. James' father, far from the large centers of trade, in an industry new to the country and with no backing, had made a dangerous cast to win fortune, and the odds had held steadily against him. The mill began to fail. James, obliged after his day in school, where he led the class, to spend every possible hour at the mill, felt the terrible impact of this failure upon his ambitious father. Yet out of his experience James, with the tireless resiliency of youth, gained an interest in the cotton business, an insight into it, and a bent towards it—salvage that was to shape and influence his whole career.

As for Matthew Hope, the disaster proved not to be a paralyzing one. He set his face towards a new life across the sea. He would recoup his fortunes in America. In 1817 father and eldest son, now in his thirteenth year, set sail for New York, with the plan that when they were established there, the mother and younger children should follow them. No detail of James' voyage survives; but two years later the rest of the family, taking ship to join them, were nine weeks in crossing, which suggests that young James must have netted a rich haul of adventure between the Esk and the Hudson.

Whatever fish or sail or sea changes passed before the eye of the inland boy on that long voyage across the Atlantic, all were surpassed when he landed at the port of New York. To be born in a great city is to lose forever a perfect perspective toward it, but to come to it in adolescence is to see it as it should be seen. The mast-packed waterfront, the swarming wharves, the spires beyond, and then the streets of Manhattan, a labyrinth crowded with shining carriages, coaches, and gentlemen going to business in the formal habit of the time seemed overwhelming to a twelve-year-old boy from a small town where the most urban event had been the passing through of the Edinburgh stage. But reviewing the events of that day, as he sometimes did in after life, he considered that the most striking feature of it was that he had seen people who belonged to that remarkable race, the Negro. There were dark-skinned boys, agile and strong, rhythmically unloading huge bales of cotton from the ships that plied coastwise from Savannah to the port of New York. There were brown girls moving like queens as they balanced bundles or brimming pitchers on their erect heads. There were small dark children at their dancing play

which seemed so much gayer than that of his strictly disciplined little brother Scots. It was his first sight of the Negroes; but if he had ever met one in Scotland he would have received no intimation of prejudice among the Scottish people. The country had been traditionally opposed to slavery and, after the British Act abolishing the slave trade in 1807, had always given refuge to fugitive slaves. One such escaped slave, William Wells Brown, writing some time later in *Sketches of Places and People Abroad*, told of visiting Edinburgh and finding Negro students at the medical school "seated upon the same bench with those of fairer complexion and yet there appeared no feeling on the part of the whites towards their colored associates except of companionship and respect."

To James on his first day in America the colored people seemed far more than a race merely equal to other human beings. To him they were figures of romance. They were like characters out of books or balladry. One of the widely circulated books in Scotland in James' boyhood was the *Life of Gustavus Vassa, The African, Written by Himself*. Vassa, stolen from his home in Africa at the age of eleven, afterwards bought his own freedom and roved the globe from equator to arctic having astounding adventures, until he settled down and married an English girl. Mr. Wauchope, the Langholm advocate, and David Dale were among the sponsors of that book. And there was another book, the *Voyages of Captain Cook to the South Seas*, full of great page pictures of black people, splendid-looking men in boats and girls standing on the shore with flowers in their hair. It was hard to believe that any people could be so extraordinary outside a story until he saw them in New York.

He remembered too, as he looked at them, some of the border ballads that told about dark maidens. There was, for instance, the ballad of the Brown Girl who was piqued at her lover's teasing reference to her color. It began:

I am as brown as brown can be,
My eyes as black as a sloe,
I am as brisk as a nightingale
And wild as any doe.

My love has sent me a love letter,
Not far from yonder town,
That he could not fancy me,
Because I was so brown.

Which was a whimsical thing to say even in play.

And there was the ballad of young Bekie or Young Biechan, whose true-love wore two disguises, sometimes being the dark-hued African girl, Susie Pye, and at others the white Burd Isbel, the King's daughter, depending on which version you happened to prefer. The poetry of the old world and the visions of the new mingled and combined in the dreaming mind of twelve-year-old James.

The family did not stray far from the waterside at first, but lived in Barclay Street at Number 42 until five years later when they moved to the corner of Robinson and Chapel streets (Park Place and West Broadway, as they are named today). Just what business Matthew engaged in during his ten years in New York is uncertain. All that is known is that he returned alone to Langholm about 1827, died, and was buried there in the churchyard.

The father's death was a turning point in James' career. He assumed a man's responsibilities at once. At twenty-two he was head of the family. Before two years had passed and without quitting their number on Chapel Street, the family moved to the second floor, and a sign over the entrance to the rooms beneath bore the legend:

James Hope and Company
Grocers and Provisioners

James was inside selling goods. Although the business remained a modest one for some years, it flourished from the beginning. The clerks were his two next younger brothers, Thomas and Anthony, and all three were fond of good living and they were interested in selling it to others. Customers soon found that the Scotch boys not only had the best articles of daily food but also luxuries that could not be bought elsewhere.

Down Chapel Street, at Number 15, James soon acquired a companion in business who was of unusual interest to him. This was an extraordinary Negro youth named David Ruggles, who was to become a notable figure in the history of American liberties. Born of free parents in Norwich, Connecticut, he arrived in New York in 1827 at the age of seventeen and by the end of a year had opened a successful grocery of his own. Ruggles was to give further proof of his marked ability and fearless spirit. Almost from the beginning of his New York life he served as a conductor of the Underground Railroad. He wrote and printed eloquent abolitionist pamphlets. He sheltered Frederick Douglass and was witness of Douglass' marriage. Although slavery was abolished in New York in 1827, years were to pass before the safety

of fugitives within its borders was certain; and throughout many of those years Ruggles showed the bravery of a hero in championing and protecting the victims of racial injustice. He is said to have rescued more than a thousand persons from slavery.

Another acquaintance of the Hopes was a young Scotchman named John Kerr who had set up a weaving shop on Hudson Street not far away. He was a chap with an exploring eye to business, but that eye was becoming even too restless for the confines of New York. He was touched with the cotton fever. It was an infection to which New Yorkers were extremely susceptible at that time. The golden age of cotton had begun. As a field of enterprise it was soon to be without a rival in the market of New York which, as the antislavery writers were to claim a little later, was "the prolongation of the south" to which it was "linked by ten thousand cords of interest." The city swarmed with wealthy southern planters and their slaves. Incidentally it can be recorded that some of the latter were already being rescued by Ruggles. Such escapes would cause temporary excitement but not enough to disturb the general interest in the southern Golconda. A steady stream of New Yorkers was moving south to make their fortunes as cotton factors. Kerr was eager to go and to win his friend to the same argosy, but James refused. He had set his hand to another tiller and he must keep to his present course till he came into port.

Kerr went south alone in 1828.

Meanwhile James' store continued to thrive and grow, and in the following year he moved it to a larger building at 45 Chapel Street (southeast corner of Chambers and West Broadway). For two more years he watched over the flourishing and expanding business, and then, his brother Thomas having come of age and Anthony arriving at eighteen, he relinquished his share and the management to these two younger brothers. His family duties were completed, and the grocery business was tame compared to the other ventures he had in the back of his mind. Kerr had settled in Augusta, Georgia, and had written of the land of another promise. James began a dream.

Dorothy Wordsworth had written, "Scotland is the country above all others that I have seen in which a man of imagination may carve out his own pleasures." James Hope carried this imaginative gift with him to America. In 1831 the store at 45 Chapel Street bore a new sign: T. and A. S. Hope, Grocers and Provisioners. James had gone to join Kerr in Augusta. But the lure of riches which had drawn many Yankees was not the influence which drew James southward. Money

was always a mere by-product with him. Gifted as he was in practical affairs, his essential character was that of a dreamer. In all his business activities, whenever one of his dreams took substantial shape and became profitable, he would suddenly let it go and begin another. Mingled also with these impulses there were in his heart an old wound to be soothed and an old loyalty that somehow had to be satisfied. His father had once failed in a cotton mill. Shame had struck into the boy James when it had to be given up. Now that had to be adjusted and made right. Some day, somehow, he would adjust that matter as well as he could. He felt that he owed it to his father and his own sense of justice. He would go south to the very source of cotton. That was the place for a mill.

Of the details of James Hope's journey few hints remain. There was no railroad. For the overland trip there was the Alligator Stage Line from Philadelphia to Augusta: Time, six weeks. The shorter route for the practical James was by sea to Savannah and then up the river.

Augusta at the height of the cotton trading season presented a colorful pageant. Broad Street, almost twice the width of New York's Broadway, was a scene of intense activity. The street was so closely packed with great cotton wagons that from market to market, a distance of a mile, James could have walked on top of the cotton without ever climbing down. Each of these huge wagons was drawn by six mules, and each mule had a chime of bells around its collar. The wagons moved to the sound of the bells and the snapping of the long whips which the drivers, the "crackers," laid first on one side, then on the other. Particularly interesting to James were the Negro slaves seated on the cotton, waiting to handle it when required; their rich coloring deepened against its snow, and their occasional songs, sad and strange to James, mingled with the sounds of the bells, the cracks of the whips, and the cries of the auctioneers.

James was anxious to start a cotton mill at once; but he found that he would have to bide his time. The history of cotton processing in Augusta had begun in 1792, when Eli Whitney, experimenting there with an idea believed to have been received from a Negro plantation hand, first patented his gin for separating seeds from lint; but the city still had done no cotton spinning, not daring to challenge the large cities of the North. It was, industrially speaking, in a period of transition. On the crowded smoky river the sailing skippers were learning to

slide about among the new steamboats with dangerous iron boilers which were constantly exploding. Two years later Augusta was to have one of the first railroads in the country, but that hour of change had not yet struck.

James went into the wholesale dry-goods business on Broad Street with his Scotch friend, Kerr. Around the corner and over the warehouse where they kept their goods, the two partners shared an apartment. They lived simply. James' first acquaintances were among the Scotch. Augusta had various families of Scottish descent, and at that time there was a St. Andrew's Society in the town. James also began to know his neighbors on Broad Street. One of them was Andrew Stevens, the commission merchant whose business he was to buy out many years later. Another was Alexander Philip, who was to be his executor and to deprive his family of much of its inheritance after his death.

Though he continued his business association with Kerr for many years, it was never one of his dreams, but only a means to an end; and, as he waited for his chance at cotton manufacture, he branched out into another activity—he became a director in the Augusta Insurance & Banking Company. Through it he made the acquaintance of Isaac Tuttle. Tuttle, who had come to Augusta in the latter part of the eighteenth century and was known at first as "that poor young man from Connecticut," had grown wealthy before the new century began. In 1814 he had married a young widow, Mrs. Newton, with a four-year-old son, George, on whom he immediately centered an intense affection. Tuttle was a man of extraordinary kindness, and in his old age was noted for carrying about baskets of food, fruits, and flowers to give to people. He never tired of talking of "my dear son George," and the young man proved well worth his stepfather's care. Taking a degree at a precocious age from Franklin College in Athens, Georgia, he had studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania where he had graduated with honors. He then continued his studies in the medical schools and hospitals of Paris.

Young Dr. George Newton was still in France when James Hope came to Augusta, and his return two years later was an event of interest throughout the town. The two young men were inevitably attracted to each other. Newton, fresh from his life abroad, and Hope with his Scotch boyhood and experience in New York, readily found each other interesting. If George was the more scholarly, James, five years older, was more worldly-wise. Physically they were not entirely

unlike: though James was broad-shouldered and his hair was prematurely streaked with silver, and Newton was slender and darker, both had high ruddy coloring, bold almost rugged countenances, and rather deep-set eyes. Both liked fine foods, liquors, and good conversation. Above all, both had imaginative minds combined with plenty of practicality, and were deeply enlisted in the growth of the city which was just entering upon the golden epoch of its cotton trading history.

Newton joined at once in the work of setting the new medical school on its feet. Although just under twenty-four, his training and ability placed him at once among the best of his profession. He was immediately given the chair of physiology and became professor of anatomy and dean of the faculty in rapid succession. Although socially popular in Augusta, he rarely practiced medicine, admitting only an occasional patient, but was absorbed in research at the medical school, where his lamp was seen burning night after night as he labored over his dissections. His students were fascinated by him. One of his colleagues, Dr. Dessausure Ford, wrote many years later: "As I sat before him for two years, listening to his marvellous speech, I never knew him to hesitate for a word, never noticed but the evidence of the complete preparation of his subject, but always was impressed and charmed with his grace, intellectuality and modesty."

Not only his students but everyone he met was attracted to Dr. Newton. Such qualities, added to his being his stepfather's heir, focused the attention of many mothers and daughters upon him, but he remained unmarried. He set up bachelor's hall in a house of his own on Greene Street, to which James Hope, an equally persistent bachelor, was a constant visitor. This house soon became an intellectual and social center, fortified by a large library in many languages and a cellar of such sumptuous character that the remnant of its rare imported vintages sold after his death for \$6,000. Through Dr. Ford we can glimpse Newton's life there: "In association with his coterie of friends, without seeming to be he was the central figure, charming in manner and spirited in conversation, and whenever in discussing business, science or literature he expressed his opinion, all acknowledged and yielded to his strength."

It is noteworthy that Dr. Ford speaks of Newton's business acumen. Early trained in business affairs by his astute stepfather, the young doctor, at thirty, added to his busy career at the medical school membership on the boards of directors of two Augusta banks. It was through a common concern in the business of the rapidly growing

city that his friendship with James Hope first developed. To Newton James confided his dream of building a cotton mill.

It was more than ten years after Hope's arrival in Augusta that the hour for the mill seemed to strike. On a small creek at some distance from the city there had been a cotton mill, still in the experimental stage, when he came. He had watched its struggles through the years as it moved from one creek to another, always short of power. To James, never forgetting the long motionless wheels in Langholm, once turned by the river Esk, the place for a mill was in the heart of Augusta, harnessing the Savannah River itself. To do this would require the building of a canal, a project much discussed in Augusta, but one which had not yet materialized. James' determination was a lever to remove all obstacles and bring canal and mill together. Early in the 1840's, Hope, Newton, and their business associates began to campaign for the canal, and several banks, including James' own, voted loans for its construction. H. H. Cumming, brother of Lafayette's host, was President of the Canal Board, and his small daughter dug the first spadeful of earth when the work was begun. Meanwhile plans were under way for a cotton mill to equal and outdo any mill in Yankeedom. In 1845 the Augusta Manufacturing Company, pioneer mill in Augusta and one of the first in the South, was chartered, and by the time the water was let into the canal in the following year the mill stood there with its spindles ready to turn.

The mill was five stories high and spun nine thousand yards of cloth a day and was such a success that home demand alone immediately exceeded the supply. James Hope was secretary of the board and general manager and represented Dr. Newton's interests as well as his own. He also had what was virtually a small village to care for, rows of houses erected for the operatives. These workers were, without exception, white people, many of them of Scotch or Irish extraction. Years later James Hope's daughter Jane was nursed through a dangerous illness by a neighbor, a white woman, who said: "You don't know this, but your father befriended us once. There was a death in our family, someone who worked in your father's mill. We were poor, and your father tided us over the hard times."

Throughout its entire history, before and after the Civil War, the Augusta mill never employed colored people. Before the Civil War, Free Negroes and some slaves followed the small trades—carpentry, masonry and the building crafts, shoemaking, blacksmithing—but the idea of the industrialization of the Negro was anathema to the ma-

jority of white men. And yet in the 1850's a group of farseeing southerners advocated the training of the Negro so that the South might compete with the North on an industrial basis and, contradictory as it may seem in view of the enactments against the Free Negro of the period, a law to permit such training of slaves nearly passed both houses of the Georgia Legislature at the very time when Hope was attempting to make the factory the equal of any northern enterprise. That Hope would have been an advocate of such a law, goes without saying. But he was forced to build up the factory with such material as the prejudices of the South permitted to fall into his hands.

By the time the mill was built, James had dissolved his partnership with Kerr, who moved to Tennessee. Hope and Newton, besides their common interest in the mill, shared in numerous real estate ventures and other enterprises; but, though these were profitable almost without exception, they did not satisfy James. Another dream was shaping in his mind, and he began to plan a yet larger mill, in fact a group of them, which far outleaped the original venture. This design was to include not only a cotton and a woolen mill but also flour, woodworking, and ironworking mills. For such a plan he obtained a charter in 1850; but this company never grew beyond the charter stage. The increasing demands for the products of the Augusta cotton mill preoccupied him, absorbing almost all his time. Within a few years the company had to double the number of spindles and volume of production. The dream which had brought him to Augusta seemed to be fulfilling itself at last. The old wound was now healed, and his father's failure at last amended. He began to draw more leisurely breath. He lived at the Planters Hotel and usually dined at Newton's house on Greene Street. On Sundays he sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church, old St. Paul's. But his greatest relaxation was in his fellowship with Newton, their talks, interests, and tastes. They were both by now confirmed bachelors and as yet unaware that anything or anyone could shake them from their accustomed grooves.

In 1855 an event occurred which completely and strikingly altered the lives of James Hope and George Newton. Isaac Tuttle died, leaving a large inheritance with most of his slaves to Dr. Newton, who was appointed guardian of the Free Persons of Color sponsored by Tuttle, including Alethea and her children. In addition he left his house on Walker Street to be used as an orphans' home—the first in the region

—and endowed it with \$50,000. The slaves, particularly committed to Newton's care by the kind old man, had nowhere to go with the dismantling of his house but to the doctor's on Greene Street, where they overflowed the big place. James Hope, who had never before owned a slave, now stepped into the breach and took charge of two of the most helpless, Lewis and old John, who was ruptured. Meanwhile Newton and Tuttle heirlooms, the accumulations of fifty years, had been conveyed from Walker Street to the overcrowded place on Greene Street, where, with the doctor away at the medical school during the day and often a great part of the night, chaos ensued. Added to the eight Newton slaves, the eleven Tuttle people, including several children, were completely disorganized and economically a dead weight. With so many extra mouths to feed the doctor's household staff proved not only inadequate but rebellious. Henry, the valet and major-domo, was distracted with unaccustomed responsibilities. The whole house was upside down. Trunks and packing boxes stood about, noise resounded, dirt accumulated, meals were tragic, the busy doctor beside himself.

In the midst of these difficulties one morning Alethea called at Greene Street. She wished to go out of town on an errand and came to ask him, as her guardian, for a pass. Suddenly the harassed doctor had an inspiration. Knowing of her great efficiency, he began to unburden his mind of his domestic difficulties and appealed to her. Couldn't she come and take charge—straighten things out? He was desperate. Alethea was sympathetic but not encouraging. Her business demanded all the attention she could give; but the doctor's further appeals, as he handed her the pass for which she had come, brought a promise that she would do what she could to help him.

It was several days before the doctor, immersed in his professional duties, became conscious of the change. It had come too subtly for him to realize at once that his home was no longer a bedlam. But one evening, finishing an excellent dinner, he emerged from his meditations and came to himself. What was this? How quiet the place was! How different! He hadn't fallen over packing cases in the hallway. He hadn't been bedeviled out of his wits for three or four days—or how long was it? All that uproar now seemed long past. But what had taken place? Suddenly he remembered Alethea's call and his appeal to her. He turned to Henry for enlightenment. Was Alethea Taylor about the house? No, but she had brought her oldest girl, Fanny, who was running things. The doctor, puzzled, asked whether she was

then in the house and found that she wasn't, that she came early every morning and went home in the evening.

Well, for the moment the situation seemed to be much better, and the doctor dismissed the subject from his mind. It occurred to him again one morning, however, when he had occasion to go about the house. The rooms had been charmingly rearranged to admit the Tuttle heirlooms. Order, peace, and harmony reigned there. The house seemed like a ship well manned at last by a crew lately mutinous. In the midst of his wonderment at the change he came face to face with Fanny, and stared at her. Why, she was little more than a child. How could she have brought this about? But his skepticism was succeeded by a more serious attention as the girl who stood before him quietly answered his queries and he listened, musing. He knew her white father. In fact he knew her family for three generations. She came of good stock on both sides. And there was something about her, something unusual, some strength. So she had attended that school in Charleston. Interesting, but she didn't get that strength from school. She radiated capability and native power, and she was proving it. It was miraculous. She must continue. With great relief, he went to his office.

It is not to be supposed that, suddenly transported to the doctor's establishment, sixteen-year-old Fanny could have entered it without some awe and excitement; but it did not bewilder her for an instant. Although she had come to the house simply to relieve an emergency, within a few days everyone from Henry down to the smallest stable boy began turning to her for advice and direction. Gently, quietly the place underwent transformation. All seemed to divine that the best was expected of them, and each of them strove to please her. Chronic idlers who had never worked before labored gladly for Fanny. The little chatelaine never seemed to rule or manage, but things got done.

She was never seen by the doctor except when summoned. Gradually, however, he came to send for her after dinner for discussion of the day's occurrences. He grew to look forward to those evening periods with her. It became the best part of the day for him as he sat after dinner toying with his liqueur glass, surprised and pleased by her mature, precise, and often quickly amusing reports of what went on in the house. Trusting more and more to her observation and good sense, he would test her judgment further, listening with pleasure to her sweet young voice. But to James Hope, often present, that voice held

notes that a native American could not hear, echoes from that first day in the New World when he had heard the dark girls singing as they moved with their bundles along the strange city's streets. There was magic in it that carried not to the sensual ear but sang "to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Both men came gradually to include her in their evening fellowship. Their admiration and respect for her qualities constantly increased. The doctor's appreciation of her was, doubtless, greatly freed, enhanced, and broadened by his European life and training. It was wholly unprovincial. But James Hope's vision of her was by a still more advantageous perspective. He brought to his entire relationship with her a world of imagination and romance quite outside the consciousness of those not born with his background. All the wonder and charm he had felt as a boy in those remote and mysterious dark people now seemed to radiate from Fanny. To him she was the Brown Girl of the ballad, Susie Pye the Moorish Maiden, and Burd Helen the King's daughter of another. And she never failed him, never destroyed his concept of her through lack of divining power, gentleness, or grace.

Such for a year was the young girl's status in the household. Then James Hope, returning unexpectedly from a trip, decided to dine at George Newton's, where he was always free to go unannounced. When he reached the house, the doctor was already seated at dinner. But he was not alone. Opposite him at the table sat Fanny. The butler was serving both.

The new situation in no way altered James' relation to the others nor theirs to him. In fact the three drew closer together than ever. Inevitably Fanny came to be included in the strong affection which James felt for Newton, and which they both returned.

Time passed, and Newton told James that Fanny was to have a child; not only this, but that when the birth occurred he intended to resign as Dean of the Medical School. Newton was only forty-seven years old and was at the height of his career. Why should he make this amazing sacrifice? Yet to the shrewd Scotchman, aware as he was of the mores of the Augusta countryside, the wisdom of the doctor's course immediately became apparent. Newton wanted to protect the Medical School from the least possible criticism.

On February 28, 1857, the child, a boy fair-haired and gray-eyed, was born. He was named Madison Newton, taking his father's middle name.

The doctor handed his resignation in immediately. It was received with consternation and protests both by his colleagues and by the trustees, according to the records in the *History of the Medical Department of the University of Georgia*. But all their efforts to persuade him to withdraw it proved vain. At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees the following resolution was adopted:

The letter of Professor G. M. Newton being before the board:

Resolved: that his resignation be accorded under the assurance that any effort to induce his withdrawal of the same would be unavailing.

Resolved: that we here record our testimony to the faithfulness, zeal and ability with which Professor Newton has uniformly discharged the duties of his chair.

Resolved: that as a mark of personal regard, and of our high appreciation of his services, Professor G. M. Newton be, and he is hereby appointed, Emeritus Professor of Anatomy with the request that whilst exonerated from formal and stated duty, he will continue to lecture to the classes whenever his leisure and inclination will permit.

The doctor responded by lecturing occasionally upon special request, but became increasingly preoccupied in his laboratory and the new responsibility which he found in his house on Greene Street.

Meanwhile, difficulties accumulated for James Hope at the factory. The canal had not been supplying enough water for the mill to fulfill its potentialities. The relation between the mill and canal companies had to be clarified. Finally, after many months, he and his associates reorganized the Augusta Manufacturing Company, giving it a new charter and a new name, the Augusta Factory, under which it began to flourish more than ever, and operated on the same site and in the original buildings for seventy-five years. "It made us all rich," says an old Augustan.

While James was still concerned with this reorganization, he went to Greene Street for dinner one evening early in the week following Christmas of 1858. The doctor appeared in bandages. His high-spirited span had bolted and thrown him from his carriage. He had only suffered an abrasion—no bones were broken. But a few days later he was absent from the table, and Fanny was stricken with anxiety. Going to his room, James saw him stretched out, pale as death, but characteristically composed. Certain premonitory symptoms had appeared. Newton believed that they indicated tetanus—lockjaw; and in

the event that his diagnosis was right—and there was none in Augusta more expert in such matters than he, he knew that he was doomed. Overcome with horror, James left to endure his own anxiety and wait for further news.

On the 2nd of January, James answered a summons to the Greene Street house to find the doctor sitting up, his face drawn with agony. He was making his will, and his mind was torn. What would become of Fanny and his little son and his unborn child? What protection could he give them under the Georgia laws? If he left them his estate, they would inevitably be defrauded. James, deeply moved, sought to put his mind at rest—promising that the children would be as his own children, and that Fanny would never suffer as long as he lived. The doctor, somewhat eased, spoke of their many joint investments, which he would turn over to him to serve as a bulwark for Fanny against the hostile world. Then he thought of his stepfather's cherished project, and determined to leave the rest of his property to the Orphanage, appointing his friend as his chief executor.

As James left the room he saw the sick man striving to keep his wrenched facial muscles from assuming the dreadful tragic mask, the corners of the mouth drawn incredibly far backward and downward, the *risus sardonicus* characteristic of the disease.

The doctor's torture continued for several days longer, one of the extremities of it being that his mind remained crystal-clear to the end with no solacing escape into coma. His agonized colleagues stood about him helpless. "His death-bed," Dr. Ford wrote, "surrounded by his life-long friends was terrific."

The loss of his friend together with the inferno of his passing struck James Hope to the heart. The two men had grown together, and he had reached an age when it is more difficult to recover from such violence. There was but one who could share it with him, Fanny. "Fanny loved Dr. Newton," said one of her intimate friends long after with deep intensity. And yet Fanny was young enough to endure more and to recover. She was only nineteen.

For a while following the doctor's death, she continued to live in the house on Greene Street. She was listed in the Augusta City Directory of 1859 as Mrs. Dr. George M. Newton at that address. This listing, in view of the usual southern refusal to acknowledge the alliance of a colored woman and a white man is striking in the extreme. It adds strength to the tradition that the doctor had married her in South Carolina, where such a relationship was legal. Thus

recognized, she might have continued to maintain her position in the Newton home; but the terms of the hastily drawn will obliged James to sell the house. James was deeply concerned over the situation. Where could Fanny go, and what could she do to bring up her children in the atmosphere which the doctor had intended should be theirs?

Meanwhile she went to her mother's home for the birth of her second child, a daughter, who was named Georgia Frances but always called Sissie. In a family so integrated by affection the return to her old home would have been best for the young widow; but the restricted conditions of the household forbade a permanent stay. Alethea's place was already overflowing with her own brood, still growing up, and Fanny's presence there only accentuated James' problem. There simply was no room. The knowledge of that circumstance forced upon him an unavoidable conclusion. Fanny should have a home of her own—not a mere lodging place or even a rented house but a permanent establishment. In such a plan James saw, too, a partial solution of another problem, the fate of the doctor's servants who, like the Tuttle slaves before them, had become stranded and homeless. If Fanny would take these dependents into a house of her own, the spirit of Newton's wishes would seem to be still further adhered to.

The formation of the plan in his own mind did not, however, assure its success, for Fanny had a mind of her own and would not accept any plan against her judgment. That she did finally assent was due not only to her consideration of her children's welfare but also to its appeal to her generous heart.

Greatly relieved, now that he was carrying out the essence of his dead friend's desires for Fanny and her children, James in June, 1859, bought a house on Ellis Street near Kollock, only a block from the swarming business life of Broad Street, and as soon as possible moved the remaining Tuttle-Newton people into it and its outlying buildings. His satisfaction continued as he threw himself into the task of furnishing it. Fanny and her children must have the best of everything, and he brushed aside all her protests with the final argument that he was trying to fulfill the promise made to George Newton on his deathbed. Conscious of his single-hearted devotion to his friend, she quietly acquiesced and with her sister Nannie, now grown into charming and capable young womanhood, and her young brother James, she and her two children moved into their new home.

With Fanny thus secure, maintained by funds from the doctor's estate, James could feel that his duty to his friend was discharged. The sense of this brought to a crisis a saddening reaction. From the hour of the doctor's death he had increasingly felt that his Augusta life had come to an end. Of the two people nearest him, Fanny was still alive and safe; but since the birth of her second child and her removal to the new house she seemed more and more absorbed in her cares and responsibilities, swept away from him. He was left, as never before, alone. Inevitably his thoughts began to turn northward. His brothers and sister were there. He had founded a business there. Why not begin again up there?

Early in 1860 he retired from the factory, withdrew \$80,000 of his interest in it, and went to look over the ground in New York. Among many changes, there was none so great as in the business which he had established and given to his brothers. Anthony had long since left the firm and gone into merchandising for himself. Under Thomas the original store had continued the prosperity in which James had left it and, expanding prodigiously, had overflowed the city. It now had thirty branches throughout the country, and was one of the nation's foremost provision firms. It was noted for the rarest imported table delicacies and teas, coffees, wines, and brandies. Three years before, Thomas had turned the firm over to his clerks, Acker, Merrall, and Condit, and under their name it has continued a famous history down to the present day. Thomas retained a controlling interest in the old firm but, as a rich New York merchant, was now engaging widely in financial affairs from his office on Stone Street. Different as the two brothers were in temperament—Thomas was more largely the shrewd man of affairs while James was always an idealist under his practical exterior—the family spirit and loyalties, possibly their Scotch clannishness, still held them together. In October a new business was started in uptown Manhattan, James Hope & Company, Dealers in Imported Wines and Liquors.

In the bright autumn air, the skies seemed auspicious for the new adventure, except for the ominous clouds on the southern horizon, clouds darting menacing lightnings. The November elections declared for an unknown westerner named Lincoln, who was chosen for President without a single southern electoral vote. The clouds deepened. Back in Augusta for the holidays, James found the South beginning to withdraw from the Union. South Carolina seceded in Christmas week, and in January Georgia too withdrew. Torn between

sympathies, desires, and hopes, James was caught in Augusta. The personal ties and loyalties of thirty years were all about him and closing in. In April Fort Sumter was besieged and the mass fratricide was on. For James the die was cast. If he was not wholly "with the South" he was with Augusta, and Augusta was immediately plunged deep into war.

On May 1st, a local company for home defense was organized. Composed of those foremost citizens who were past military age, it was named The Silver Grays. Its Members were only admitted by a two-thirds vote and among the first chosen were James Hope and Joseph R. Wilson, another transplanted northerner, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church and father of Woodrow ("Tommy") Wilson, who was just Madison Newton's age. They helped establish in Augusta a great military hospital with one unit in Dr. Wilson's church and executive offices in Dr. Newton's former laboratory. Armed by the state, the Silver Grays served throughout the war, guarding the powder mills, river bridges, and Federal prisoners, and manning the trenches about Augusta when the great march to the sea swept near. That Sherman would not assault Augusta, the arsenal of the Confederacy and a main railroad center for its troop movements, seemed unbelievable. But though he did pass it by, for which Secretary of War Stanton never forgave him, he did not leave the city unscathed. Facing what seemed certain doom, the Augustans had reached a state of desperation, as shown by the action of the cotton dealers who stacked thousands of bales of their wares in mountainous piles along Broad Street, intending to fire it and the bridge before yielding, a torch which would infallibly have destroyed the city.

But from the beginning of the struggle, with the clouds of fury blackening toward him and the very soil where he had struck his roots plowed about with havoc, James found a refuge against which the madness struck in vain. It was the house on Ellis Street. There Fanny manifested peace. Even before the conflict, on his return to Augusta after nearly a year in New York, he found that she was far from being swept away from him by her new cares and turned to him more than ever, for advice, for guidance. There were matters of the estate to discuss, problems in the protection of the fatherless children of whom he was guardian. In the earlier days of their renewed association, the spirit of their meetings was always intensified by the mutual desire to renew the old life on Greene Street and bring back the memory of George Newton. But Time the healer did not ignore their loneliness,

and they came to look on each other not only as solacing fragments of an irreclaimable past but newly as companions in a present of ever increasing reality and danger.

Islanded still more strictly by the tides of war, they drew unconsciously closer together. Fanny's sorrow had matured her. At twenty-two she had deeply lived. For four years she had been the mate of a distinguished, highly cultivated man, a cosmopolite, sensitive and imaginative, who had lavished every care and devotion on her. She was now still further wakened to life by her sorrow, and she could in greater measure appreciate the unique quality of James. She had always been drawn to him, to his imaginative sympathy, to his foreign strangeness inherited from his romantic nativity. All these things she could now feel; and she could do more—she could come to love him, and she did as she wakened further to his equal capacity for tenderness. As for James, his consciousness of her underwent no change except to deepen. To him, through all disguises, she remained always as she had seemed at his first knowledge of her, an embodied part of his best and deepest self, clothed and crowned with all the unforgotten magic of his storied youth.

There came a time when there was no longer any refuge for either in their divided lives. It was inevitable that the walls of the house that withstood the storm for each should be for both, and that one roof should be over them. From that hour they lived at the Ellis Street house. Across the river in South Carolina was sanction for their alliance; in Georgia there was not. But James bided his time until together they could go North where their marriage would be legally established. John Hope was to write many years later: "I speak reverently of my mother and father as wife and husband, although the laws of Georgia would not recognize such a thing. They lived openly all the days and nights." Georgia was home, and the house in Augusta a sacred place, to the children who were to come. The first child, "Little John," named for James' favorite brother who died young, lived only three years, dying of diphtheria. Jane, the first daughter, namesake of James' sister, a fair-haired blue-eyed little girl, was born as the war continued and was followed soon after its close by dark-eyed, olive-cheeked Alethea.

The South's surrender found James with fortune and strength reduced and impaired but neither ruined nor broken. At the earliest opportunity he went north. In New York he found that the business which the war had forced him to leave had been faithfully guarded

by his brothers. Here was his chance to carry out his plan for his family, and he returned south to prepare for an exodus. Strangely enough he found Fanny reluctant to leave Augusta. She was no longer the carefree girl who had adventured so willingly to Charleston and school. Besides the ties that bound her to her younger brothers and sisters, she felt that her mother depended upon her. In the end, however, she allowed herself to be temporarily persuaded; and early in 1866, leaving Madison and Sissie Newton in their Aunt Nannie's charge, James brought her and his two small daughters to New York, where they were warmly welcomed by Jane, Thomas, and Anthony.

James' business was on the corner of One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street and Third Avenue in the center of Harlem, which was still a peaceful village known only to white inhabitants and surrounded by great tracts of open country. The dwelling in which he established his little family was almost on the shore, surrounded by more than an acre of garden, orchard, and meadow, and through the trees and flowers could be seen the blue of still-clear sea tides which swept and sparkled past. It was at the point where the Harlem meets the East River, just north of the present Manhattan approach to the Triborough Bridge. It was a pleasant spot but one that might easily seem lonely to a stranger. The other Hopes, who visited them frequently, lived at a distance almost astronomical compared to the juxtaposition of later electric days. Thomas, living in a hotel, came oftenest. He was especially fond of children and was known in the neighborhood as "Captain Tom," from his rank in the New York Reserves. Like his brother he had served in a body of home guards during the war, but on the opposite side. On occasions of civic ceremony he would appear transfigured in his magnificent scarlet uniform with enormous gold epaulets and sword of state at the head of his scarlet and gold company. He never married, nor did his sister Jane. He had already made at least one visit back to Langholm, toward which he felt an intense loyalty and affection.

As for James and Fanny, so firmly established with friendly relatives and a prosperous business, all seemed outwardly propitious for the new beginning. But it was not to be. Fanny was not happy in the new and strange environment. She felt keenly the separation from her family and from the old friends and scenes to which she was deeply attached. But particularly she was disturbed about her mother, who was not well, and who longed to have her near again. She felt that she was needed in Augusta. Yet she was torn between her home-

sickness and her fear that in Georgia her children might find barriers to education and life—although these very barriers, in those early Reconstruction days, seemed to be disappearing. In her distress, she consulted Frederick Douglass at James' urging. Douglass, then in New York, had emerged from slavery as a national figure and was the foremost spokesman of the Negro race. After hearing Fanny's story and James' desire that she remain in the North, Douglass tried to persuade her to stay. Had she done so, their son John's career might have been inconceivably altered. But all the winning powers of the great orator were not equal to the call on Fanny's heart, drawing her southward. And James, whose chief design in the whole matter was her happiness, submitted to her wishes. Many years later their son wrote in his autobiographical notes: "Her loyalty to her dependent brothers and sisters and to her mother made her return home, and he, who had in mind to remain in New York in business with his brothers, returned to Augusta, Georgia, to be with her."

James and Fanny returned to Augusta to be greeted by her relatives with tears of joy. Shouts of mirth greeted the little girls, who during their stay in the North had, to southern eyes, been transformed into "two little Yankees," as they were affectionately called by the neighbors.

James' first act, now that the property-owning strictures of the ante-bellum period were a thing of the past, was to deed the Ellis Street house to Fanny in June, 1867. Now, at least, whatever might happen, she would always have that security; it could not be taken from her. His second task was to wind up his affairs in New York and transfer them once again to Augusta. He found that his old friend Andrew Stevens, commission merchant in fine foods in Augusta, had been unable to recover from his losses during the war and was anxious to sell his store on Broad Street. To James, his contacts with his brothers' New York firms so recently renewed, this seemed an ideal solution. Within a short time after his return to Augusta, the title of the Stevens building at the corner of Macarten and Broad and across from the Planters Hotel, passed into his hands; but the Stevens family continued to take charge of it under James' direction. "The Store" became a focal point in the lives of the little Hope children as they went back and forth hand in hand with their father.

Since Fanny's heart led her again to return to her native place, it is well that she obeyed it, for her mother did not live another year. Dean Jane Hope Lyons of Spelman College tells of having seen her

grandmother twice during that time. Having been taken to call, she remembers Alethea standing in the doorway to greet her, a small, slender, and extremely pretty lady in a shining bombazine dress with spreading hoop skirt.

Some months later, a messenger came to the Ellis Street house one day, and Jane saw her mother hastily seize a hat, clap it on her head, and running out of the house, hurry up the street. The whole action was unusual, but the part that impressed the child most was the character of the hat. It was one of the children's, and Fanny had never before left the house without being meticulously dressed for the street. Sensing that something was wrong, Jane followed her mother whose path led to Alethea's house, into which she disappeared, leaving the front door ajar. A few minutes later Jane reached the house. For a child's hour she waited, she watched, she listened. No sound or sight issued from the house, so she tiptoed in and found no one until she reached an inner room. There stood her family silently weeping about a great bed upon which lay a little figure. It was her grandmother, suddenly strange, very still. For what seemed a long time Jane looked, and then softly stole out again. No one had seen her.

Chapter III

THE LIGHTED HEARTH

I WAS BORN on June 2, 1868," John Hope begins a biographical note. "My mother told me that while she was heavy with child, my father told her that this child would be a comfort. I wonder whether he thought that I would be a boy. Probably so, because his first child was a boy and had, greatly to his grief, died. The next two children were girls. I was named for the dead brother, but this was not devised. I understand that they kept deferring a name for me until my aunt and the nurse and my little sisters began to call me 'John.' Thus, I suppose, I can have my dead brother's name without feeling under the curse of destiny through the impiety of naming a child after a dead brother." His father's prophecy was more than fulfilled. The child was a solace not only to his mother but to all in the gentle and harmonious household into which he was born.

"I once had a home," he wrote late in life in a letter, "not a rented house or a loaned or borrowed place but a house that belonged to my mother. My father gave it to her, deeded it to her so that no question of ownership should ever arise. It was Home, in that we always loved one another. No amount of children's bickering and fussing, or parental reproval, ever raised a question in the mind of anyone in that home as to love. That was real and abiding there. Everybody that died in that house was wept over, was missed and talked about many, many times after his death, because he or she had been loved."

A child's earliest impressions usually are received within doors before he sets forth into the world beyond the wall or even looks through the windows of his birthplace; and so it was with John Hope. His memory seems to have reached no further back than to his delight at the fire on the hearth in winter. He remembered how beautiful it seemed and how comforting as he sat on his mother's lap and watched it in the living room—"the dear old back room," to use his own affectionate phrase. "I can even now," he records, "see my father pottering about the little grate fire which seemed a terribly big grate

fire to me as a little boy. And I can see him shutting doors. He was a great enemy to an open door in winter. What beautiful fires he could make! They were not just things that warmed and then died out. They were works of art, beautiful, and made with as much care as if they were to last forever—and they have! I still see them. I am looking into them and talking to him. I used to sit with him even when neither of us was saying anything to the other.”

And then, in that same winter, into the child's dawning consciousness, there streamed a still brighter scene, his first remembered Christmas. There was always a household ritual to be followed at the great festival. “Fo,” as the children called their father, should be the first one to rise on the morning of the great day. When all was prepared he would light the first holiday taper, and with it he would go about the house, waking the children who would speedily assemble for the opening tableau of the day's pageantry: a custom more characteristic of the southern than of the northern Christmas of those days, it consisted of the setting off of fireworks. In many other Augusta families, including that of the Reverend Dr. Wilson, not far distant, the holiday began with firecrackers, but in the Hope household the pyrotechnic was Roman candles. When the great moment came Fo would lead the way to the front porch, and there he would shoot the soft popguns aloft; and the varicolored starry fountains ascended, shone, and faded from the sky but never from the child's memory.

John came, too, to remember another scene which had already occurred on that same morning. He had not witnessed it, but it became a part of the household lore. Fo, it seemed, had just begun his usual preparations, seeing that every stocking was equally filled and that nothing was missing from the mantel, when he heard a knock at the back door. He went and opened it. There in the cold starlight stood three ragged men. He asked them their business, and they told him. They were hungry, and they hoped for a handout. That was not Fo's way of treating hungry men. He invited them into the house, and, after laying the kitchen table with plates and implements for the attack, he asked them to seat themselves at the board and set about supplying their needs. He went to the pantry and opened the larder. There lay in majestic state the great monarch of the coming feast, the Christmas turkey, gloriously stuffed and roasted the day before, to be rewarmed for the festal dinner. But in the kitchen sat hungry men, and here was food. He seized the splendid bird, set it before them, and, having made them a pot of coffee, he left them

to the assault. And there was silence in heaven for perhaps the space of half an hour.

When he returned to the kitchen he heard Fanny moving about in a room near by. Knowing that he now had a slight domestic difficulty to adjust, he opened the back door, shook each man by the hand, and began to bow them out. The words, "Goodbye, gentlemen, a Merry Christmas to you, God bless you," came floating in to Fanny as she stood by the stocking-hung hearth. Roused by feminine instinct and rich experience with James, she sped to the kitchen, where he greeted her heartily with a happy smile on his rosy face. Her glance, however, rested on him for only an instant before it fell upon that conquered battlefield, the table, and she saw the empty shell and ruins of that which was to have crowned the family feast. Seized at once by maternal anxiety for the happiness of her brood and stricken with dismay, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Fo, the children? What will they do?"

"Now, Fanny, don't worry," said James. "There's plenty of time. We'll get another."

"But," explained the distressed mother, "we can't spend the day cooking. I've given all the folks on the place a free day. That's why we fixed everything yesterday, so that no one would have to work hard on Christmas."

James, however, assured her that the family would not be without a turkey for dinner. The announcement might have seemed rather vague and mysterious to one less acquainted with him than Fanny; but she had long before learned to trust implicitly in him, and her fears were at once swept away. As for the vanished turkey, she would have given it to the three hungry men as readily as James if she had been the one appealed to, for her generosity and charity were equal to his and famous in the neighborhood.

After breakfast, James sought out his little son. "Johnny," said he, "would you like to take a walk with Fo?" To be asked that was to be made happy. Hand in hand the two set out, the white-haired man and the fair, blue-eyed little son, and the child presently found himself in the Stevens market inspecting a great display of turkeys. His father gravely consulted him concerning a selection, and the child, shouldered with this heavy responsibility, deliberated and at last indicated his preference. Then, accompanied by a market man bearing the bird, they sallied forth.

The best restaurant in the Augusta of that day was Henson's, on

the corner of Ellis and McIntosh streets, four blocks from the Hope house. The owner and operator was Lexius Henson, a colored man, who catered to white patronage. James was accustomed to sending home various delicacies from Henson's—roasted game birds in particular, and the famous turtle soup. Toward Henson's James now led the way, and on arrival sought out the proprietor. He told of the catastrophe at home and his promise to "Miss Fanny" to repair the damage. Henson, with the smile of a fellow conspirator, proposed to give the new bird first place in his big oven and to deliver it, cooked and stuffed to the limit, at the very hour when the Hopes had originally planned to hold their feast.

And so it was. The family sat down in full confidence, and the miracle appeared, piping-hot and on time, a turkey indeed but more than that, a phoenix new risen from the ruins of the earlier bird, consumed through the fires of James' warm heart. And to the family's praise of the second creature he offered one explanation, "Johnny's choice," looking at his small son with gentle encouragement.

This episode was an early instance of the oblique and charming educational method which both parents pursued. The children were treated as small personages and taught to share in the family responsibilities. A further instance of this imposed responsibility occurred in John's early childhood.

James, arriving home for the day, took his valuable gold watch from his pocket and said, "My watch has stopped." It seemed that he had already taken it to Mr. Godin, the watchmaker, who had said that it needed repairing. "Then why didn't you leave it with him?" Fanny inquired. "Because," replied the father, "I wanted Johnny to take it to him." And calling the child he gave him the heavy thing with instructions. The experiment was wholly successful. The little fellow delivered the watch to Mr. Godin, and at the appointed time called for it and brought it back safely.

Fanny had an equal if not a deeper share in the child's training. One of John's earliest recollections was of being sent to the grocery and on his return with the change of being told by her, "Why, Johnny, the grocery man has given you ten cents too much. Take it right back." He did, and never forgot it, that primary lesson in honesty.

On Sundays, together with the other children, he accompanied his Aunt Nannie and Uncle James Butts to Sunday school and sermon at Springfield Church, the oldest colored Baptist church in America, founded during the Revolution. It was devoted Nannie who had

chief spiritual supervision over the small boy, for Nannie was the most ardently religious member of the family. As a strict and resolute Baptist, she would conceal her tenderness behind the stern words with which she admonished Johnny concerning the moral law. Later in life John Hope was to speak with affectionate appreciation of his aunt's influence but lament the "religious awe which overhung and almost beclouded my childish joys."

Yet from such shadows there is always temporary escape for the healthy child in the world of out-of-doors. There lay bright wonder and the field of action for the Hope children. In their yard stood a great mulberry tree which put out straight limbs extending fifteen or twenty feet from the trunk. From one of these hung a swing, and there the children played. When their neighbor, Mr. O'Connor, mildly protested that the tree rotted the fence, James Hope said he would supply fences as fast as they were destroyed, but the children must have the tree.

Alethea, two years older than John, was his chief companion. She was a tomboy and sometimes led him into childish trouble. They flew kites, walked on stilts, climbed high fences, buildings, and trees. Once John fell out of a tree and upon reviving screamed, "I'm dead." Alethea shouted at him, "Boy, you're not dead." This became a family joke. Family questions would sometimes be appealed to him: "John, you decide. You're a boy of large experience. You know you even died once."

If his sister was more venturesome, John was more meditative; and perhaps most of his early hours were spent in quiet reception of impressions. True to the child mind, his earliest responses were to primal phenomena. As indoors his consciousness had first awakened to fire, so out of doors water seemed to draw and hold him spellbound. Along the length of Greene Street a block away from his home was a ditch, a place for imaginative play. "As a five-year-old boy with my sisters," he said in a talk many years later, "I used to exult at the beauty of the pebbles and pieces of broken variously colored glass that our childish fingers had painfully placed in the running stream across from our home. That simple ditch of clear water with margin covered with grass and daisies thrilled my child soul as the Connecticut, the Hudson rivers have no better done."

From the smaller stream, his attraction for water drew his footsteps to the Savannah itself. Years later he wrote: "There are so many beautiful things to recall in my life. I have seen and felt so much more

than many people, and it seems to me that I have melted into everything I have met. . . . When less than eight years old it was a rare sight for me to see the river, to see the Savannah lapping the willows in my boyhood. A baptizing or the chance generosity of some big boy would take me to that stream. It was dangerous—I was not to approach. Well do I remember one day a big boy took me through the back fence of the old schoolhouse and we trotted off to the river. He and I simply stood there looking at that red, lazy stream. There among the scrubby willows on the bank, I cannot truthfully say I realized any beauty either in the willows, the stream or the rising wooded hills on the other side. Yet I can remember a desire to keep looking and I can recall the feeling of mystery and awe. Was I really feeling the beautiful, and was it a childish holiness which had come upon me?"

But beauty was not the only excitement afforded by water. The river held the thrilling interest of occasional floods. When these came, John and his two sisters would go down to the edge of the water and watch its advancement always with wild hopes that it would reach their own house some blocks distant. During their childhood it never gave them such an ecstatic visit, and it was always a sad hour when the water receded leaving their home still too dry for them to shine as mermaids and sea kings. Failing that, the next most wonderful thing was of course to float on the water. "I remember the first time I was on a boat," John Hope once said in a speech. "One day we had to go to a place where there had been a flood, and we had to cross on a ferryboat. Oh, it was a thrilling adventure. The other day I was down there again. It was a little place—not a very wide stream. Yet crossing the ocean produced nothing like the thrill it gave me. Then the time that I crossed the Savannah River in a bateau! Oh, that was wonderful. Just to find yourself in a boat with a lot of boys, one boy doing the paddling. You had never been on the boat before and you wonder whether you are going to get across and you do not want to show any yellow streak to your friends, so you just stay still."

Yet even on land Augusta afforded fields of adventure and diversion near John's house. "We boys," he wrote in an article, "used to play on what was called the common. People sent their cows to graze there, and it was the one place where cows and boys felt security from 'cops'—for even then those potentates held that title. Then too in Augusta a wide street about two miles long has broad plats running through the center and is bordered with elms and stately water-oaks. The plats used to be grass-covered and were called 'The Green,' and they were our playground."

But not all the excitements came from natural objects. There were interesting persons, too. Some of the visitors to the Hope home delighted the children. Chief among these were "Uncle" Ben and "Aunt" Melia, an old colored couple who drove in from Columbia County with a donkey and cart bearing a few potatoes and persimmons as tokens of anticipation for the load of presents—coffee, and sugar, and money—with which they would be laden at the end of the day. It was always a great time for the children when this pair arrived. One detail survives in a speech made by John Hope to the Spelman College students: "I was thinking this morning about a very early impression which has been quite lasting. I was thinking of an old man that we called Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben with his little cart, his little donkey came ostensibly to bring some supplies to us, but really to talk and refresh himself. And the cotton rope vine with which he was driving this donkey fell to the ground and was disturbing the donkey, and I thought I would help the donkey out. (I've had that thought all through life about helping donkeys.) And this donkey, in real donkey fashion, kicked me. And it made me feel so bad, it hurt my feelings so, that I remember quite distinctly I didn't tell anybody that Uncle Ben's donkey had kicked me."

There came a time in these earliest years when he would occasionally vanish from the yard and no one could find him. Nor would he account for his previous whereabouts when he returned. These absences began to be so frequent as to awaken his mother's anxiety. She was always an anxious mother and, to quote her son, "didn't let us run." Her suspicion that he was "up to something" led to the discovery that he was spending much of his time at a small livery stable near by in the company of a very old, very ugly, very black, and very kind man named Smart. James Hope knew Smart and felt that the boy couldn't be in better hands. Johnny had conceived a great admiration for the old man and followed him everywhere; so the two were left to their peace and friendship, and when Smart acted as coachman John would often be seated beside him on the box. After some years Smart yielded to the boy's pleas and allowed him to hold the reins; but the experiments were unsuccessful. "Before I was twelve two horses had run away with me. I never was a very great artist driving horses, though Augusta was a great horse town." The friendship with Smart continued as long as the old man lived, and John wrote him from school and college.

Across the street from the Hopes there was also a blacksmith shop and the smith sometimes let John blow the bellows. "Oh, how thrilling

it was for a boy in knee breeches to blow the bellows," John Hope once said, "to see the iron get hotter and hotter!" The blacksmith, Madden, "who had come from up North somewhere, was the one horseshoeing artist in Augusta, and he was known as such, and to this day I even remember his initial—H. And when he taught a colored man, John Allen, how also to be an artist, I almost worshiped him."

But, happy as these associations were with such vigorous and self-sustaining former slaves, the boy was conscious of the many left helpless from the effects of slavery. "I can remember," he said later in an address, "many of the human wrecks of swift emancipation. People left too old and helpless or too ignorant, though young, to discharge a freedman's obligation to society. These people were pensioners. From some they got a bandanna full of meal and a bit of bacon, from others tobacco and a dram, from still others, old pants or a cast-off calico dress. They were poor, but they were *individual* people."

As a reminder of how slavery itself had come about, Augusta contained at least one person who had actually been captured in Africa and brought to slavery in Georgia. Although the state of Georgia had abolished the slave trade in 1798 it continued by subterfuge for sixty years, and the slave yacht *Wanderer*, which came to the Georgia coast in 1858, was perhaps the last of the slave-ships. "When a little boy," said Hope, "I used to hear my people talk about slaves from the *Wanderer*; and there was at least one colored man in my town in those days who was in that vessel. The slaves were scattered along the coast, some of them suffering untold disease and dying like cattle."

In sharp contrast to these sad impressions was another, a magical one, one without which childhood suffers a considerable loss—the magic of gilt and spangles. When the circus came to town James Hope would say, "Children and circuses go together—it is educative," and would arrange for Madison, home on vacation from Atlanta University, to conduct the party, richly supplied with funds for all the delights of eye and palate under the big top.

It was a large household in which the child was now awakening. Even though James had by this time arranged other refuges for most of his numerous dependents, the Hope home during John's childhood sheltered four of the Butts family, Nannie, Jane, Katherine, and James; and the two Newton children, Madison and Georgia, in addition to John and his four sisters, Jane, Alethea, Grace, and Anna,

the golden-haired baby. Besides these there were certain of the former slaves. Some were transient, appearing only when they were out of other lodging; but among the permanent servants were Cato and Julia Habersham and young Martha Willis. Over this almost feudal state, presided Fanny and James. And in other ways than population the homestead was of feudal suggestion in its protective character and its embattled reserve. The fact is that during those years John Hope was reared in ease as full as that of any child in Augusta during the postwar period.

Another manifestation of bounteousness appeared in the appointments of the house. The furniture was of the best of its period, the simpler earliest heavy black walnut. At a time when few Augusta homes, white or colored, were lighted otherwise than by "coal oil" lamps, the Hopes' evenings were brightened by gas chandeliers. They were the first family in Augusta to use anthracite coal, a novelty in those days. The burdens of the dining-room table were ordered by James himself, whose connoisseurship had founded one of the greatest firms of de luxe provisioning the country has ever known. John then began even in childhood a training in the discriminating selection of foods which never left him. But richer still and more nourishing than its material substance was the spirit of the household. Harmony and peace reigned there, and it was unflinching, though that peace demanded little suppression of the natural spirits of childhood. "We were great talkers, even at table," the sister Jane remembers, and a caller at the house reported a never forgotten scene of a roomful of children, the Hopes, the Newtons, and half a dozen neighbor playmates all singing or chattering with James Hope in the midst of them, quietly reading, completely undisturbed.

Far from being disturbing, the happy children's voices probably relaxed him from the cares of the new business venture which was engrossing him at this time. Together with his friend John Decatur Butt, uncle of the Archie Butt who was later to become famous as aide to Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, James was promoting a new railroad. The fight for the rights of way of this road, of which James was treasurer, was popularly known as the Augusta and Hartwell Railroad War.

Sometimes as a prelude to business conferences James would have his associates in for midday dinner. Often, too, his old friends would be invited for good company's sake. John Hope has described these dinners in his autobiographical notes: "Although white women did

not visit, my father had as visitors in a social way in our home some of the foremost business and professional men of Augusta. And when they came, they sat with my father's children at the table, my father at one end of the table and my mother at the other. . . . When I think of the stupid, virulent, and violent racial prejudice that has sprung up in the South since my boyhood I am amazed. It might be thought that my father, being a Scotchman, was a rare exception in this matter of open alliance with a Negro woman. Not so. I remember a colored family named Foster. The white father lived at the home of his Negro wife and his two attractive daughters. One of his brothers was a lawyer, two of his brothers doctors. These brothers openly visited the home of this colored family, never turned their back on their brother, but all were friendly. And when Foster died, these brothers saw that his colored children and wife received all that was left to them, an independent fortune in those days. I cite this as one of several cases I knew in my childhood."

But at least the happiness of these children was as yet unclouded with foreshadowings of prejudice to come, and even if they were aware of a difference in the race of their guests they were delighted to see them. And what delicacies they feasted on! They remembered them all their lives: the famous turtle soup, prepared by Henson from his own secret recipe, the choicest game birds—partridge, woodcock, snipe—selected by James' unerring taste and often conveyed freshly roasted from Henson's kitchen. After the leisurely repast, the mother, according to the usual household custom, would retire from the table with the children, leaving the men to their table talk.

At such times the company, replete and jovial, would be treated with a further entertainment supplied by Johnny himself, and it was a pleasure to which they always looked forward. After some entreaties James would call the child in and ask him to oblige. "What about one of Bobby Burns' pieces, Johnny?" Thus challenged, the child would readily recite one or more with perfect accent and great spirit, among the favorites being "John Barleycorn," "No Churchman Am I" and some of the more sentimental songs. The company was always delighted with these performances, but none of the listeners could ever have been so deeply touched as the boy's father. For him the scene must have held something of the miraculous quality of a dream as he heard his familiar Scots spoken so surely by a child in whose veins his own blood mingled with that of a race which had once seemed to him half-mythical, heard of only in song or story. For now the son was

showing one of his birthrights, treasures out of the romantic country and immortal poetry of his inheritance. Out of the skies of his Scotch nativity, another light than that of common day had always followed the father, shining on his path, affording him a unique perspective. By that light it must have seemed to him that he had been able to perceive the essential quality of the boy's mother with a clarity in which all differences of place or race vanished.

The muse, however, did not always preside over these postprandial hours. Another spirit far removed from the world of poesy dominated the scene when, his repertory exhausted, the child, once launched on his wings of display would sometimes continue with theological discussions concocted from scary old hard-shell sermons gathered with the help and interpretation of his aunt from the works of ecclesiastical worthies on the family bookshelf. In after life he would tell, as a friend of his youth reports, that the dinner guests' favorite was "my own childish analysis of Predestination, gleaned at second hand from Knox and Calvin. My theory was very terrible! It would have scared Knox himself half to death, or Jonathan Edwards! I am happy to have discarded my infantile ideas, which were, roughly, that whether your soul goes to Heaven or Hell, you have nothing to do about it; for it was all fixed ages ago. And so," the adult John Hope would add with his characteristic dry chuckle, "why try to be good?" The old Calvinistic dilemma.

These discourses were invariably a huge success, though his appreciative audience was careful to guard him from knowledge of its inward amusement.

The golden age of his childhood, however, was to be broken by a grave foreshadowing of darker things to be. In the midst of his railroading activities, in 1874, his father suffered a paralytic stroke. Many details of this somber period were veiled to the child's consciousness, but out of it one vivid circumstance became instantly illuminated: The house seemed suddenly to fill with strange figures, new personalities—two delightful old gentlemen whom he was told to call Uncle Thomas and Uncle Anthony and a beautiful old lady who was Aunt Jane. They and the children warmed to each other at once.

"When these people came for their first visit to my home," John Hope records, "they showed the greatest friendliness to my mother and to her sisters and brothers, not to mention at all their perfectly charming approach to us brothers and sisters. This relationship continued for many years afterwards; in fact, as long as they lived. On this

first visit my Aunt Jane and Uncle Thomas took the three smallest children for a ride—Anna, the youngest; Grace, next to her; and myself. I recall the nice little clothes which they had brought for the two girls, and the girls wore them on this carriage ride. While Aunt Jane was there she asked my mother to give her Anna for adoption. It was a critical time. My mother then had seven living children, it was not certain that my father would live, it was very certain that Anna would have exceptional opportunities; so that the decision of my mother, especially at this time of pressure, must have been difficult. Though I was only six years of age, I can recall the various conversations as if I were a grown man at the minute. The only question asked my aunt was whether Anna would be my mother's child, or her child. The reply was, 'I will have her as my own.' My father, who was just recovering the power of speech, talked with my mother about this. He asked her whether she wanted Anna to go and she said 'No.' My father then said, 'Well, Fanny, you don't have to.' That closed the incident. I do not think that Aunt Jane ever got over it. Every visit she made revealed her showing special attention to Anna. I do not think it an unpleasant comparison for me to think of my mother at this particular time as a devoted mother hen. With all these little chicks, seven, needing food and attention, she would not let one go. I never heard her regret her decision. . . . My father had a rather remarkable recovery from this stroke and lived for at least two years longer, and during that time my younger brother, the youngest Hope child, was born." This was Tom, a lively handsome child who resembled his mother in appearance and was named after his Uncle Thomas.

Notwithstanding the father's reduced physical vigor, these two years were a period of increasing happiness as the family life seemed to reach a radiant focus, its inner peace and tenderness intensified. James' convalescence was swift and encouraging. He gave little sign of outward impairment. He still sang occasionally in the St. Paul's Church choir, but no longer as a soloist. His sight was as keen as ever, and throughout his life he never wore glasses. He did, however, narrow the range of his activities and confine them more closely to his home. Although he visited his office each morning, he returned for the midday dinner at two o'clock and thereafter remained, spending his time in the garden among his flowers. He had a green thumb. After such agreeable labors, he would rest on the front veranda, and passers-by and neighbors remember him sitting there with Fanny

and some of the children about him. His favorite daughter, Jane, recalls him habitually knocking the dead leaves from the honeysuckle screen with his stick. She remembers, too, an episode illustrative of his tenderness and sensitivity to emotional values. Fanny's young sister, Jane Butts, married Crawford Carey, an exceptionally worthy and able man. The wedding was at the Ellis Street house, and after the ceremony, James drew the bridegroom outside on the porch. Little Jane Hope, always tagging after her adored father, followed and heard him say: "As nearly as I can judge, you seem to be truly in love with this fine young woman; but I want you to promise me that if you ever cease to love her you will come and tell me, for this is her home and she would be better off here than with you."

In the evenings, James would help the children with their lessons, especially arithmetic. Deeply concerned in their education, he followed closely their progress in school. He was particularly interested in John. John was a plodder compared with clever Alethea, but his father perceived an eager imaginative thoroughness that promised well. The boy had character. He had been attending the private school of Mrs. Holloway, a friend of his mother's from Charleston, and was now going to public school, where he had the extreme good fortune to be taught by a remarkable young woman who was beginning a career as one of the foremost educators of her race, Lucy Craft Laney. Born a slave, she had been helped by her mistress to enter Atlanta University at fifteen, graduating in its first class in 1873. Though primarily a classical scholar and the inspirer of John with his first love of the classics, she brought to the educational field a vast practicality. She later founded Haines Normal and Industrial Institute in Augusta and even persuaded Augusta to transform its old "pest-house" into a hospital.

John also had help with his lessons from Madison and Sissie Newton when they came home from Atlanta University, to which James Hope had sent them. John himself was given an infantile peep of the promised land: years later, as president of the university, he wrote: "I have known Atlanta University in a way ever since I was about four years of age, when I was brought from Augusta, Georgia, to Atlanta by my aunt to visit my brother and sister." Madison, in particular, was much beloved by his young brother and showed many of the qualities of mind and heart which had endeared his father to James Hope. He was bent on acquiring a library; books filled his room at home, and he was always seen with a book under his arm.

In such a home, filled with children who richly justified every care, and with a wise and loving wife and mother, James found himself, when he took in sail and crossed the line of his seventieth year, in as agreeable a harbor as he believed any in the world to be. And in the spring and early summer of 1876 the whole household felt the influence of this sweetly tempered calm. But outside their household haven were rougher seas, heavy with violence, bursting recurrently in terror-striking storms. Suddenly one of these broke on the hearing of the Hopes; and even though it did not pass their threshold its thunderstroke never ceased to ring in their ears.

On the Fourth of July, 1876, a company of Negro militia was performing a holiday drill in the village of Hamburg, South Carolina, across the bridge from Augusta. While they were thus innocently engaged, two young white men in a buggy drove up and demanded that the Negroes break ranks and let them pass. (It is to be observed that white men would not serve in the state militia of that period because Negroes were allowed in the service.) The company's captain pointed out that there was plenty of room on both sides of their file. The two men cursed and repeated their demand. The captain then gave the order to break ranks, and the white men drove through.

The affair might have ended there had it not come to the attention of a local lawyer and leader of the Ku Klux Klan, Confederate General M. C. Butler. He at once seized upon it to promote his own candidacy for the United States Senate and offered himself as counsel for the two young men. On his advice they made complaint the following day in Hamburg before a colored justice of the peace, who issued a process against the militia company for obstructing the highway. Under special pressure by Butler, the justice adjourned the trial until Saturday July 8th, at four o'clock. Butler then appeared with twenty of his Klansmen, obviously armed. The Negro justice, alarmed, hesitated to call the trial but was intimidated. Butler demanded that the militia surrender their arms. They refused. The General then forced the justice to call a recess and rode with his guard across the bridge into Augusta. It was by now Saturday evening, as Butler had foreseen when he manipulated the time for the trial, and pay-day loafers were idling on street corners. According to the United States Congressional Record's report of the incident, the general rode about, inciting them to follow him: "Things over in Hamburg look squally. Young men, we may need you there this evening." Probably a large proportion of the idlers went along just to "see the fun"; but, for those

who would accept them, he obtained arms. When the mob left Augusta it consisted of about two hundred men, and they dragged along a mounted field gun.

The terrorized justice and the militia were still at the courthouse, perhaps feeling as safe there as anywhere. Butler, upon arrival with his mob, again demanded that the company surrender their arms. Captain Adams of the militia asked him whether in such a case he would protect them and the other colored people of Hamburg. Butler gave him no assurance.

The captain then asked, "Will you be satisfied if we ship the arms to the Governor?"

The general replied, "Damn the Governor." *

The thirty-eight colored militiamen then marched away. The mob, seeing that they were taking refuge in their small armory, began firing on it, at first with small arms, killing two of the militia. At the end of half an hour, the militia returned fire. Then the cannon was trained on the building. After several rounds of shellfire, Captain Adams divided his men into two parties and, with his lieutenant, Attaway, leading one and himself the other, they ran out of the building. Captain Adams and his men escaped. Lieutenant Attaway evidently decided that the best course would be for his party to surrender their arms to the mob. It did not avail them. "A quasi drum-head court was organized by the blood-hunters," states the *Congressional Record*. Four militiamen were killed in cold blood, Attaway being murdered while his mother pleaded for his life; a fifth made a dash for freedom, was shot and crippled, but dragged himself away.

All through the night, the mob's leopardlike mass lurked and sprang, gutting the Negro houses. The Negro chief of police was murdered in his own home. According to a contemporary letter: "The scenes during the massacre were fearful to behold—the moon shining down upon the horrid scene, lighting up the whole with a ghastly light; the popping of small arms; the screams of frightened women and terrified children." The frantic colored citizens fled across the countryside, some to Aiken, some eventually getting as far away as Columbia, seventy miles distant.

On the Hope family the impact of that terrible night was harrowing and profound. Shielded as they largely were from racial injustice, they had known nothing of the occurrence of the Fourth of July; but when the mob was gathering the word sped through their neigh-

* Quoted in Carter G. Woodson, *The Negro in Our History*. Washington, Associated Publishers, 1931.

borhood like a devouring fire, and they were listening when the crack of the guns and the roar of the cannon leaped from across the river to their agonized ears. Reverberations of those sounds followed them all for the remainder of their lives. In discussions of race prejudice, John Hope would often add, "And remember, I heard the guns of the Hamburg Massacre."

One week after the tragedy, General Robert Smalls, Negro Civil War veteran and congressman from South Carolina, introduced in the House of Representatives an amendment to a bill to send troops to the Texas frontier asking that no troops be withdrawn from South Carolina so long as the state militia could be disarmed and murdered. He then described the massacre. Representative Cox, a Tilden Democrat from New York, replied, "Give South Carolina a Democratic Party government and you will see that every man, black and white, will be cared for under the law."

"As they were at Hamburg!" added a ringing voice of a seated member, and all eyes turned toward the author of the irony. It was Representative James A. Garfield who had less than five years to live before his Presidency and martyrdom.

A day or so later, the debate continued, and Mr. Garfield had further comment to make. Said he: "It is not the least sad of all the sad facts in the subject that we are now engaged in considering, that so grave an occurrence as the one which has been introduced officially by a member of the House has elicited so little attention from the majority that the whole drift of the discussion should have been turned away into a partisan direction and partly and mainly into laughter. . . . The only calm and thoughtful declaration which has been made on this subject on the other side of the House was by the Gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Hartridge] who spoke manfully and regretfully upon the subject. . . . We fought a great war to establish the Union and the equal rights of citizens before the law; and I wish we could lay aside all the bitternesses of that contest; but I say distinctly to gentlemen from the South that the era of our good feeling can never be ushered in, in its fullness, until you let us know that the old spirit of caste and race which caused the war has been laid aside with the weapons we carried in the field."

It is strange to observe that Garfield was almost the only northern representative who spoke against the massacre whereas, by the end of the debate, more than one Southerner had denounced it, among them Lucius Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, afterwards United States

Supreme Court Justice, who spoke in measured and dignified terms of regret; he was noted for his efforts to reconcile North and South.

As for M. C. Butler, described in the *Congressional Record's* report of the debate as the "bitterest of Ku Klux Klan Democrats" and "the instigator of the whole affair," after thus celebrating the one hundredth birthday of the Declaration of Independence, he did not long continue in South Carolina. The massacre helped, in that November election, to carry him into the United States Senate, where he remained for eighteen years.

Upon the spirits and physical strength of James Hope that night of horror left its black shadow, and his newly restored health began to sink again as the summer wore on. It is easy to imagine his thoughts when he considered this new and terrible evidence of the prejudice and violence that he had seen increase throughout the period of Reconstruction. A swarm of anxieties concerning his family pursued him. Fanny and his children, his all in all, they were of the blood against which this brutal tide of hate was rising. He knew he could not live long. What would become of them when he was no longer there to protect them? His anxiety in regard to them had already been apparent two years before in his first month of recovery from the "stroke" when, in making his will, he had named three executors instead of one, as though trying to guard its right administration in case one or even two should prove faulty. Moreover he had chosen these persons from those of his business associates whom he most trusted. They were Adam Johnston, Alexander Philip, and E. R. Schneider. Such a device doubtless seemed the utmost he could supply for his family's defense; but two years later, as his strength ebbed with the summer's decline, there were many hours in which the words of Burns must have risen to the surface of his memory and mingled with the thoughts of his family and their future:

I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

There was, however, for James an end to all these cares, and it came in October. In his autobiographical notes John Hope records his own impressions of that hour: "My room was next to the room of my mother and father. I heard considerable talk and moving about, and I lay awake a long time with my fears, but would not allow

myself to believe it. Finally my mother came in and lay in the bed with me. She put her arms around me, kissed me, and wept, saying, 'You have no father now.' The next morning the house was orderly and, though there was much grief, there was quiet, with many people of both races coming in to express their sympathy. There was a question as to where my father would be buried. Though I was only eight years of age I can well recall how the entire household wished that the burial would not be in Augusta. I see that now very clearly—the thought of my father being in a white cemetery [that is, separated from his family by being buried in a white cemetery in Augusta]. Finally the brothers and the sisters came from New York and at once said they were going to take their brother to New York and that he would be buried in the family lot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. I have not been to this lot for many years, but I would say that if I should go, I would find it in good condition, because my uncle left a permanent maintenance for its upkeep."

His recollection that on the morning after his father's death many people came in to express their sympathy has been widely verified by the testimony of old Augustans as to the high regard and affection in which James was held. An instance of this is shown in the following affidavit given to John Hope for passport purposes during the First World War. The writer was of the family of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

AUGUSTA, GA., June 22, 1918

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I do hereby testify that I was personally acquainted for many years with Mr. James Hope, who was formerly a resident of this City of Augusta, and died some thirty-odd years ago. He was a man of high character, without reproach, and was at one time a man of considerable wealth. He exercised all the acts of citizenship in the City of Augusta for many years, and he was well thought of by every one in this community.

I, myself, am a Confederate Veteran, having served in the Confederate Army, from May 25, 1861, until the surrender.

M. P. CARROLL, Atty at Law

Chairman of the Board of Registers of Richmond Co., Ga.

Witnesses:

CHARLES S. BAKER

Tax Collector, Richmond Co., Ga.

GEORGE F. LAMBACK

Treasurer, Richmond Co.

Chapter IV

RIVER-BORN BOY

Here is water, what doth hinder me that I be baptized.

IN THE DEATH of James, Fanny suffered a blow from which she never wholly recovered. "Her widowhood," John Hope long afterward recorded, "lasted from the time she was a woman in her thirties until she died in her sixties. . . . She loved him devotedly, this quadroon wife, not only in his lifetime but in all the years thereafter. As a child I often came upon her quietly weeping. I do not think it occurred to her ever to think of any other alliance."

But bereavement was not the only sorrow that Fanny and her family had to face. Until his father's death, John Hope's life had in effect differed little from that of a child in a well-to-do white family, and he was slow in becoming aware of any inequality between the conditions of the two races. His first consciousness that a disparity of privilege existed had dawned on him only a year or two earlier when, on a Sunday afternoon, he went with his Aunt Nannie to place flowers on his grandmother Alethea's grave. The unfenced colored cemetery, with its humble markers on the graves to which they brought their blossoms, adjoined that of the whites, whose proud memorials were entirely enclosed by a stately brick wall. John was instantly smitten by the contrast. Looking from one plot to the other, he asked, "Why hasn't our cemetery a wall?" and received from his aunt an answer that bewildered him still further. She had gently refrained from burdening the child's mind with an adequate explanation, but the incident served to awaken his observation to similar contrasts in racial conditions even though they did not touch him deeply during his father's lifetime.

With James' passing, however, all was profoundly changed, not only for John but for all his family. It was as if the very roof and walls of their secure and fortified house had fallen away and left them to the assaults of whatever injustice might be visited upon their race; and, though they were not at once aware of this, time soon began

to reveal it. Fanny, who from the day she first entered Dr. Newton's house had known perfect security and peacefulness, was thrust into those uncertainties which her mother had experienced in raising her own family. James had tried, not only by bequeathing the house to Fanny, but by leaving almost all his estate in trust for her, to protect her from this very fate. Yet all his careful plans proved unavailing. They were callously and illegally overridden. Of the three executors, who were also trustees, only one, Alexander Philip, took the trouble to qualify himself in the Court of Ordinary (Probate Court); and he did this, time was to prove, entirely for his own ends. Five years after James' death, Fanny had not received a penny from the trust fund he had left her, and the only accounting Philip had given was to the court for the sale of James Hope's wines for \$1,689.17, none of which was yielded to Fanny. In 1881 Thomas Hope brought suit in her behalf against the executors, after which she received for the remainder of her life the interest, a slender annuity, from the greatly reduced trust fund.

Apparently the executors concurred in the historic state of mind recorded in the Dred Scott decision that Negroes had always been regarded in America as having no rights which a white man was bound to respect. But Fanny and her children, now thrust wholly behind the barriers of race, became more firmly identified with one of the most stimulating Negro communities in the South. There were, on the one hand, those who were already forcing their way upward by extraordinary initiative. "Nothing in cruelty, discrimination, or deprivation has yet been devised that could keep some people from rising. There was always a choice group, a choice few who defied circumstances," said John Hope in a lecture on the Negro society of his boyhood. "Then there was the group of people who independent of particular merit on their part, but because of circumstances, their relationships to their masters, received additional money or additional education and were to that extent ahead of the people who had no money, no education, nothing. As a result there was at the close of the War a rather well organized Negro society, with its social metes and bounds, with its ideals and a great deal of culture."

Among the cultural leaders who "defied circumstances" was the Hopes' close friend, William Jefferson White. Born of an alliance between a white planter and an Indian girl with possibly a remote strain of Negro blood, White had been a prosperous cabinetmaker in Augusta when he fell in love with a beautiful slave girl, Josephine

Thomas. Unable to persuade her master to sell her to freedom, he married her and went to live in her master's house, thus identifying himself with the Negro race and causing himself to be regarded as a colored man although he remained free and continued his affairs. His mind, however, blazed with ideas for racial service, and they took shape with amazing rapidity. Before the Civil War he would "at bodily risk teach Negroes after hours their A B C's and numbers." After the war, he became a minister and spiritual leader. In fighting for the rights of the Negro, as he did throughout his life, he more than once narrowly escaped lynching. He started the public-school system for colored children in Augusta and thus indirectly stimulated the starting of the similar schools for white children. He brought Lucy Laney to Augusta to teach. He established and edited the *Georgia Baptist*, which for many years was "probably the most universally read Negro paper in the South." W. E. B. Du Bois has said of him, "As editor, educator and leader, he held a hundred thousand people in the hollow of his hand."

Dr. White founded Augusta Institute which, transferred to Atlanta, eventually became Morehouse College. In its early days the students were desperately poor, and Fanny and James used to send baskets of food for them and furniture for their rooms. Thus both of John's parents shared in establishing the college of which he was later to be president. The close relation between the Hopes and the Whites had begun in Fanny's girlhood when she was bridesmaid at Josephine Thomas' wedding. After James Hope's death, their tender friendship was intensified. John was later to write of Dr. White: "Earning a living was never his chief aim and function. He was a leader of great ability, unusual outlook, and sustaining philosophy. I think I knew him almost as early in life as I did anyone. He was so friendly to children that there was hardly a child in Augusta that did not know him."

Stimulated by such leaders as W. J. White, the colored people of Augusta in the Reconstruction days started schools, public and private, opened the Sumner Literary Society and Lending Library on the corner of Ellis and Campbell streets, and began sending their children to college. Fired too by their attainment of citizenship, the general body of Negro inhabitants was further kindled by the new emotion of patriotism and innocently wished to serve its cause by the only pattern they had seen, the military. They formed three companies of militia, the Douglass, the Crispus Attucks, and the Georgia. Armed

and uniformed by the state, they took vast pride in their precise and rhythmic drill and were often given a part on ceremonial occasions such as the Fourth of July. But for them and for all the colored citizens of Augusta the great new event of those years was the annual Emancipation Day, celebrated each January 1st.

All that the race had heard of promise since the War's end and all the faith, hope, and aspiration with which it responded, surged into expression on Emancipation Day. The entire Negro populace rose then in tidal force and filled all open places in the city's center. They came marching. They came singing, swaying, chanting, with flags, with banners, in holiday costume, in regalia of lodges, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, in uniform of soldiers and of the Colored Volunteer Firemen, in rainbow variety of costume, or in somber ranks silent with intensity, but all following bands, the best bands in the city, the Negro bands. When the procession halted, the Negro militia filled the pause by spinning through one of their magnificent drills, swiftly performed with an irrepressible grace that made them seem like figures of a dance. As John Hope recounted in an Emancipation Day speech many years later: "No hall nor church could hold that concourse. The city hall park for multitude and the city hall porch for orators were none too roomy. Added to these were the military and civic organizations parading each to the triumphant music of the bands, nor did foul weather ever interfere with speakers' words, with flying banners, or with martial airs. We small boys wormed our way among the listening crowds mindful more of uniforms and drums than speakers' words. Yet every little while such words as emancipation, freedom, liberty would lodge in our ears."

If those on the city hall porch who gave utterance to these ideals had been less familiar to young John's eyes, he would have observed the speakers far more closely, for they included some of the foremost personalities of the race—such men as Dr. White, Dr. C. T. Walker, "the Black Spurgeon" who was regarded by many people of both races as the greatest preacher of his time, and Dr. George Dwelle, the pastor of Springfield Church. From the city hall porch this inspiring triumvirate would, once a year, on the great racial feast day, unseal the fountains and pour its rich eloquence out like rivers through thirsting lands till the hearts of its hearers brought forth flowers of hope and of promise not only of heaven but of life in common day on earth. And when the anointing words were ended and the people's fervent amens, their concord rose to music till the song-filled park resounded magnificently through the city.

The music, on such occasions, would be conducted by gifted leaders such as Robert Harper, who, born a Free Negro, had been sent to Boston by his white father before the Civil War. There he studied music for six years and returned not only a composer but also secretly an abolitionist and local agent of the Underground Railroad. He circulated copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when such action was a criminal offense. The Harper family were friends of long standing of the Hopes, two of Mrs. Harper's nephews marrying two of John's sisters.

Though elder figures had the chief parts in such assemblies, the oncoming generation was also beginning to be seen and heard from the city hall porch, and some of them seemed to John almost like members of his family—Miss Lucy Laney, for instance, and Judson Lyons, Howard University graduate rapidly rising to prominence, later to become a brilliant lawyer, to marry John's sister Jane, to be appointed Postmaster of Augusta, and to serve for seven years as Register of the United States Treasury. Born in the same year as Lyons was another Augusta boy, John's cousin Robert Bradford Williams, who made his earliest speeches from the porch and soon began a brilliant legal career. Williams, the first colored youth from Augusta to attend a great northern college, graduated with honors at Yale, studied law in England, settled in New Zealand, became mayor of his town, and was nominated for Parliament. A photograph shows him in British barrister's wig and gown.

Williams' example in securing a northern education was soon followed by another young speaker in the annual gathering, John Wesley Gilbert, the first student and graduate at Paine College in Augusta, also graduated from Brown University where he achieved distinction in the classics and received a fellowship to Greece. After getting his master's degree, he became the first Negro teacher at Paine and remained there in Augusta, except for an interval in which he explored Africa. John, whose affection and admiration for him grew with the years, regarded him as one of the greatest teachers he ever knew.

Gilbert's educative force in the community was still further supplemented by another young man who, though not an Augustan, came to the city early in life—Richard R. Wright. Born a slave, he had been freed by the Proclamation at the age of ten. While still a boy he went to Atlanta University, and was in his first year there when General Howard, head of the Freedmen's Bureau, came to inspect the school and asked what message he should bring to the

northern youth. Wright burst out with, "Tell them, we're rising." Whittier, hearing of this, made his poem "Howard at Atlanta" of the incident. After graduation Wright started a paper, the *Journal of Progress*, in his native town of Cuthbert, Georgia, and soon after brought his press to Augusta and continued it. In 1880 he founded Ware High School, the first high school for Negroes in Augusta, and there taught John's younger brother and sisters. In the course of years, however, a conservative tide in city politics caused the school to be closed. Forced thus out of the educational field in Augusta, he became president of Georgia State Industrial College in Savannah and served for thirty years; retiring only to turn his abilities toward business, he went to Philadelphia, founded a prosperous bank of which he was still active president in his nineties. As long as he remained in Augusta, he was a potent progressive influence there and was listened to with attention on Emancipation Day.

Nor were the speakers on that day confined to the one race. There were white southerners in Augusta who identified their aims with those of the colored people to such an extent that they suffered ostracism from some elements of white society. John long after recorded his memory of "the whispered reverence as my elders saw venerable Dr. Robert rising to address us." Dr. J. T. Robert, a southerner educated at Brown University, had studied medicine at Yale, become a doctor, then a Baptist minister, finally freed his slaves and moved away from slave territory. He had been called to Georgia to put the struggling Augusta Institute on its feet, and served as its president until his death in 1884.

With Dr. Robert on the municipal porch was another white man of the same social class, character, and aims, Dr. George Williams Walker. Born in Augusta, he had been a Confederate soldier in his teens, then a minister and college professor, until finally he returned to Augusta to help start a school of higher education for the freedmen. The institution of which he soon became president and virtually the founder is now known as Paine College. He married a daughter of a prominent Augusta family, and together, for twenty-six years, they lived among their students, training them toward the realization of their highest possibilities.

These civilized contacts between the white people and the Negroes in Augusta were maintained not only by such dedicated characters as Dr. Robert and Dr. Walker, but also to a considerable extent by many persons of the same class. It is notable that the white people

who held the broadest and most human views on interracial relationships rose mainly out of the educated classes, rich and poor. There also had usually existed from ante-bellum times and into John's boyhood a far closer human relation and sympathetic understanding between the old pre-Revolutionary families and the Negroes than between the former and many other whites. As Dr. Channing Tobias, a Paine College graduate of 1902, born and bred in Augusta, said in his memorial address on John Hope: "There was something in that atmosphere. I cannot say just what it was. . . . John Hope and I used to talk about it at times. We did not know how it came about but . . . it was possible for a Negro in the Augusta of John Hope's boyhood to aspire to the heights and to receive encouragement from white people in so doing."

We are also to remember that these vast annual gatherings of the Negroes on Emancipation Day, and even their military displays in those early years, had complete acceptance from the main body of white citizens. The general attitude was perhaps at worst a good-natured tolerance and at best a genuine sympathy with the aspirations and hopes of the celebrators—the latter sentiment being evidently shared by one notable northern visitor during John's boyhood.

On New Year's Day, 1880, General Grant, after his world-circling tour, arrived in Augusta, and in passage through the city was driven to the city hall concourse, where as he sat in his open carriage, the speakers and the militia's drilling absorbed his close attention. It would have been unnatural to find that John had not followed boyhood's pattern and, having made his way close to the carriage, looked up into the old warrior's face with the same awe and reverence felt by the son of his father's friend, young Tommy Woodrow Wilson, who at the same age a decade earlier had wriggled to that very spot and gazed with similar emotions on his own hero, General Robert E. Lee.

That celebration in 1880 probably marked the high point of the day's observance in its full glory. "A few years later," John Hope records, "when I had added inches to my stature, this immense multitude had shrunk into a hall and I heard not 'emancipation,' 'freedom,' 'liberty,' but these words: 'Cable versus Grady.' Cable I had heard of, Grady we knew, but *Versus* was ominously uncertain. Then for three years I was away from the city, and on my return found that vast multitude of my boyhood years shriveled into a church. The orator was no longer on the courthouse porch, he was not on the market

hall stage. He said not emancipation, freedom, liberty nor yet did he discuss the subject Cable versus Grady. The orator was from a sister state and I heard him speak about farming conditions worse than slavery."

Careless as he may have been of Emancipation Day oratory in his very earliest years, John's education was progressing. He passed from Miss Laney's uplifting hands to another teacher, Georgia Swift, also an Atlanta University graduate brought to Augusta by W. J. White. She at first taught in a bad slum district where her school had been visited by the superintendent, a white man. He would not enter the room but watched her through the window with the result that she was transferred to John's school, the Fourth Ward building which was attended by some of the "'rusticrats" or children of the relatively prosperous colored families. Miss Swift among other contributions to John's mental and moral vertebation, supplied him with a valuable formula: "When I was a small boy, Miss Georgia would send me to the blackboard to multiply, and I always had to begin by saying, 'I'm required to prove,' before demonstrating, for example, that 12×12 is 144. Ever since those school days, all my life, in facing problems, I've been saying to myself, 'I'm required to prove, I'm required to prove,' and finding myself back in school again."

The school was housed in an old frame building down on the river bank. Only a broken fence separated it from the Savannah, and the absence of a levee made it possible for that source of inexhaustible excitement, the river, to afford the children an occasional thrilling vacation by flooding the schoolhouse. The instruction, however, was better than the building or its location for, by the efforts of W. J. White, the curricula of the white and colored schools were identical. The segregation would have been more taken for granted by the Hope children if they had never heard a voice lifted against it. But at least one such voice they had heard, the angry voice of their Uncle Thomas Hope, who with his sister Jane continued to visit them through the early years after James' death. Thomas' wrath at the whole idea of segregation was so explosive that Fanny had to caution the children never to say anything in his presence which might recall their school situation and so provoke his violent and sometimes profane language.

As for John, though his race consciousness may have been further awakened by his uncle's words, he had other personal matters to deal with. Soon after his father's death he began secretly to feel an eco-

nomie responsibility for his own maintenance, and two years later he felt himself confronted with a problem in the world of affairs. Although the adult members of the household were supporting it in subdued comfort, he knew that his mother was not receiving any revenue from his father's estate. Without saying anything to her he determined on the practical solution which he thus describes: "I was a long-legged boy for my years, and when I became ten years of age I put on what they used to call in those days 'long pants.' In the summer time, with my short breeches, I had gone barefoot. But a barefooted boy in long pants seemed to me sort of not fully dressed. When I put on long pants in the winter, I began to think how I would look with my bare feet in the summer. So when school closed I got a job, much to the disgust of my mother, that was supposed to pay me four dollars a month, working for two lawyers. I will say to her credit that although she did not want me to work for these lawyers, and although I had secured the job without her knowing anything about it beforehand, she nevertheless felt that I ought to keep my word. So off I started in my new first job! She jammed my little hat down on my head and in words none too pleasant told me to go ahead and behave myself."

That he further proved his practicality is attested by the stanch character of the shoes purchased with his first earnings. They were "brogans with brass tips."

But the new job at Capers & Haversham, Attorneys-at-Law, in the "Cotton Block" on Jackson Street did not include all the extramural duties that John was by this time assuming. "From the time I was eight years old until I left home at eighteen, I did much of the marketing. I can recall taking a jug to buy syrup, among other things, and having a clerk put samples of various syrups on a piece of paper for me to taste. It seemed a little thing, I didn't think I was doing much, but I learned how to buy. I could choose a good steak and a good roast, and I found out the relations between purchaser and salesman. Even as a child I could run up a bill on my own responsibility and keep my word to pay it."

Fanny, at the same time, felt that there were limits to the responsibility that should be laid on childish shoulders, as in the following situation. Near by, the Johnson brothers, Negro teachers, conducted a little private school which included a Temperance Society. Whether stirred by a mass movement of their playmates or by a solemn decision to lead a life of sobriety, John and Jane joined the

society and took the pledge, news of which their mother received with the practical admonition: "Well, don't accept any office. I don't want you children handling the money of any society." From the next meeting, however, they returned, each an officeholder, though neither had the treasurership, and both kept their membership long.

But, although he knew that his habits of self-reliance were largely due to his parental training, he also had a theory that the racial strain had a part in the result. "Negro children become rather mature in practical affairs before their childhood has passed," he once said in a speech. "I myself ceased to be a child at eleven years of age." Yet, however much of this early maturity was due to his racial identity, it had been hastened by the Calvinistic teaching of his devoted Aunt Nannie. "She had particular supervision over me in my tender years and taught me that if I did not do thus and so the Lord would not love me." At another time he said: "When I was a boy, the ministers laid great stress on preparation for death; and if one abode hereafter was emphasized more than the other, I believe Hell came in for greater attention. As a very little child I shuddered at the thought of Hell, and my childhood was greatly saddened by gloomy meditations on my lot, if I should die unregenerate. But as I grew older and assumed the self-sufficient years between twelve and fifteen, I began to reckon how long I should live, and then to console myself that for me Hell was still a comfortable distance away." Which epitomizes both the meditative cast of mind and the vigorous resiliency of spirit that were lifelong characteristics of his nature.

Moreover his healthy rebound from the superstitious depressions which assailed him was helped by his growing activities. In addition to his job at the law office he took a "paper route," delivering to his customers the daily edition of the *Augusta Chronicle*, and found a strong attraction in printer's ink that was intensified by another circumstance. "How thrilling it all was to me as a boy," he tells in a letter, "to look for the first time into that printing office of the *Georgia Baptist* in the little brick building on Ellis Street! I was a newspaper boy and had seen white men set type and get out newspapers. But to see an office operated by colored people, actually to see colored men and boys setting type and feeding presses was new and thrilling. Hayden White, my boyhood friend, seemed to me nothing short of wonderful, as he sat on the tall stool picking out lead letters from the little square compartments and making them into words, lines, and columns. His father, William J. White, showed me for the first

time that Negroes could operate and own a newspaper; that amid fire and flood and earthquake a Negro newspaper could send itself forth every week for years and years, so that we little fellows who spelled its pages in the early days have come to see our children and grandchildren reading the same kindly *Georgia Baptist*."

Every word of that account breathes the intensity of a race consciousness which had been forced upon him.

In the spring of 1881, news of an occurrence reached Augusta, touching and thrilling the chords of John's group loyalty. It was repeated among the colored community that white citizens of a town in Alabama had asked General Armstrong, the white president of Hampton Institute in Virginia, to propose a man to start and develop a state-subsidized school for Negroes, and that instead of the expected white principal, the General had sent them a twenty-five-year-old colored man who had conquered the prejudice of the white committee and was founding the school. John never forgot his name—Booker T. Washington.

The eve of June, in that year, was a momentous time in John's life. He became thirteen years old. He finished eighth grade, and he took a full-time job with no plans for ever attending school again. His rapidly developing conscience stood in the way. During the four and a half years since his father's death, with the estate entirely withheld from them, the family's financial situation had grown increasingly sterner. Georgia and Jane had left Atlanta University as had Madison, who obtained a job in the post office at an extremely meager wage. John's independent nature suddenly reached maturity, and he could no longer endure the thought of not helping with both hands. A full-time job he must have, and in his choice he gravitated in a direction which his own father's tastes had indicated. He went to work for Lexius Henson, who had supplied so many delicacies, including the memorable Christmas turkey, for the Hope table in his father's time.

Henson, a colored man from Columbia County, had arrived in Augusta with his brother Charles immediately after the War and had very soon built up his first-class restaurant. An Augusta handbook of the time notes:

"Lexius Henson, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant, Corner Ellis and McIntosh. Augusta has long needed a first-class restaurant and Lexius has fully supplied the want. His establishment is now equal to any in the South, and up to the standard of excellence main-

tained by the best restaurants in New York and other large cities. The ladies' restaurant, which is entirely separate from the rest of the establishment, is very handsomely fitted up. A fine Brussels carpet is on the floor, lace curtains adorn the windows, and the tables are dazzling with snowy linen and bright silver. Everything that the New York, Savannah, Charleston and Augusta markets afford, may be called for by the patrons of the restaurant. The articles are cooked in excellent style, and the prices charged are reasonable. The visitor to Augusta will find as good a breakfast, dinner, supper or lunch at Lexius' as anywhere in the South."

Evidence of the elaborate appointments of the place survives in some of the table service and game plates. They are of charming design and bear Henson's monogram.

By the time John joined the establishment it had, with its enthusiastic white patronage, moved to a three-story building on Broad Street. On the ground floor was the café and taproom solely for men. On the second floor was the dining room for ladies, either alone or accompanied by men. Henson and his family lived on the top floor. John began as wine steward, and Henson taught him the mysteries of the cellar and how to advise guests concerning the appropriateness of certain kinds with particular foods and how to care for, handle, open, and serve the bottles including champagne. However, he quickly discovered the boy's special abilities and put him to straightening his books and accounts, so that in the Augusta City Directory for the following year, John is listed as "Clerk at Henson's Restaurant."

The life he now began leading was not an unagreeable one. He felt that he had commenced to play a man's part in relation to his family. His associations at the restaurant were harmonious. He had as partner in his various duties his close friend and former playmate, Levi White. Levi was the favorite son of a wealthy planter at near-by Bath but, like John, had been deprived of his patrimony. In spite of this handicap, he was to go to Atlanta University and teach for more than forty years in the public schools of Augusta, where he had as colleague for much of that time his wife, an Augusta girl who was a graduate of Oberlin. (Levi White was a cousin of Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.) Both John and Levi found Henson a friend and, since they did their work well, an easy boss.

Incidentally, Henson had aspirations beyond his success as a publican. Refused admittance to the Union Baptist Church because he

sold intoxicating liquor, he organized a Presbyterian church and gave \$2,000 to the building fund. The church was erected, and the congregation included its founder and his friends.

Henson's restaurant was greatly enlivened by the art and character of Uriah Carr, the bartender in the men's café. Carr, a teetotaler, bore the reputation of being one of the most skilful drink mixers in the South, and through the practice of his art he had attained the skill of a juggler. Against a background of pyramided glassware he would toss his mysteries from one hand to the other, from glass to glass, describing astonishing arcs in liquid legerdemain as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. Of equal mastery was Augustus Bates, the super-cook, who presided over his fiery domain with a spirit as valuable to the house as his professional skill. Of vast good nature and lively wit, he kept everybody in good humor; and his pointed comments on local affairs would flash from the kitchen to be reported to patrons who received them with sharp relish. The whole prosperous establishment was a hive of swarming industry, and John was at once swept into its teeming life to a degree that soon blurred if it did not erase all thoughts of further academic schooling. His steady character caused him to be pressed into new responsibilities, and early in his apprenticeship he and Levi White had to "carry home" occasional patrons, not always male, who had burdened themselves with more of the cellar stores than they could bear away unassisted. Then together the two boys would solemnly perform their gyroscopic duty of keeping the escorted body upright between them until it was deposited at its destined doorway, and in silence, as from a funeral, the bearers would return. Such experiences possibly confirmed them in their earlier pledge of abstinence.

More important duties, however, were soon laid upon them both, and within two years John's talents as a marketer and selector of food were discovered. There is no doubt that he inherited these gifts from that master provisioner, his father, who had begun his training in selection. By natural progression from buying he was drawn, as he grew older, into helping Henson in many of the details of management. It would be difficult to estimate the value of these formative years at Henson's in John Hope's life. We are to realize that his sensitive nature responded deeply to all his experience at the place, that he took it all in and it all became a part of him. Lexius' enterprise and vast ability, the brave and splendid human play of life among the staff, their efficiency, their comedy, their tragedy, Uriah's magical fountain

feats at the bar (long afterward to be remembered when John became a classical scholar and knew of the cottabus, the ancient Greek drinking party game of throwing wine from one cup to another, to strike without spilling and make the struck cup ring)—such mastery would have overcome both Alcibiades and Alexander the Great, and of course both would have acknowledged it. And Gus Bates' wit flashing from the kitchen like rays from his bright pans or sparks hot from his broilers. Indeed those ironic and sardonic mots may have given a mold and cast to John's own wit, which bore that same character throughout his life.

But the staff alone did not supply all his experience at the restaurant. There were also his contacts with the patrons; and, however much he may have at first shrunk from them, they were inevitable, unavoidable. It was well that this was so, for after all he was going to have to live in a world with these people and their kind, and the better he knew them the better he could deal with them. Familiar as he had been with the personalities of his father and his northern uncles and aunt, his first intimate knowledge of the white group outside his home was received at the restaurant. There were times when, to his young eyes, they did not seem real, these patrons at Henson's. He seemed to see them coming, going, sitting there, as on a shadowy stage in a phantasmagoria, largely tragic, even pitiful, performed by blind people, deaf people, people who seemed to be no people at all but senseless puppets dangling limp on the thin threads of custom, of self-absorption, of doubt, of suspicion, of fear. And therefore he saw a cross section of average human life as it is indeed in half-truth, even though not in whole.

In that bright and abounding caravanserai there passed daily before his eyes and entered into his worldly experience a moving pageant of the southern master class surviving into the second postwar decade, figures of the unsubdued who rose above their defeat and spiritless figures who accepted it with bitterness, the strong and the weak, the noble and the ignoble, most of them urbane and of charming address, some with old feudal courtly manners, and all of them bearing the unhealed wounds of the Civil War. He came to know as much about them as they told each other and indeed often told him. He came to know thoroughly the subjects of their conversations: social gossip, politics, books, plays, the North's brutal advantage, cotton, Reconstruction, recovery, hope, and despair. He found, too, additional proof of his earlier observation regarding race prejudice, that breadth of culture proportionately diminished it or swept it away.

A number of the patrons became his true friends and in almost every such case they were of the old aristocracy. One such friend was Major Cumming, an eminent lawyer whose grandfather had been the first Intendant of Augusta and welcomed Washington to the city, and whose uncle had been chosen as the chief citizen to welcome Lafayette. Major Cumming became interested in the youth's mind; he advised him in his reading, urged him to self-education, loaned him books, including his son's volumes of Plutarch, and in time encouraged and aided him in going north to school. Another friend of the same social stratum was Major Hammond, a neighboring planter of broad intellectual interest and liberal character. Both men had been Confederate officers. They came to know John at the Beech Island Club, which was not on an island but on the Hammond estate across the Savannah. It was a private organization for themselves and their friends, and at stated intervals held feasts that for years were provided by Henson. These he always superintended personally until John became proficient in management and was sent as substitute with the usual staff. From that time on, the club demanded John and would have no other steward on feast days. That the white men's friendly feeling was genuine is proved by the fact that about this time Major Cumming's son Bryan, of the class of 1882 at Yale, found that John's cousin Robert Bradford Williams was in the class of '85, and invited him to come to his home. Such demonstrations of good will were of incalculable value to John Hope and saved him in after years from complete and devastating bitterness in the face of various horrors and crises of injustice.

But though by this time he had passed through a succession of new duties he was not so weighted with all work as to be a dull boy. The various tasks he had assumed fitted him easily, and he won enough leisure to continue growing. Even in childhood he had shown a deep love for the theater, and during his years at Henson's there were few plays presented at the old Opera House that did not find him eagerly watching from the gallery. On most occasions he would be accompanied by Madison, whose fine mind and spirit did much to guide and help him. An amusing sidelight on his theatergoing was given by John Hope in after life in a speech defending women's rights: "My older brother and I would go to the theatre and sit 'way up in the top, but we would give orders to our mother not to let the sisters go there!" John and Madison, however, approved of their sisters' going to concerts and lectures, when Frederick Douglass came or Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, poetess and abolitionist.

There was an animated social life within his group. In the earlier years there were lively old games at parties, "Turn Bottle" and "Clap In, Clap Out," and the like, into whose rhythms the youth would be swept among his family friends, the Barefields, the Whites, the Harpers, Waltons, Sheftons, Fosters, Smythes, Simpkins, etc. There were bazaars, benefits, festivals, and picnics. He loved picnics, and a favorite spot was at "the locks," seven miles up the canal by the slow dreamy passage of the towboat. On one such fête day there was a violent storm, and the returning party found Madison waiting at the dock, frantic with anxiety. Another field of their revels was the home in Augusta of the Harpers' aunt, Mrs. Mary Bowyer McKinley, a handsome old house with a grove in front and a row of servants' quarters at the side. The young people used to play croquet on her lawn and picnic in the grove.

Though of a more serious intent, the meetings of the Literary Society were definite social events. John and his sister Jane were regular attendants at these. Dr. Walker, president of Paine College, often came and would take part in the discussions. Once he lectured on "As You Like It" and got Jane Hope and Cecilia Barefield, to whom he was giving a special college course in English, to read illustrative parts.

So the Augusta years were passing. They were profitable years for John; his practical powers were developing; he was learning to live in the world. But buried within him was an urge to further schooling, though the idea of ever securing it was fast drifting away from him, a once bright but fading dream. He needed awakening, and he was to receive it from the voice of a new friend.

He came home from Henson's one afternoon and found a stranger calling on his aunt and uncle. The visitor, a slender, brown-faced, boyish-looking man in his thirties, proved to be the Reverend John Dart, the new pastor of the Union Church, just arrived in Augusta. Union Church had been founded several years earlier by seventy-six members, including James and Anna Butts, who had withdrawn from the old Springfield Baptist. The new church had greatly thrived; but a fatal illness had seized the pastor and Mr. Dart, called to lead the flock, had come to confer with James Butts, the church clerk, and Anna, one of its chief pillars.

That meeting with Dart marked one of the great turning points in John's life. The young minister radiated a magnetic power of leadership. He had been born in Charleston of extraordinarily self-reliant

parents. His father had been a slave and had been bought into freedom by his wife, a free and educated colored woman. She undertook to teach him to read and write, hiding the books under a trapdoor whenever a suspicious knock was heard. The father became a minister and founded the Morris Street Baptist Church of Charleston. He sent his son first to Atlanta University, then North to Newton Theological Institution. The younger Dart swiftly won positions of influence in the North. He had been a minister at Newton Center, Massachusetts, then a public-school teacher in Washington, D.C., and again a pastor in Providence, Rhode Island.

John quickly became his devoted friend and follower. Dart's sincerity blended with humor, his cultivated mind and his northern experience, all laid hold of the boy's imagination and roused his excited admiration. For him Dart had the whole world and life itself to tell him of, and he listened like a three years' child. Dart on the other hand, responding gladly to all this fine enthusiasm, became increasingly impressed by the boy's great possibilities but disturbed by the conditions of his life. He saw that John had fallen into a rut. At Henson's, where his efficiency had worn down his duties so that he was hardly aware of them and performed them as in a dream, he was spending his "working hours" too easily. And his home comfort was too deep for him to hear the call of morning and the summons to a new day. He was beginning to wear his world like an old shoe. He was wasting his time. His family had to "make me go to bed and make me get up." Unknown to him, Dart watched him, waiting for the right moment and the right word to rouse him. It was spoken one afternoon on the street when he had just gone off duty at Henson's and was undecided what he would do or where he would go for the remainder of the day. Rounding a corner, he came face to face with Dart, who stopped him and looked at him searchingly. The moment had arrived:

"John, why don't you go to school?"

The boy stared at his questioner breathless. As he himself told the story in a speech many years later: "I had been out of school five years working for a living and not seeing how in the world I could ever get to school again and getting not particularly interested in going back. But Dart wielded such an influence that, although I was not a member of his church, when he said, 'John, why don't you go to school?' it got working in my mind almost like a command."

But how could he? He had no funds. The funds, returned Dart,

were in his heart and head; he should draw on them. Fired by this, other questions sprang to John's lips: Where? What school? How could he prepare for it? Dart said that he had in mind a northern school, and that he himself would help with the preparation. Then with the advice to think it over he went on his way leaving the boy with something that kept rising and setting like a star in the skies of his mind as he alternately hoped and despaired. To go north to school as Robert Bradford Williams and John Wesley Gilbert had done was to set out on an orbit to skies too far to be seen through any lens he had yet looked through. For a brief time John kept the new and strange excitement to himself, and then decided to consult his beloved brother Madison. In Buddy's book-lined room he told of Dart's advice, and as always to any of his problems, he found his older brother an attentive auditor. On that evening Buddy seemed particularly anxious to search his mind, listening as he revealed the dream that had been swept before his dazzled eyes, and questioning closely until he learned the depth of the boy's reaction to it. It met with his strong approval. Yes, the time had arrived. John was nearing his eighteenth birthday. John must go. He himself would help. To begin with he would give John one hundred dollars. It was an offer which was to enrich the boy's life in an untold number of ways, but first and most treasured of all by giving him a deeper revelation of his brother's quality and of what a friend he had in him. A dollar was really a dollar in 1886, and in the economy of the Negro it had an even higher proportionate value. In spite of his important position John's wages at Henson's were almost minute, and he had been unable to save anything. He knew too the meagerness of Buddy's salary as clerk in the post office and in the light of that knowledge shone the fineness of his brother's spirit. Forty years later, at the time of Madison Newton's death, John Hope was to write to Channing Tobias: "I have lost not only a brother but a benefactor. . . . Through his generosity, giving me \$100 at a time when he was earning not more than \$500, I was lifted out of an environment that would probably have held me down for the rest of my life."

Awake as never before on the next morning, John saw a new horizon. Up rose the star, and up rose the boy to follow it. He sought out Dart, who told him that the school he had referred to was Worcester Academy, one of the best in the country. Dart had preached in Worcester, and knew the Academy. The principal was a Mr. Abercrombie. He drew no color line in his school. And Dart

went on to outline the curriculum, with an offer to help the boy freshen and so continue the studies which he had broken off. John instantly accepted. Several times a week they met, the lessons in the schoolbooks invariably leading to discussion of the world outside them, humanity, ideals, life—John's admiration and devotion to his mentor daily deepening.

John's church attendance, which had previously diminished almost to zero, now rose to 100 per cent. Uplifted by the new dream with which Dart had inspired him, he wanted to hear everything his friend might say. Every word seemed food and drink to him. Although Dart was not of the brotherhood of itinerant "evangelists," he did, out of natural fervor, intensify his ministry to the degree of a revival. Chafing at the weekly interval between his summonses to the spiritual life, he began to hold nightly services. To these not only his parishioners but wanderers in the highways and hedges were gathered in. He became known as a "stirring-up man," and he stirred not only John but most of his familiars. John's interest was equaled by that of his friends John Barefield and Levi White, although the latter was already a member of the church and may have needed no further persuasion toward the better life. As for John, neither did he need it after a brief period of listening. He felt that all he needed was acceptance at the throne of grace as presented by John Dart. He longed for the experience of conversion, examples of which were taking place nightly before his rapt eyes, for Union held to the old church procedure in such matters. Neither young nor old could be baptized and received until they had "testified" to the satisfaction of the church elders. All prospective converts had to come forward and sit on the mourners' bench. If their testifying was not satisfactory, they were sent to the back of the church. As one of its older members reports, "It was hard to get converted."

John was soon companioned in his devotions by another suppliant closer than his mates. Fanny, learning of his burning interest, began to attend the services with him and quickly felt the spell of the preacher's words. They wakened an old longing in her. As long as James was alive, she had felt no desire for church membership since, to her sorrow, she could not join him in his own congregation. After his death she sometimes came to Union Church with her brother and sister but did not seek admittance. But now, uplifted by the preacher's summoning power, on an ever deepening tide of aspiration both mother and son were swept forward until an hour arrived when

they both were found among the mourners and with unforgettable emotion "came through." It was February 25, 1886.

Ten days later at half past eight on a cold Sunday morning, they were baptized in the Savannah River at the foot of Augusta's Center Street. With them were twenty-nine other converts; all wore long white robes. At the river bank, in procession two by two led by their white-robed pastor, who carried a long staff to test the depth, they marched into the red stream, along whose edge, against projections, slushy ice was caught. Under water was moored a sunken platform on which the company stood. John's "water mate" was John Barefield; Fanny's was a younger woman, Sarah Jennings (Mrs. Sarah Brown—aunt of Channing Tobias). A charming feminine detail may be added on Mrs. Brown's authority. She recalls that she and Fanny had made their white immersion garments on the "Princess model," close-clinging and with no belt line. The occasion was further enlivened by one of the converts missing his footing and slipping into deep water from which the pastor drew him up by the hair of his head—an incident which, without marring the solemnity of the scene, did not lessen its dramatic suspense in the eyes of the company and the watchers on the bridge near by.

The rites having been concluded, the converts assembled later in the morning, once more dry-clad and warm, at the church, where at high noon they were given "the right hand of fellowship."

John rose out of his immersion in the icy Savannah like a young river god, and came into a changed world. Time itself, which had fallen into so listless a pace with him, now seemed, during the following weeks, daily to double its speed. Suddenly the spring rushed out, and he had never known one like it. The power and the glory of it entered and filled him till he felt that he could conquer whatever material thing might assail him, that nothing could really break him. Every hour he could spare from Henson's was spent at his books, or with Dart, or the equally interested Dr. George Williams Walker who had also offered to tutor him. Correspondence with Worcester Academy had already brought assurance that he would be admitted on his qualifications, and it was decided that he should go. No unfulfilled duty held him back. His mother was now receiving a small part of her rightful income. All the older members of the household were at work, and the family maintained itself in comfort, although not at the old sumptuous standard of James' lifetime. In following his star, however, John refused to accept any financial support from the family.

Buddy's initial contribution was different and could be accepted. To John, Buddy was his other self.

In July, Dart left Augusta, to the sorrow of his flock. He had consented to serve only a brief interim, for he longed to live in the North; but, going from Augusta to his native Charleston, he became absorbed in working for his race, founded Charleston Institute, and remained its principal until his death in 1915. Difficult as the parting was for John, he was sufficiently advanced to continue his studies with Dr. Walker when his friend and guide quitted Augusta, and a month later he was ready to set out on his great adventure.

As the day of his exodus drew near, his old life seemed to glow with a new and tender light, to grow dearer to him. He began to know his friends newly. All were interested in his design and wished him well. At Henson's, both staff and patrons cheered him on. Major Cumming gave him a small sum of money but the most treasured part of his fund was the never to be forgotten one hundred dollars Madison had given him. All these evidences of affection and kindness not only strengthened the ties with his old life but actually seemed to lay hold of him and make it harder to leave home. He was intensely conscious of this as he walked home from Henson's one evening: the unknown North seemed so shadowy, even unreal; the footing there seemed so uncertain. Augusta was steady as a rock, Augusta was actual, the home ground was solid and—What was that?

Suddenly something had happened. Then a myriad things seemed to happen. Houses, trees, pillars, people, everything that was meant to stand upright did nothing of the sort but shuddered, staggered, waved, or fell and the pavement beneath his feet shook, rose, fell, and groaned, and frantic people ran from tottering houses into the street. It was August 31, 1886, the night of the Charleston earthquake, described by Henry W. Grady as "the most awful experience of the century." Within a few hours the wide streets of Augusta were filled with cots, chairs, benches, and mattresses upon which the terror-stricken people endured that night and a number of succeeding ones. It was as though the very groins and rafters of John's so seeming solid native earth had proven vague and impalpable or were about to open and close upon him, to hold him back and keep him. But he had already made his unalterable, unshakable choice. Before his fellow townspeople had moved back into their stricken dwellings, John was gone. He had stepped out on new footing.

Chapter V

NEW CAMPGROUND

AS HE STEPPED from the train at Worcester, John Hope had only to lift his eyes to the hills and see crowning one of them—"the turreted hill," as he later described it—the goal of his dreams, the Academy. Having once rested his eyes on it, he was eager to climb. The bag he so carefully clutched was no great impediment. He had not yet acquired a burden of books, and his notion of what was needed to protect one's self against the cold of a New England winter was so far undefined. Until he reached the Academy, he had little eye for the rather colorless dull aspect of his first northern city. Nor would the newcomer himself have been especially noted. Except for his southern speech, the serious-faced, gentle-mannered youth might have seemed to the casual eye a New England boy making the usual autumn return to his campus. And in fact he was to fit into the place as well as any New Englander.

In the Principal's office he found Mr. Daniel Webster Abercrombie himself, a brisk, sharp-eyed, black-haired man in his early thirties who, recognizing the boy's name, came forward to greet him, grasping his hand. That cordial, entirely natural action deeply impressed the boy from Georgia. Decades afterward he wrote of it to Abercrombie: "What a difference two or three steps can make in the life of the boy who enters the room!" But, momentous as John felt the meeting to be, it would have seemed far more remarkable if he had known that this northern schoolmaster was the southern-born son of a Georgian, whose original home had been Sparta. "The paths of destiny," says the Abyssinian proverb, "are lined with the shapes of ancestors"; and the saying was verified as the two looked at each other. The principal was in fact a grandson of General Abercrombie, who with Judge Taylor had welcomed Lafayette on the great occasion shared by Alethea. But of this dramatic link with his new pupil the Principal had no more suspicion than had the youth.

Then and there the two had their first talk. Some of it had perforce to do with money, for John needed reassurance about the paying jobs that were to make it possible for him to stay in the school. And perhaps he might get a scholarship as well?

"Yes. There are scholarships for boys who merit them." It was said kindly, yet conveyed a certain chill. However, John did not have to wait long for his own scholarship.

Before the talk ended, there was a knock at the door, a message from Mrs. Abercrombie. She had been ill, a trouble with her ear, the principal explained, turning to the "new boy" quite as if he were already an Academy boy and not a straggler-in from Georgia. Then a sequel occurred which John Hope always remembered, and which he mentioned in a letter in later life: "I do not know that you recall, but the first thing you asked me to do for you was to run down town to the drug store and buy some absorbent cotton. It was the first time I had ever heard that word 'absorbent,' and I can remember how happy I was to do the errand." The almost intimate manner of the request made him feel that he was already happily established in the strange new place.

In many ways Worcester Academy seemed to have been contrived especially for John Hope. Though without the social prestige of the fashionable "prep" schools, it offered a sound preparatory course, and had achieved high academic rank in the four years since Mr. Abercrombie had taken charge. Its strongly religious atmosphere, with a Baptist coloring, drew boys with a bent toward the ministry and put the newly converted Baptist from Augusta at his ease. As the boys were in some cases older than John, for there were educational misfits among them, the southerner was not conspicuous because of his age, even among his classmates. His race seemed scarcely to count at all. The school had an uncorrupted, primitive friendliness. John's schoolmates were not consciously "kind" or "liberal"; but being for the most part earnest, unworldly boys, coming from democratically minded families, it seems not to have occurred to them to make uncomfortable distinctions.

But the principal's policy was almost aggressively democratic throughout. He rejected the influence of caste and money and particularly welcomed boys who had to work their way. Each year he made a point of enrolling one or more young Negroes as well as a few Jewish boys, who in that region at that time rated almost as foreigners; and he managed also to assemble a number of Catholics. A painting

still in the possession of the academy shows him in a group including Scandinavian, Jewish, and Negro students.

It was "Abby" himself, as the boys affectionately called him, though only when safely out of his hearing, who gave the school its character and tone. Unrestricted self-expression of schoolboys had not then come into fashion, but from Mr. Abercrombie's self-expression his pupils profited immensely. They might make quiet fun of his familiar way of harping on Homer as though Homer were a live person, like Mark Twain, but such talk greatly altered the complexion of the Greek textbook and made them eager to get the sense of it. And though they might wonder at hearing that Cambridge was as fair a Paradise as Abby was forever insisting, or Harvard as magnificent a college, or President Eliot as dazzling a figure—they nevertheless drank it all in.

In a school where even color was not a handicap, no snobbish feeling could exist toward boys who, like John Hope, helped serve meals or build fires—there was as yet no central heating—in order to help pay their way. So John mingled with the other boys as freely as his scanty leisure would permit, on a natural, human footing. He was reserved, then and always afterward, but not uncomfortably shy or self-conscious. His fellow students all were his friends, and when the short vacations came certain boys invited him to their homes.

Erastus Starr, son of a prosperous family of Spencer, a town not far from Worcester, describes young Hope as "a wonderful personality": "My family, father, mother, sisters, and myself, always enjoyed entertaining John at our home, and we had the pleasure several times of his presence there during some of the vacations and holidays. . . . And in later life he always visited us if in the North. I was proud of his friendship." John, he says, was regarded as "one of the family."

Harold Hazeltine, later Downing Professor of the Laws of England in Cambridge University, Robert Drawbridge, afterwards a well known Congregational minister, and a handful of others were good friends of John through school and college. Another close friend was George MacArthur, whose father was an Academy trustee and the wealthy proprietor of woolen mills first in Connecticut and later in Maine.

If it seemed a little odd, always, to the other boys that John Hope with his fair skin and blue eyes should insist on calling himself a Negro, this wasn't the case with the roommate assigned to him for two successive years. John Harvey Wigginton, who also worked to

pay his expenses, was of undiluted Negro blood. He went on to graduate from the Yale Law School and was successively an attorney and a teacher of the classics. He did not, however, occupy the considerable place in the life of the Academy that John Holmes did. Holmes, '87, who contributed greatly to the Academy's athletic prestige, has been described as "a huge black boy who wielded the biggest baseball bat in the history of the school" and once threw Erastus Starr over his head in a football game. He had a winning personality, and Mr. Abercrombie spoke of him with affection long afterwards. He became a physican and surgeon and practiced for many years in Winchester, Kentucky.

Beyond these few fellow students, Hope had practically no contacts with the Negro race during the time he spent in Worcester. Attending a white church, as he was expected to do, he had no natural means of making acquaintances among Negroes outside the school. The Negro historian Colonel George Williams then lived in Worcester; John knew him only by sight, but recalled his splendid personality in a speech after his death. Honored by citizens of both races, the author of a monumental *History of the Negro in America*, Williams was a notable and also a mysterious figure. Of magnificent presence, always handsomely dressed, he seemed to have magic sources of supply. "He lived like a prince," an acquaintance reported, "and never showed the slightest anxiety about his financial affairs," characteristics which were also noted by the Worcester Spy in an editorial on his death.

If John made any reference to his sharp change in environment from the deep South to the extreme North, it was in intimate letters that no longer exist. The principal effect upon the sensitive boy seems to have been to deepen his integration with the race so largely deprived of what he felt himself to be fortunately experiencing,—academic initiation into the life of the mind.

He would perhaps have felt more quickly at home if he had known more of Worcester history and in particular the city's attitude toward the race issue before the Civil War. Certainly he would have been interested to know that Lincoln, already extremely sensitive to public opinion at the age of thirty-nine when he visited Worcester, realized there for the first time the intensity of the Free Soil sentiment and said to Senator Seward a few days later, "We have got to deal with this slavery question and got to give it more attention than we have been doing." And Worcester would have held a still more vital meaning for

John if he had known that six years after Lincoln's visit the city had been the scene of a serious riot caused by the attempt of a United States marshal to arrest and return to slavery William H. Jenkins, a respected Negro citizen. The marshal himself was arrested on the charge of carrying dangerous weapons and was afterwards driven out of town by the enraged citizens and warned never to return. It was the last attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law in Massachusetts. It is interesting also to note that Jenkins himself later insisted on sending his former owner the price at which he had been held in bondage.

John had come to the Academy knowing in a general way what he wanted, and he started out to get it—from the teachers, from the library and even from newspapers. So when he was not in the net of any compelling duty he could usually be found in the newspaper room, reading with a diligence that his schoolmates could not understand—particularly when he seemed to pass over the sports pages. School work itself, or much of it, the boy thoroughly enjoyed. John Dart had keenly perceived not only that John Hope needed education through books, but that he would absorb such education readily. Still he was not the typical American boy, taking eagerly to elementary scientific studies and "hating" the classics. The sciences were all very well, from his point of view, but were not a matter for enthusiasm. And Starr remembers that Hope had but a slight hold on algebra and geometry. "We were afraid he couldn't make the grade," his old schoolmate recalls fraternally, "but I helped him."

History, on the other hand, was the boy's natural meat, though his great love was for Greek and Latin, taught by Mr. Abercrombie, who from the first hour was a dominant influence in his life. "You were the Academy," Hope told him long afterwards. "I wonder whether you know how much I owe to you for whatever I have of culture and a love for the beautiful and the true. If I could feel sure that there was one boy whose life had been enriched by me as much as mine has been enriched by you, I would say, 'I know I have not lived in vain.' But I have my doubts." John would have delighted in any subject presented by this excellent teacher. But the boy also had the advantage of a native language sense, as he proved by his success in his English classes, his pleasure in handling his own tongue.

In those early years, before he was appointed to edit the school paper, John of course wrote "compositions," some of which he valued enough to keep all his life. He let his imagination go in "Crossing the Ocean on a Cloud." The paper "A Trip to the Trossachs" was a

sequel of his reading of Scott, particularly "The Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy," and evoked also hours of his early childhood that had been filled with his father's songs and stories.

In the liberating atmosphere of the school—for to a boy who had grown up within the restrictions of Negro life in the South, Worcester Academy was liberating, immensely so—John Hope found that he liked to talk as well as write. Up to this time he had scarcely known the pleasure of expressing himself freely on impersonal subjects; yet he had a native leaning toward discussion, toward threshing things out. This was Scotch perhaps. So he lost no time that first year in following Mr. Abercrombie's advice, given to every student of the Academy, to join a debating society called the Legomathenian or "Learn the Right Use of Words" Club.

Another tendency manifested itself in a period of introspection—a natural sequence at this time to the exaltation of John's friendship with Dart and his conversion. He speculated as to whether he should become a minister. Against this he weighed the possibility of becoming a doctor. His mind was seized by the conflict between religious and scientific thought characteristic of the late Victorian era. Years later he was to say: "I got to thinking about evolution and the Immaculate Conception and that sort of thing between 1886 and 1890, when young students hardly dared tell their teachers that they were thinking about those things. . . . Now, as I look back at it, it seems a tragedy that I could not have gone to a pastor or a teacher and talked out my spiritual difficulties."

It is hardly surprising that John brooded over these matters at the Academy. The school, in spite of the spirit of inquiry which it inculcated, was extremely religious in atmosphere. It required that the boys attend two church services on Sunday. (John went to the white Baptist church, where Mr. Abercrombie occasionally preached.) Prayer meetings, too, were held regularly at the school. Revivals occurred now and then. Academy "boys" remember that faculty members knelt by their beds, praying for their souls. These were of course times of great emotional crisis, resulting in "conversion" for many of the boys who, unlike John Hope, were still in the primary floundering stage.

In spite of his natural eager seriousness, Hope could never have been called a grave boy. That his sense of fun was not suppressed by the school's sober atmosphere is attested by a relic of his first Worcester Thanksgiving. As the day approached, the students who were to

be left on the campus because their homes were too far to visit, made hilarious plans for the feast. Elaborate mock menu cards were produced, brimming with juvenile humor. John's card still survives, bearing on its cover the group's chosen title: "The Union of Thanksgiving Bums" and his individual designation as "James Russell Lowell Hope, Senator de Georgia, United States of America." Courses and items of the banquet were listed in fantastically pretentious French mingled with such dry articles as "Crackers sans beurre" and the names of rare wines interspersed with such vintages as "lemon juice." John's name appears as one of the three speakers of the day, a distinction which would certainly not have been allotted to him if the boys had not had knowledge of his convivial spirits and his humor. Indeed it seems obvious that he himself had a main hand in drawing up the dinner card, skilled as he was in gustatory literature.

This picture shows John Hope in a typically lighthearted school-boy mood and pose. But in general his regular activities at Worcester took up his youthful energy, and there was little left over for defying school prohibitions. The penalties exacted for violating these were of surprising severity, particularly since the word "liberal" is so often used in connection with Mr. Abercrombie. It is no cause for surprise that tobacco and cards were taboo in a Baptist school; but the mere discovery of cards or tobacco in a boy's room, whether or not he had ever used them, was ground for instant expulsion. At Worcester this meant that a boy was not even given time to pack but was marched off to the station by a monitor and put on the train, his possessions being sent after him. (This was in fact so well understood that one cautious Academician remembers that, although he was not himself on the danger list, he always kept his own trunk fully packed.) Attendance at a local variety show, neither more nor less vulgar than others of the period, was equally unforgivable. Alcohol was, however, ignored, it being taken for granted that a boy born in the type of family from which the Academy recruited its students would not even understand the temptation of alcohol, to say nothing of yielding to it.—All this was more than half a century ago.

This aspect of the school may have been partly due to the character of the city it was placed in, Worcester itself, seat of Clark University, being an almost notoriously moral town. Properly proud of its clean politics and the absence of slums, it indulged in an excess of Sabbatarianism. Local ordinances forbade fishing on Sunday, though the beautiful big lake invited this very sport. Competitive Sunday

golf was forbidden, and, as a matter of course, Sunday baseball games. So that not only Mr. Abercrombie's boys but the plain citizens of Worcester "watched their step" on Sundays with an almost unbelievable discretion.

But John Hope, untroubled by rules forbidding things he had no wish to do, was content and, more than that, even consciously happy. Though he could not go in heavily for athletics, he played both baseball and football (second team) and is remembered to have been "a fair boxer with gloves." Then he sometimes had a chance to slip out of the city and roam through the lovely New England woods and fields, forming the attachment for lakes and running waters, for "maples and birches," that he described with affection in later life. Refreshing too, in a quiet way, was the social life that his scant leisure permitted. Any boy so far from home would no doubt have been received with special cordiality at the Abercrombies' house; but John was there often enough to impress himself upon a ten-year-old daughter. That daughter, now Mrs. Edith Snow, clearly remembers the charming boy and her childish admiration of him. Indeed the principal had so warm a liking for the studious southerner that it may have required some skill on Hope's part to escape the odium of being a teacher's favorite.

If any such favoritism existed, it is the more striking because of the schoolmaster's southern origin. But whatever there was of race bias in Abercrombie's early environment, and there was naturally plenty, this never penetrated the walls of his own home. In the Alabama household of his father, there had been "an astonishing degree of liberalism"; Milo Bolling Abercrombie indicated the degree to which he forswore southern traditions in naming two of his sons Daniel Webster and Millard Fillmore. At the age of twelve, Daniel Webster was brought north by his widowed mother with the aid of a not too ample bag of gold that had been romantically buried during the war and then restored to her by the Negro overseer. There the future schoolmaster earned his own way first through school and later through Harvard. So he well knew what it meant for a boy to work in play time.

When summer came—the summer of 1887—few of John's classmates followed the example of some of the Groton, Exeter or Andover boys in sailing for Europe, ranching in the far West or pleasantly loafing in their parents' agreeable summer homes. "There was little money at Worcester," an alumnus says. So many of the boys did just

what John planned to do—that is, put in three months at more or less hard work in order to fortify themselves financially for the next year. But it was not until a year later that John learned how to make the summer months profit him sufficiently, by working in hotels at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and other nearby shore resorts. This first year he went back to Augusta.

Leaving the North, his secret belief was that nothing could thwart him now in following the course he was committed to. The passive boy of a year earlier had become an exhilarated being. The desire for knowledge and experience, and the determination to secure them, were in his blood. Slipping back into the work at Henson's, he performed it almost automatically: those daily tasks seemed outside himself. It was not until middle life that he began to realize the value of the years he had spent at Henson's. Then he said in an address to a great interracial meeting:

"I remember when I was a boy thirteen years of age I had to leave the public schools at the end of the eighth grade and work for five years before having another chance at going to school. When I got back to school, it seemed to me that I had lost five years. In fact, it seemed that way to me for a good long time. It is only in recent years that I have come to think that possibly the five years when I was not going to a formal school were about as educative as any five years of my life. I had to work for a living, and I had to get to work on time. I had to give satisfaction to the people for whom I worked. I came in contact with a great many people, and I had to make friends. Incidentally, I met some people who were not friends, and I had to adjust myself to them. I had to think of what I would do with the little money I made, and I learned how to buy a suit of clothes on the installment plan and pay for it—which I think is quite an achievement. And, taking it all in all, I had really good schooling for five years."

But in the summer of 1887, in his twentieth year, to be working again at Henson's seemed to be standing still. And shouldn't he have known, he asked himself, as midsummer came and his earnings failed to yield the fund he needed—shouldn't he have known that even after a summer's work he would not have enough money to go back to Worcester and stay there? The sudden realization seemed unbearable. And there was no one in whom he could confide. His family—Madison most of all—must not suspect. He could not beg. And from whom should he borrow?

Again attending Union Church, he came to know the new minister, John Dunjee, who had been one of the most notable of the figures to travel by the Underground Railroad before the Civil War and was now known as a builder of churches. In their brief talks, John found a sympathetic personality. The day came when the boy told his story. Miraculously, his burden was at once lifted. Dunjee knew a merchant in Ohio whose habit and pleasure it was to help promising boys to get an education. He would write to this philanthropist, Edward Burr Solomon.

A few days later, fifty dollars arrived from Dayton as a loan with the understanding that the young student was to become a minister. But John refused to take the check: he was by no means sure of entering the ministry, he said, and he could not accept a loan on any such basis. So the skies were dark again.

But, as it proved, Mr. Solomon admired the strength that lay behind the boy's candor. That was the kind of boy who deserved helping, after all. John must keep the money—and good luck to him.

So the remaining weeks in Augusta were serenely happy. In his own home John was always content. With his mother and his Aunt Nannie and his brothers and sisters he was, except in money matters, intimately confidential. But his inquiring acquaintances, to whom he told little, were fairly baffled by that life of his "up North": studying daily lessons at a Baptist school: a white school, too. But people said John was going to be a minister; perhaps that explained everything.

His old friend, Major Cumming, put a direct question to him: "John, why don't you study the law?"

John replied shyly yet positively: "Well, sir, I don't like the law. I am going to study medicine."

Cumming laughed at this shot at his own profession. "Have you ever studied law?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anything about medicine?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then," concluded the cross-examiner, "how do you know which you like?"

Which fairly well summed up John's state of mind at this time and for a number of years to come.

Coming to Worcester for his second year was a triumphal affair,

compared with John's timid arrival the year before. He was liked by everybody. He was in the full swing of getting an education and at the same time was learning to value it properly. Fortunately, for money went far in those days, it was now clear that he could cover his school expenses without worry and without working beyond his strength. Tuition, room, and board could be had for \$192 if a boy occupied, as John did, a small room "under the roof." His scholarship "probably" amounted to \$67.50, one of his classmates says. The remainder was not too difficult for him to earn. Also he achieved a post that he occupied during a good part of his school life, that of head waiter. "He had full charge of the dining room," a schoolmate remembers, "and its Irish waitresses, and was on duty three times a day, popular with one and all, including the waitresses." For one of his experience at Henson's, such a job seemed almost like child's play.

It can easily be seen that a boy who stood well in his classes and successfully discharged so many responsibilities besides, can have filled no obscure place in the Academy life. Early in his course, Fanny Hope's son from Georgia, who had missed five years of schooling and was of a different race from his fellows, was recognized as a leader by the New England boys.

It was not long before they made him president of "Lego," the debating club, where from the beginning he had conspicuously distinguished himself through alertness and mastery of the rules of order, never through aggressiveness. His classmate Albert E. Bailey, who became a professor, lecturer and author, speaks of John Hope's gracious manner and his "great sense of humor," so often shown in his later life, which was from the beginning a sparkling facet of the boy's serious personality. This humor of his, and his "delight in practicing parliamentary procedure," gave him a distinct advantage over boys who were humorless, or who had not sufficiently studied their manuals, and the battles of wits that took place while John was president became part of the school tradition.

Often the boys' debates dealt with political matters. In 1888 there was to be a Presidential election, Cleveland running against Benjamin Harrison, and both John Hope and his classmate Hubert Sedgwick (now a newspaper correspondent) were acutely interested. Other boys being equally aware of the political situation, October was a lively month that year. Academy rules forbidding any departure from the campus during the evening apparently were relaxed a little as the town resounded with speechmaking and Election Day drew near.

Other topics of debate, that year and later, were suggested by the policies of Congressman Joseph H. Walker, "Gray Eagle of the Blackstone," a strong advocate of a high tariff. Having acquired a fortune in the boot and shoe business, Walker had made substantial gifts to the Academy and had become president of its board of trustees. He was the author of a phrase that had become famous in the school, "God Almighty is a Republican." In private the boys were disposed to regard him rather lightly.

All this practice in debating finally brought John to the point where he was an inevitable contestant in the Dexter Prize speaking contest, an annual event open to juniors, held publicly in June. In 1889, John's junior year, Bailey, Sedgwick, and Drawbridge took part, as well as John himself. Drawbridge won the first prize, and John the second prize.

His fellow students saw plainly enough by this time that John could talk well. But they knew, too, that he could write with versatility, and that he had a considerable knowledge of affairs. In his junior year they put him on the editorial board of the school's monthly paper, the *Academy*. In his senior year he was made chief editor, writing most of the editorials and having five assistants. John Swain, also on this editorial board and later in life an author and lecturer, speaks of the "meetings of mind" that took place between himself and Hope. "He and I had many good talks on literature. Aside from the routine of getting out our school paper, we shared a fondness for R. L. Stevenson. I remember once telling him (this was later on, when he was president of Morehouse College) that I especially admired Stevenson's short story 'Markheim.' He replied that he admired it so much that he read it aloud every year to each successive class . . . at Morehouse."

The friendship between the two youths, formed at the editorial table, was more than a fleeting one. Several times during the year that they were fellow students John Hope visited the well-to-do Swain family in Boston; and considerably later, on his annual tour of the North, he was always a guest of the Swains.

But the exciting high lights of this period were the occasional visits to Boston theaters, often financed by the elder Swain and always encouraged by Mr. Abercrombie, who was a cultivated man in all directions and by no means too much of a Baptist to maintain a broad interest in the arts.

The earlier visits with his brother Madison to the top gallery of the

theater in Augusta had given John Hope a strong desire to see more plays. Now this desire was gratified in Boston. There can hardly have been any course at the Academy as richly educative as the variety of dramatic experience he now happily acquired. First and foremost among the red-letter events was Edwin Booth's presentation of "Hamlet." In his early teens in Augusta, John had discovered Shakespeare and had immersed himself in this play. And Booth's magnificent projection of the tragic hero caused the sensitive and romantic boy almost to identify himself with the figure on the stage. Ten years later, speaking on "Hamlet" before the colored literary society in Nashville, he said: "How many times have I wished to spur him on, and then wondered whether his fascination for me was because I too needed the spur for some deed which I could do. But whatever my feelings . . . there is always love for Hamlet."

Other famous actors seen then and long remembered were Joe Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Mme. Modjeska, the elder Coquelin, and Sir Henry Irving. Swain recalls: "On one of our short school recesses, my parents paid for tickets for both Hope and me to Irving's 'The Bells,' in Boston; first time we had seen Irving and we were highly excited. Quite a day, we had! All expenses paid, including dinner at Young's, father's favorite hotel, and noted for serving the finest food in Boston. Near us, sat a very handsome man, the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, [former] pastor of the sturdy old Park Street Congregational Church, 'Brimstone Corner' so called. Murray was a magnificent orator, and quite a sport; always drove a fast trotter over the Milldam, liked good food, was beloved of every hack driver, cop, and athlete in Boston. He was known as 'Adirondack' Murray, having lived and hunted much in that region and written several volumes about it. . . . Well, on this day, Parson Murray was dining with his daughter, a splendid-looking, fashionably dressed young woman, and they were having wine, and Murray, after dinner, an important-looking cigar with a gold band; and I remember how shocked Hope was, to see a Protestant minister drinking in public!"

Nobody knows how long it was before John Hope realized that Worcester Academy did not represent the ultimate in his preparation for life. Dart, in steering him northward, had been too good a strategist to press strongly that college might properly follow academy. But now it appeared that many of the boys were headed for Harvard, Yale, or Brown.

John had heard much about Brown University during his Augusta

years in the conversations of John Wesley Gilbert and John Dart, who had had a church in Providence. As the great Baptist center, it had more hold upon this young Baptist's mind than any other university. Mr. Abercrombie, who was increasingly John's friend and champion, was a Brown University trustee; and he took a hand in obtaining the scholarship that the boy needed. So it was settled that he should go to college, and that the college should be Brown.

The program filled John Hope with surging elation. His splendid training by Mr. Abercrombie and the other teachers had given him both self-mastery and the courage to aspire further. The future now loomed before him as brightly as it had for John Wesley Gilbert and Robert Bradford Williams, those other adventuring Augustans.

None of the Augusta Hopes witnessed John's more than honorable exit from the Academy. "I am too poor to stay at home, to say nothing of going away," his mother wrote in another connection. And Madison was confined by his job. There is no reason to believe that the New York Hopes knew anything whatever about John's progress in educating himself. After James Hope's death they had shown a solicitous and affectionate interest in his family; but it is probable that they were infected in some degree by American race prejudice, and there is no evidence that the wealthy Thomas Hope contributed in any material way to the education and support of his brother's children. On the other hand it is certain that the Augusta Hopes had not at any point appealed to their Northern relatives and that their family councils were never disturbed for a moment by the distant jingle of millions in the Hope family coffers in New York. Pride as unbending as this is rare indeed. It might be difficult to find a white family, however uncovetous, which in a similar situation would not at least allow its imagination to play with the idea of its relatives' massive substance.

Moreover, at the very period when enthusiastic Mr. Abercrombie was gathering smallish subscriptions from well-to-do Baptists to the fund of a hundred dollars or so that was to launch John in college—there took place an event ironically contrasting with this small-scale finance. With all that diligent newspaper reading of his, young Hope was made immediately aware of this event. His Uncle Thomas died early in March at Noroton, Connecticut, leaving more than a million dollars. Yet the moneyless nephew was far from assuming that his fortunes were affected, that his own family's worries would now be ended, that his mother would now live without fear of debt, that from

now on he himself need no longer wait on tables, drudge through hot summers, do without clothes that he actually needed. No, John was aware of his uncle's lack of continuing interest in himself and his brother and sisters. It is doubtful whether he knew the chief cause of his uncle's withdrawal; but the settlement of the estate, widely discussed in the newspapers, soon made all clear.

The fact is that Scotland had increasingly repossessed herself of this wandering son. Thomas Hope's interest in his boyhood home had come to absorb him almost exclusively. As early as his thirty-fourth year, on his first return to Langholm, he had manifested this tendency. Realizing then that his hard-pressed father, Matthew, had been forced to make a somewhat inglorious departure from Scotland, he was understandably eager to clear the record. He demonstrated his own prosperity by settling an overdue family account with the schoolmaster from whom he and his brothers had learned their early Latin, and by distributing appropriate largess here and there. Thus an agreeable basis was formed for many later visits during which Langholm came to think of Thomas as a son who would some day give substantial proof of his filial loyalty. And incidentally there later resulted an acquaintance, perhaps a friendship, with the supreme local dignity, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. So that, returning from one of his later visits, the exiled but patriotic Hope had brought with him, as a gage of the Duke's esteem, a handsome gold ring bearing the single word Langholm. This ring he gave before his death to the Walmsley family, neighbors in Noroton, in whose possession it still remains.

Thus there became more and more apparent the strong contrast between Thomas and his elder brother, John Hope's father. James Hope was a sower of fortunes. Thomas was a reaper. James lost interest in his New York business as soon as it began to be prosperous; Thomas, taking it over in 1830, wrested every bit of available income from it for twenty-five years and retired as a millionaire, setting up an office on Exchange Place in New York to care for his financial interests. James in dying was content that his children should be his only monument. Thomas had contrived for himself a monument whose unexpected nature his heirs were now to learn.

This Scotchman, unwilling that the bulk of his money should pass into circulation in the United States, which he regarded still as a foreign country, and above all eager that the Hope name, his own name, should be perpetuated in Langholm, a town of 3,000 inhabi-

tants, left a round half-million with which to build a free hospital there—the Thomas Hope Infirmary for the Poor. Besides various other impersonal bequests, he left \$30,000 to his sister Jane and \$10,000 each to the son and two daughters of his deceased brother Anthony. This son, as it happened, bore the same name and was of nearly the same age as our John Hope.

So far, the will may not have greatly surprised our John. How could one guess what an invisible uncle might choose to do with his money? But a further proviso astonished and delighted him. Uncle Thomas had not forgotten, after all, that John's younger brother Thomas was named for himself. To this Augusta nephew he accordingly bequeathed \$3,000. John, receiving not even a penny of his uncle's riches, was perhaps better pleased than anybody by the disposition that had been made of them. Ever since he had found what it meant to have a sound education, he had intensely wished that Tom might have this same advantage. Tom was a clever boy, a promising one, though perhaps not too eager to take on the hard work that John's education was obviously costing him. At any rate the whole matter was now settled. Tom's schooling was provided for. And by this time John had gained enough confidence in himself to be sure that he could forge his own way through college.

But this was not all. Continuing to read the newspapers, John shortly learned that two of his white cousins, John and Isabella Hope, who were then minors, were not as well pleased with the will as he himself was, who got nothing. This other John Hope, in particular—the only John Hope that the newspapers knew about—was dissatisfied. So John and Isabella contested the will. On June 24, 1890, the *New York Times* reported: "The Thomas Hope Infirmary at Langholm, Scotland, will not be established just at present. . . . Among Mr. Hope's relatives, who received for the most part only small specific legacies, is John Hope, a nephew. The will provided that a fund should be established for the education of John, who is not quite twenty years old. John was not content with this educational scheme, and thought his uncle might have shown less regard for the improvement of his mind and have placed a little money at his disposal. . . . The provisions as to the founding of the hospital are to be attacked on the ground that they are too vague and confer powers beyond what the laws of this country allow on the trustees who are to attend to the founding of the hospital."

But the will went through after all and the Infirmary was built.

Twenty-two years later our John Hope, with no bitterness whatever, took a look at the expensive affair. He was of course honestly glad that the ailing poor of Langholm were so well looked after.

So the New York Hopes, comfortable, somewhat rigid people one thinks of them as being—except the young man who resisted being legally bound to educate himself—unimaginative, perhaps, and certainly with no bent toward intellectual pursuits, must have been entirely ignorant in June, 1890, that no farther away than Worcester their close relative, a young man of whom any family should have been proud, was being graduated from an excellent school with a variety of honors. But, so far as any of his kin were concerned, alone.

For John Hope, Commencement was scarcely begun before his school days seemed outlived, indeed. While he packed his belongings, said his goodbyes, read his oration, the Academy was already receding into the past. College now became the immediate fact. Henceforward he could think of himself as a Brown freshman. He was twenty-two years old, and his feet were pretty firmly planted on reality.

Chapter VI

BROWN

INTO THIS LIBERAL INSTITUTION"—so rang the words of the Brown University Charter of 1764—"youths shall and may be freely admitted to the Equal Advantages, Emoluments and Honors . . . and shall receive a like fair, generous and equal Treatment during their Residence." In this true spirit of its great forerunner, Roger Williams, the University kept its pledge with John Hope. Whatever hardships he suffered during the next four years, none of them was imposed by Brown. They came from the world outside, mainly from economic pressure.

It was perhaps well that the chance for schooling had come to him late in boyhood, for it would require all the maturity and experience which he had thus far achieved to face and deal with the far sterner conditions which now presented themselves. No longer did he have a secure job safe within school walls as when he presided over the Academy dining hall and lived in reasonable comfort. During the years ahead he was often hard put to it to know how he could live at all. These conditions, however, constituted bridges he had not yet reached.

Appearing promptly in Providence that September of 1890, stowing himself away with a roommate in a small room, Number 45, on the top floor of a hall appropriately named, as it seemed to him, Hope College, the shabbiest dormitory, where he was to live four years, he set about finding a job. It was common at men's colleges of those days for a freshman of small means to persuade a group of more solvent classmates to patronize a boarding house with him, securing his own board free. John Hope, mature though he was, did not have the aggressiveness required to further such a plan; instead he modestly offered himself as waiter at one of those eating clubs and, though paid meagerly enough for his work, found himself provided only with occasional leftovers and forced to purchase his own food elsewhere. In later life he would often say, "I hope my boys will never have to go

through what I went through in college." And in a letter to his son Edward, a graduate student at Massachusetts Tech, assuring him that money for current expenses was on the way (though with no suggestion that Edward himself had gone without food), he remarks with apparent casualness: "A man who has never gone hungry because of lack of funds has missed an experience not easily forgotten. I suppose my egregious appetite and liking for food is due to the fact that for a good part of four years I was not able to buy enough to eat."

Aside from the new hardships which he now faced, there was another way, a voluntary one, in which the circumstances of his life were now to be markedly altered. At Worcester his activities and associations had been mainly confined within the school premises, affording him small opportunity to form acquaintances among the colored people of the town. Now from the earliest days at Brown he began to change the direction of his main social interest. Without refusing any ordinary friendly association which might occur with his white fellow students, he turned steadfastly for closer companionship to the society of "our own people." This impulse was accelerated in the first few weeks of his college life, by the coming to Providence of John M. Langston, then a colored member of Congress from Virginia. Langston, a graduate of Oberlin College, had been the first Dean of Law at Howard University and the President of the Normal Institute of Virginia before entering politics.

It is an interesting fact that Langston's visit was at the invitation of the white Republicans of the city, who gave him a banquet. But the Negro community at Providence, and among them John Hope, believed that the speaker deserved a larger audience of both races. As Hope reported later in an address given in Nashville: "We secured a large hall, one of the finest bands of music and marched from the big hotel to the big hall. On that occasion I was a member of the committee of arrangements, rode in a carriage with a colored member of the Legislature and with the chairman of the state central committee. I sat on the platform . . . and was at the banquet which followed the meeting."

It was a thrilling occasion, and Hope's youthful pride in this acknowledged leader of his race was completely sustained: "During his life I heard him speak a half-dozen times. That speech was the boldest and most impassioned utterance I ever heard from him. It stamped him as a Negro, an American citizen, and a scholar."

The following day Langston spoke at Brown University. "Our

liberal college President, E. Benjamin Andrews, learning that Mr. Langston was in the city, invited him to be present at the morning service and speak to the students. I shall never forget the impression made on me that morning as I saw those two learned and eloquent men sitting in the pulpit of our historic old chapel. There where Wayland and Lincoln and Robinson had sat, educators whose impress on the country's culture cannot perish with the years, sat Hon. John M. Langston, a fit representative of my people. As he rose, I had no fear lest he fail to do us credit. I marked the introduction he had to the students, I marked the attention he received from the more than five hundred students, and rejoiced that the time had come when, in one institution of learning, culture and ability were recognized, regardless of the race of their possessor. John M. Langston was up to that time the first colored man to occupy a seat in the pulpit of Brown University."

Hope's feeling for Langston came close to hero worship. "I remember one occasion while several of us were in his room at the hotel . . . the conversation turned on education. He looked at one young man in the crowd, then said to us: 'Here is one of my old boys. He used to go to school to me. I am an old teacher. I love teaching. I am at home in the schoolroom.' The whole-souled way in which he made the remark, the beam on the countenance of the young man as they looked into each other's face, gave me a new insight into this man of whom I knew up to that time especially as a political figure. There they stood, student and teacher, eyeing each other as visions of past association came into their minds, the master who had started the questing fire in this young man, the young man who remembered with gratitude the new, strange fire and felt a new glow with his old teacher."

A spark of that same fire undoubtedly lodged in John's heart as he witnessed the scene. It was as though in that hour he received from the old schoolmaster a kindling of the flame which he was to carry forward to another generation.

John Hope's class at Brown numbered one hundred and fifteen and was the largest class admitted up to that time. He found himself in rather a different situation than in that closely knit group of eighteen at Worcester. Though he wasn't lost in the crowd, neither was he conspicuous. As at Worcester, he was older than many of his fellow students; but youth itself wore a staid look in those days, and you

could often come across a serious boy who had almost an elderly expression—though this was not true of Hope himself.

What did distinguish him from most of the members of his class was the fact that nobody stood behind him; but this no mere on-looker could have suspected. His mother and his older brother Madison and the rest of the family eagerly waited to hear of each step he took, and Madison shared vicariously in this scholarly life which was so much to his own taste and which he had chiefly missed. But the responsibility was all John's. He told his family only of his successes, nothing of his struggles. Neither in Augusta nor elsewhere was there anyone to follow with a critical eye his activities in the North, certainly nobody (unless it was Mr. Abercrombie) to whom it was incumbent upon him to make report. Thus from one point of view he was immensely freer than those classmates who were still attached to a parental leash. Entirely without family pressure, though with the advantage always of abundant family affection, he made his decisions with complete independence. All this made for an isolated life.

But John Hope was now a man. He wanted to learn. He had come to a place where learning was to be had. He was excited by it, as though he had found himself in some great scent-breathing garden. He was eager to plow and sow and plant and gather in that garden. Lonely? Yes. But what of that?

Hero worshiper that he was, it was fortunate that John could now discover in his immediate foreground such an impressive figure as the University's new president, E. Benjamin Andrews, "that great natural leader and inspirer of young men." "He was not only a powerful personality," says Walter C. Bronson in his *History of Brown University*, "—strong of body, intellect and will, racy in speech, of large outlook, great of heart—but the avenues of influence between him and other men, particularly young men, were always open. Vitality streamed from him into them, invigorating and ennobling."

If this picture seems highly colored, it nevertheless represents what John Hope thought of Andrews and what he continued to think. Twenty-five years later he wrote to Andrews: "Whatever has been my success, inner rather than outer, is due largely to you, not only to your teachings but to your life. . . . No gathering of the old Brown men occurs without mention of you . . . and no man ever mentions you without a quiver in the eye. You not only taught men, but made them."

Benjamin Andrews as a young soldier from New England had lost

an eye in the Civil War. He afterward studied abroad and was appointed to the chair of history and political economy at Brown. He transferred to Cornell but was immediately recalled by popular acclaim to be President of Brown. Dr. Bronson writes: "It was soon clear that he was the man for the place. At his touch the old college leaped into a new life and began to grow at an astonishing rate. . . . The exhilaration was for a time intense. Brown University experienced a genuine Renaissance." Andrews' administration was brilliant but short-lived. In 1898 he resigned as the result of having given free expression to his own unpopular political views. He was a free-silver man.

But it was John Hope's good fortune to enter Brown as Andrews' presidency began and be carried on the crest of the wave of enthusiasm. He had the luck too, caring for Latin as he had learned to do under Principal Abercrombie, to find at Brown two distinguished classical professors. One of these was Albert Harkness of Latin grammar fame, and the other was John Larkin Lincoln, about whose memory anecdotes abundantly cluster. "How he beamed and glowed over a happy translation," writes William H. P. Faunce, President Andrews' successor. "How he radiated his own joy in the *Ars Poetica*! How he exploded over some venerable joke in Terence, as if it were the latest cartoon in *Punch*. The Latin a dead language? No one ever said that who sat under 'Johnny Link' in 23 University Hall."

Professor Lincoln died in '91 and Professor Harkness retired in '92, but not before John Hope had added substantially to the foundation of his own later success in teaching "dead" languages. And he paid tribute to Professor Lincoln when it came to writing his class oration, three years after Lincoln's death. "Be it an ode from Horace or a game on the campus," John solemnly testified, "for Lincoln there was gladness. . . . His life was a perennial stream of goodness and sweet fellowship, of which the memory will grow dearer with time."

While at Brown, however, John Hope in the main forsook the classics and concentrated upon philosophy. The extremely heavy schedule which he chose for himself entailed groundwork in the sciences, in modern languages, and in economics and history—under Benjamin Andrews—as well as such diverse arcana as fine arts and anthropology. But philosophy was his natural bent, as his high marks indicated, and an old examination paper which he saved bears witness to the ease and intimacy and, at times, the real brilliance with which he wrote upon philosophical topics.

His numerous courses were probably undertaken with the thought

that he would never again have an opportunity for such scholarly concentration. Their heavy weight, together with the necessity for earning his living, left him little time for social life, and so he was not, perhaps, overly disturbed by his exclusion from the college fraternities because of his race. It is true, as a college friend relates, that one fraternity considered admitting him. But the proposal was never made. Young Hope would not have been tempted to enter into close association with a group which had never admitted men of darker skin, his allegiance to the colored race being profound and incradicable. But neither was he capable of a melodramatic refusal of such an offer—though it may be that he learned of the fraternity's debate upon him and that this, with scores of similar experiences, contributed to the faintly sardonic expression to be traced upon his face in later life. "I have gone through the entire range of embarrassment from fear of lynching up or down to the finest, most subtle condescension that one person could feel from another," he remarked, without any emphasis whatever, before the Jerusalem Conference in 1928.

But the incident establishes the fact that Hope was cordially liked and honestly desired as a fraternity member. Though one Brown alumnus protests that he was a classmate of Hope's for three years before knowing that he was classified as a Negro, this cannot have been true of the class in general. Hope's actual social status at college, however, is less easy to determine or define than it was at Worcester. It was not the Brown campus but Worcester Academy that he speaks of as "the only democracy I ever knew." Being older, his fellow students were more sophisticated in their discriminations, and were no doubt cautiously aware that from a University it is but a step to the world outside.

Yet he had good friends among them, and these were by no means the least distinguished men in the class. Conspicuous among these were Harold Hazeltine and Robert Drawbridge, who had also been his classmates at Worcester. Drawbridge was president of the freshman class at Brown, and his gallant personality was often recalled by Hope with affection after they had graduated. "A splendid mind in a superbly disciplined body and the best company in the world on an outing," another Worcester friend, John Swain, has called him. Drawbridge too worked his way through school and college; but his greater physical strength enabled him to go strenuously into athletics, and his captaincy of the football team as well as his fine character drew Hope's admiration. In the better part of Hope's life, to paraphrase William Cory, "he cheered the games he could not play."

Another Worcester classmate, Edward Makepeace, who entered Brown, died in November of their freshman year. Two years older, he had entered the University only after years of overwork, illness, and care of an invalid mother, and the strain of earning a living and standing high in his college courses was too much for him. A few days after his death John Hope wrote to his family asking the details of his early life; and the History of the Class of 1894 that appeared in the following June contained a miniature biography written by his classmate.

Yet another Worcester Academy graduate, Seeber Edwards, was then a senior at Brown. In 1916 Hope wrote to Edwards' son: "Do you know that it was your father who made the entering wedge for me in college journalism during my freshman year? He turned over to me his position as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Through that start I did some work for the *Providence Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and finally landed on the *Brown Herald*."

John's comradeship with the other students is illustrated in a note, referring to a boxing bout, written across a form letter by his classmate George B. Hazard in 1916: "We all know your love for Brown and your wish to help. God bless and keep you, dear John. Remember how you plugged me in the eye? It aches yet." Hope replied: "I have so many delightful memories about our four years together that I had forgotten the lick in the eye. Perhaps that was also delightful from my point of view. I may say, however, Hazard, that as I grow older I enjoy less and less hitting the other fellow."

That discrimination existed among the Brown undergraduates, in whatever mild degree, is a delicate and in this case relatively unimportant point. Hope was successful and even happy as a college student. He found what he had come for, and more. What he had not come for was to belabor the race issue, even though this was never absent from his consciousness. Meanwhile, he was magnanimous enough, without any trace of sycophancy, to like the white race for the virtues he found in it. Life was training him to a clearer vision of both races in the light of their common humanity.

It should be noted that ten years after graduation the class of 1894 elected him permanent class president.

His best friend that first year, however, was the remarkable man who was allotted him as roommate in 45 Hope College. Frank Levi Trimble was a junior, and President Andrews spoke of him as "the most brilliant man in the university." A full-blooded Negro, the son of a Baptist preacher, he had come to Brown from Winchester, Ten-

nessee, with the purpose of becoming a teacher of his race. He was earning his way through college. He was a fine athlete as well as a scholar. But Hope may have been in some awe of his deeply reserved and very quiet roommate, for he was unaware of the fact that Trimble's constitution, for all the outward appearance of strength, was being undermined by the combination of drudgery, New England climate, and lack of food.

A friendship with a less tragic outcome was that with his fellow Augustan John Wesley Gilbert, who returned from a year of study and archaeological excavation in Greece to receive his A.M. from Brown in June, 1891, his thesis being "The Demes of Attica." Gilbert had not been the first Negro to graduate from Brown—at least two colored men had been admitted as early as 1873—but he seems to have been the first to receive a master's degree. John Hope was as proud of his accomplishment as Professor Harkness, who had recommended him for his fellowship.

By the spring of 1891, Hope's life had become closely interwoven with the life of the colored community of Providence. His friends included both men and women, young and old. Instead of going to a white Baptist church as in Worcester, he attended the Second Free Will Baptist Church, a branch of the Baptist denomination founded in New Hampshire 111 years earlier, its creed then embracing the Antislavery doctrine. Then too, he started an off-campus literary club, the Enquirers, with the aid of two charming young women with lively minds—Reberta Dunbar, who still lives in Providence, and Mary E. Jackson. This club was made up of about fifteen members who wore rings bearing a question mark, emblematic of intellectual curiosity. Its purpose was literary—specifically, the study of poetry, toward which Hope then leaned strongly. The young people met in one another's homes and had things to eat and drink as well as to read. Besides Browning, who so largely dominated that period, they read Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth and Poe, and they roamed through the *Golden Treasury*. Also they didn't forget their own poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar. And they discussed, too, the race question. That Hope could take on anything of this sort in addition to his newspaper and other work does suggest a human hunger that college life did not satisfy.

Among the Enquirers was Will Freeman, entering at sixteen upon a lifelong friendship with Hope. Another attractive sixteen-year-old among Hope's acquaintance was Emma Clarissa Williams—who be-

came the mother of his successor in the presidency of Atlanta University, Rufus Early Clement. But Hope found friends among the older colored citizens of Providence, also. He was welcomed at the home of Edward M. Bannister, a landscape painter whose pictures were known throughout New England. And he particularly loved to go to the meetings of the Negro veterans of the Civil War. "Many times as a student in college," he once said in an Emancipation Day speech, "I have sat by Grand Army campfires, eaten hardtack with old colored soldiers and heard their stories of the war."

All these things intensified John Hope's loyalty to the racial group into which he was born. While his intellect flourished at Brown, his emotions were already leading him in the direction of his own people.

When Hope returned to college for his sophomore year, after another summer at Watch Hill where the ocean with its "summer mildness and autumnal angry roar"—as he put it—always managed to compensate for his hard labors, he found it more difficult than ever to scrape out a bare existence. The funds that Principal Abercrombie had secured for him were designed for only one year, and he was left thereafter pretty much to shift for himself. Ironically enough, he was this year appointed class treasurer and elected president of the Worcester Academy Club; but neither of these offices provided any practical solution for the hungry officeholder. He turned instead to a type of job which he pursued during the rest of his time at college. Each afternoon he would trudge down the long steep hill from the university to try his luck at a large Providence catering establishment where waiters were employed from day to day. There was a crew of colored waiters, and there was a crew of white waiters. He was sometimes offered a place with the white crew, but he always declined. The work involved many uncertain quantities but had one advantage over his eating-club experience—after a party Ballou, the head waiter, would sometimes insist on filling a basket to provide him with a feast at Hope College, though the windfalls were apt to be few and far between.

Another descent of celestial manna came with the founding in the fall of '91 of the *Brown Daily Herald*, on which Hope was a member of the board from the start. Although it could not pay him any considerable amount, he enjoyed reporting everything from football games to politics; and he talked from time to time of a journalistic career.

But the event which marked, in reality scarred, this difficult year concerned his roommate, the handsome, strongly built Trimble, who after winning the Phi Beta Kappa key in his junior year, had disappeared for a summer of undisclosed penury. Soon after his return in the fall of '91, he collapsed in the horror-struck view of the college which had known nothing of his struggle. It seems strange that no official eye should have penetrated through the youth's reserve to discover that Trimble had even less to eat than John Hope, that he was in fact starving to death. Nor did he have enough warm clothing for the New England winter. Attacked by tuberculosis, he dropped out of college and died not long afterward.

His roommate's illness and death bit so deeply into John Hope's consciousness that his whole life bore the imprint. Forty years later he wrote to his younger son, John, a graduate student at Brown, warning him not to stint himself in food, clothes, or other necessities. And he recalled the case of Trimble who, "struggled and saved \$429.00 in the bank with which he was to do graduate work at Harvard University. He won his Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year. He was on the track team and put the shot for Brown University in intercollegiate contests, but syrup and bread could not do the job. Tuberculosis took him and carried him away. I shall never forget what he said to me one day as he looked out from the covers rather wild-eyed, and spoke in that husky voice of a man with both lungs almost gone. 'If I ever get well again, I shall eat more meat.'"

The shock of this death so abided with John Hope that his first concern in later years, both for his own sons and for other boys, was that they should be properly fed. Indeed he could hardly leave home for a day without urging his wife by letter to see that their boys ate enough.

This tragic and unnecessary death and the death of his friend Makepeace perhaps account for the somber moods which appear in John's letters and reminiscences of these years. Trimble's illness made him realize vividly that he must take care of his own health. And how was he to do that on the one or two dollars that his occasional jobs brought him? To make the problem more difficult, there was no one with whom he could talk it over—certainly not Mr. Abercrombie who had already done so much, nor his new roommate, Heita Okada of Tokyo, who had been with him at Worcester Academy and was as badly off financially as himself. Nor would he tell his family about his real life in Providence.

In the summer of 1892 John managed to get to Augusta to see his mother, at no telling what sacrifice, for there was no magic-carpet hitch-hiking in those days. But of course he told her nothing about his burdens. She wrote to him in October, less than a month after he had returned to the North, "I can't keep from telling you how thankful I feel to Mr. Andrews for his kindness to you," apparently referring to college debts about which there had been some difficulty. "If I had had the least thought that you were so uncertain about getting back in school when you left home, I would have been very unhappy." It is in this letter that she charmingly tells him, "I wish I could express myself as I wish but my little learning does not admit me to do so." The handicap she suggests was not a barrier to a regular correspondence, in which she habitually addressed John as "My dear Son"—although she had other sons—and quaintly signed herself, "M. F. Hope." John wrote to her weekly and wrote also to his brother Madison and his aunt Nannie. The link with home never weakened.

Whatever arrangement President Andrews had made for John—and there would have been no question as to its generosity—John regarded his debts with intense concern. When spring came, he found his position intolerable and decided that drastic action was necessary. This was the year of the World's Fair in Chicago, and from every corner of the country thousands of people were headed in that direction. A classmate who had finished his term work early wrote from Chicago that he had found a job for John at the Fair. Filled with anticipation, John took the train for Chicago; but the promised job failed to materialize, and in spite of the Fair work was hard to find, particularly for John who handicapped himself by explaining his racial identity. Finally he secured a place at the Hotel Lexington and hung onto it doggedly in spite of a white manager named Johnson who kept his men in constant threat of discharge. The manager's brutal technique is illustrated by his treatment of Hope at roll call one morning after he had been there some time and Johnson knew him perfectly well. When Hope's name was called, the manager shouted, "Who is this man John Hope?" The other men said, "Here he is, this is Hope." Whereupon Johnson said, "Oh, that half-white man there." Hope stayed at the Lexington four months, cutting part of the fall term in order to wring every penny possible from his Chicago expedition. When the time came to leave he found to his amazement that Johnson did not want to let him go. He said afterwards, "I suppose I came as near to hating Johnson as I did any man"—

this from the gentle and tolerant John Hope being an almost incredible indictment.

The Chicago summer heralded an important change in Hope's life, although he did not fully realize it at the time. The colored citizens of Chicago, with characteristic hospitality, had laid themselves out to entertain the students who had come to their city to work and see the Fair. There were social meetings of all sorts, and at one of these Hope met a young man to whom he was instantly attracted—Robert Russa Moton, whose basalt features were "the very face of Africa," and with whom he was to be closely associated in after years. On another occasion he met a young woman whose image seized upon his mind and emotions in a way that astonished the hitherto unsusceptible John Hope.

So far, girls had played only a minor part in his life. In spite of his statement that he had been several times in love before this, the experiences he had in mind must have been of a singularly undisturbing nature. He had not had much time for the dalliance that is natural to youth, and besides his temperament had not demanded it. While capable of deep feeling, he was not readily inflammable.

But on this occasion something new entered Hope's consciousness. It was on August 21, 1893, that he went with a party chaperoned by the prominent colored Chicago physician A. M. Curtis and his wife, to the Columbian Dancing Party at the Nogolet Club and met Lugenia Burns. It was a gala evening with a grand march, waltzes, quadrilles, and polkas to the music of the Second Regiment Band, but what John Hope remembered was the undeniably pretty face and sun-rich coloring of the girl he had met there. He invited her to the Fair and she accepted, though he wasn't, she thought, very dashing and the steady gaze of his blue eyes made her a bit uncomfortable. At their second meeting they found that they could talk readily to each other. She had been born in St. Louis but had lived most of her life in Chicago, where she had done social work, and she had other serious interests. But Lugenia also had the gayety that John needed to complement his own Scottish staidness. At their third and last meeting that summer, he offered her an ice-cream soda, which was practically all that he could afford in the way of hospitality (he arrived in Providence a day or two later with a reserve fund, after his debts were paid, of \$1.50). But by this time Miss Burns knew that she had an admirer.

When, a few weeks later, a letter from John Hope arrived, she wasn't surprised. He wrote to ask if a friend of his, who might soon

be coming to Chicago, might call upon her. Though she replied, consenting, the friend, whom she suspected to be a mere pretext for writing, never presented himself. But John Hope's letters, following up this opening wedge, now came often. His extreme interest in his correspondent was unmistakable.

A fortunate distraction, at this time when his head was so full of Lugenia Burns, came in the persons of T. Edward Owens and Edward Delano Stewart, two young colored men who entered Brown that fall. Stewart became his roommate in succession to his Japanese friend, who had moved on after a brief stay. But his relationship with Ted Owens was even more intimate—in fact it was highly flattering, because Owens turned to Hope as his mentor in everything. Their acquaintance had begun the previous spring when Owens had come up to Brown to "look it over" and had been told by President Andrews, "Go meet John Hope, '94."

Owens and another colored man, William Coleman, had been obliged to take quarters off-campus because of overcrowded conditions during their freshman year. Hope magnanimously, and at considerable sacrifice of time and peace of mind, invited them to share his room during the day—"day room," as they called it. But as the Christmas holidays approached Hope and Owens were to have a respite from the austerities of their life. Hazeltine bequeathed to them—for the two weeks of his home visit—his fine suite in University Hall, and the two youths reveled in its relatively sybaritic comfort. There they ate the annual fruit cake which John's mother sent from Augusta. Aunt Nannie, a few days before Christmas, wrote John with affectionate primness, addressing him as "Dear Boy," and saying that his mother was "glad you are going to have a rest from your studies; also that you will have the society of your friend."

Ted Owens, after graduating from Brown in 1897, taught for a year in an Episcopal school and went in 1903 to Tuskegee, where he remained for thirty-two years, becoming the head of the mathematics department. His friendship with Hope was lasting, and he liked to speak of him as "the best friend I ever had."

Hope, during his senior year at Brown, immersed himself in the familiar grind of work and study which now seemed all the more monotonous because it was shot through with thoughts of a girl a thousand miles away. Fifty years later he gave a laconic description of that year to a group of high-school students: "When I was in college in my junior year, I got what the boys call 'in a hole' and went

out to Chicago and worked for about four months, and paid my debts and came back dead broke. And I needed clothes badly, but I couldn't buy them, and there was no need of going deeply into debt about it, especially when one of my professors gave me a pair of secondhand breeches he had had made in Germany. Can you imagine wearing a pair of these odd-looking breeches with an American-made coat? But I did that and went right through the senior year, broke all the time, working when I could get work, and putting a hitch in my breeches when I couldn't get work, and when invited out to a nice dinner I ate heartily and tried to act as if I had them every day, and at the end of the year I got my degree."

An incident that Hope does not mention here was an outgrowth and a tribute to his long-standing refusal to work with any but the colored waiters. When, just before Commencement John's classmate George Hogg, who lived in Providence, gave a stag party to which all the members of the class were invited, these waiters entered a joint protest against Hope's standing on their own side of the line on the gala night. He belonged with the guests, they insisted. They wanted him to enjoy himself, instead of everlastingly seeing that other people were fed. They wanted to wait on him. So he yielded.

Commencement came. Hope was chosen class orator. Hazeltine was class poet. Among those to graduate was the first woman ever to receive the bachelor's degree from Brown University—Mary E. Woolley, afterward president of Mount Holyoke College, internationally known for her advocacy of world peace through disarmament. But that a woman was being graduated aroused less interest than a Negro's giving the oration. Yet, when Class Day arrived, people were found outside of the chapel in a state of disappointment. "We heard that a Negro was to be the orator," they complained, "so we came to hear him; and after all he was only a white boy."

The great turning point in John Hope's life had now arrived. After eight years of struggle he had reached an upland, there to be confronted by a momentous necessity: before him lay the fateful cross-roads of his destiny. The path that he then took led to the emergence of the John Hope that we know. On the afternoon before Commencement he was summoned by an advisory committee of the faculty—men who had watched with sympathetic admiration his valiant surmounting of his racial handicap. Though some of them were not as fair-skinned as he, they knew that he insisted on maintaining his identity as a colored man. They had heard that he thought of return-

ing South and finding a life work among the Negro race; but they also knew that he was strongly drawn toward journalism, and that he had a talent for it. Now the committee chairman addressed him bluntly. They felt, he said, that Hope's idea of returning South was not only quixotic but foolish. An opening had therefore been arranged for him on the *Providence Journal*, for which he had already done some reporting. The rest would depend on Hope himself; but they were sure, knowing him as they did, that a successful career lay before him in that field. He was to think it over.

He walked out of that meeting as in a dream. His footsteps led him away from the campus and out on Prospect Terrace, his favorite walk on the heights above the city. Immediately beneath him, under the hill, nestled the old First Baptist Church, that white harmony of colonial architecture, built according to designs of Christopher Wren, and dedicated in 1775 "for the publick Worship of Almighty God and also for holding Commencement in." He saw himself taking his place on the following day in the stately academic procession that, once a year, wound down the long path for the traditional ceremony. In that procession would be the professors who had talked to him so earnestly that afternoon, and to them he must give his answer.

Beyond the church lay the business center of the city and that path paved with a shining lure that waited him. Peace shone on it, and he knew where it led. It would lead him inside the walls of security against a thousand injustices to which he was now exposed. Outside was another path. Farther along the height on which he stood lay the Negro quarter of Providence, and his inner eye seemed to reach and rest upon it. He knew most of its citizens. With them he had shared joys and sorrows. Many were his friends. As he thought of them their whole area of the city seemed to stand before him as clearly as though he were actually beside it; and while he looked its farther boundary seemed to extend to a remote distance, beyond the horizon, and yet his gaze could follow it; southward to Mason and Dixon's Line it extended, and beyond to Georgia, to Augusta, to Atlanta, embracing them all to the nation's southernmost shores.

Suddenly he came to his waking self. What was he standing there for? Oh, the decision! But it was already made. He must follow the path on which his heart and his whole being had set him. He must go with his race. Now and always the Negro race was to be for him "our people." Between this race and himself there must be no division.

Chapter VII

GOING HOME

IN SEPTEMBER, 1894, John Hope went to Nashville, Tennessee. His aim was threefold: to be in his native South again, to be among his own people, and to find out whether teaching might be his natural calling. He had come under the influence of three great teachers—George Williams Walker in Augusta, D. W. Abercrombie in Worcester, and Benjamin Andrews at Brown—and the role seemed to him an inspired one. As for the hold the South and his race had upon him, that was subtler and deeper, a thing of the innermost heart.

But why Nashville? Booker Washington, always on the lookout for young Negro university graduates, had invited him to teach at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. He had offered a salary that seemed almost munificent, and an opportunity that was unquestioned in the eyes of the world. Yet Hope had turned the offer down. He had respect for Washington, but, young as he was, he was convinced that he did not think alike with him. Instead he went to Nashville, to the liberal arts college for Negroes called Roger Williams University—sponsored by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, a powerful organization with headquarters in New York and many Negro colleges throughout the South turning to it for support. At Roger Williams there was a post for Hope as teacher of the natural sciences. He would have preferred to go to Georgia; he would have preferred to teach the classics, and no doubt, secretly, he would have preferred the better salary offered by Tuskegee. But John Hope was not one to be moved selfishly. He was needed at Roger Williams. To Nashville he then went.

Roger Williams University was a small college for both men and women, two miles out of Nashville and across the road from Vanderbilt University, a college for white men. John Hope liked the look of the place. And the place liked him.

People had heard pleasant things of him in advance, and they told

him so that first morning at breakfast, when everybody was so smilingly eager to welcome him that the new teacher's reserve quite surrendered.

They were in a hurry to make him feel that he belonged there. He must meet Professor Johnson, the mathematics teacher, right away. Somebody took him to Johnson's table and introduced him. The two looked each other over. John W. Johnson was a tall, rather light-colored man of gravely courteous demeanor, then about thirty-one years old. "The driest, slow-talking man I think I ever met," Hope said jovially of Johnson many years later when he presented him to his own students at Morehouse. "But I got a loan of ten dollars out of his jeans before nightfall!" This was the note they struck. The men became friends, cronies, with scarcely any preliminaries. "We were brothers," Johnson has said.

But the other men at Roger Williams liked Hope, too, and the president, Alfred Owen, was a friendly man. The new teacher, quiet as he was, became popular immediately. "I might have been jealous of him," Johnson recalls. For young Hope had an uncommonly likable exterior, though with less poise than he was to acquire later. At twenty-six, he was of course considerably more mature than his twenty-two-year-old college classmates who had rollicked out of Providence in June. He was also, inevitably, mature for his age. He had been fulfilling responsibilities, increasingly heavy ones, ever since he could remember. But he had charm, always. And the sardonic humor so characteristic of him in his later years, after he had come to be completely sure of himself, even then required but little kindling. "Very witty," his Nashville students found him.

For the first time in his life, John Hope now knew the luxury of devoting himself to intellectual work alone. Not that it was a soft life. This "University" had been started by the Reverend D. W. Phillips, who like so many other courageous northern schoolteachers, had come South to teach the freedmen "before the echoes of war had passed away." Begun in a city basement, it moved by 1876 to a beautiful site on the outskirts of Nashville. Its two dignified main buildings, the Mansion House and Centennial Hall, had fine woodwork and marble mantels, but no plumbing, sewage, gas, or electricity. Nor was Hayward Hall, the teachers' residence, nor the President's House any more luxurious. But though the standard of comfort in John's own home in Augusta, particularly in James Hope's day, had been relatively high, he had known bleak years in school and college dormi-

tories, and by this time could scarcely have associated physical ease with the life of the mind.

Many of the two hundred or so students, coming from remote parts of Tennessee and even from Texas and the Indian Territory, were accustomed to a rugged frontier life. The catalogue admonishes the young men: "No student will be permitted to have in his possession fire-arms or any concealed weapon." Tobacco and alcohol were of course forbidden. "Jewelry, silk, satin and velvet dresses are unnecessary and very undesirable," the catalogue instructs the more frivolous among the young women.

What the new teacher especially liked was living in the country. John Hope never became reconciled to cities. Beyond the college farm not a house was to be seen for miles. Near the campus was a creek with a bridge across it. Persimmons grew along Hillsboro Road, which led out into the deeper country. On one side of this road lay Roger Williams University, on the other side Vanderbilt. To get to Nashville, Roger Williams students crossed the road, then cut over the Vanderbilt campus to the trolley line.

Relations between the two schools were entirely friendly. Vanderbilt students came over to join in religious meetings at the colored college. Roger Williams boys waited on table at Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt football coaches coached the Negro team. Roger Williams students went to the games at Vanderbilt and sat with the others on the bleachers—a practice which would not be allowed today. Individual students, white and black, formed friendships that outlasted school-days.

In the R.W.U. faculty, made up of both white and colored teachers, of both men and women, Professor Johnson continued to be Hope's closest associate and companion both in walks and in discussions. Johnson was the son of a Free Negro who had bought his wife out of slavery. Like Hope, he had had to struggle to get his education and at times had despaired of completing it. "We made a pair," he remembers. "He was a dreamer, I was a practical fellow." They helped each other, and Johnson gave many pointers to the inexperienced teacher. "You've got to let the youngsters teach you something," was his wise advice. And since scientific subjects were not really Hope's line Johnson would sometimes help the younger man work out the problems in his courses. On the other hand Hope told his new friend that he needed lessons in mathematics at Brown, and in the summer of '95 Johnson obediently went North and took sum-

mer courses, Hope supplying him with "introductions to all sorts of people up there."

As the two became more intimate, they shared many aspects of their private lives, sometimes shopping together for clothes they might need. Apparel was a matter that Hope took very seriously, but Johnson rather casually. One evening Hope, visiting Johnson, suddenly walked over to his closet, looked into it quizzically. "Mr. Johnson," he said, "I see in here that new suit of clothes you bought six months ago. I want to ask you a question. What are you keeping it for—to be buried in?"

All through his school and college days, Hope had worn second-hand or cast-off clothing—whatever he could get—at no small sacrifice of pride. Now that he was economically freer, he began to pay scrupulous attention to his dress. There seemed to be no reason why his clothes should not please him and also be what he considered suitable and "correct." Mrs. Hope testifies that later in life the weather was never hot enough to lead her husband to take off his coat or collar. "I'm quite comfortable, thank you," he would always reply to any suggestion of this sort.

From the outside, it must have looked as if this quiet, bookish young man—rather stern-faced, when nothing happened to amuse him—was settling down naturally into a profession for which he proved to have an uncommon aptitude. And he was glad when it turned out that his teaching was by no means to be confined to the "natural sciences." The faculty was small, and no teacher could limit himself to his own specialty. So he took on some extra classes in Latin and Greek. These were second nature to him, and Dr. W. A. Reed of Nashville remembers from his student days how "keen Hope was on the rhetorical turns in Cicero; he was second only to Dr. Alfred Owen, the president of the university, in his knowledge of the classics."

There was another reason why he was willing to be overlaid. Not having yet fully decided that teaching was to be his career, he was glad to have the try-out a thorough one, testing both himself and the work. For the ministry still attracted him to some degree. Before he made a final choice he wished to be unmistakably sure. Such studies as he had already made had not altogether dispelled the lurking "doubt" which he had first experienced at Worcester and which in the nineties, especially, bothered so many serious minds. People even wrote popular novels about it. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was a best-seller of those days, as was Margaret Deland's *John Ward*,

Preacher. There were certain features of the Christian dogma that he could not clearly understand, now that his honest mind squarely faced them. Then there was another possibility. He believed that he had a knack for writing.

It had been Hope's wish and his deliberate choice to return South. But the man who all his life remained so tenderly loyal to his University was not weaned in a month or indeed ever from his love for the Brown campus, the Brown atmosphere, and the newspaper work that he had done there. And his nostalgic pangs, that first year of independent life, could not have been much soothed by Ted Owens' intimate letters, glad as he was to have them. As early as September 25th, Owens was drawing him, in imagination, back to Providence: "I am even at this moment seated at your table with its green cloth. . . . I almost hate to go up into your room. Looking at the old table, which is now almost the only reminder of you in the room . . . and not seeing you there, is enough to make one, who had such companionship with you as I did, melancholy."

But for the time being Hope gave himself fully to this exciting new job of teaching. Exciting he found it whether, as in ninety-nine cases, matters went smoothly or as in the historic hundredth case, they didn't. Knowing that he was far from being at his best in his chemistry work, he tried to even matters up by being excessively conscientious and by elaborately staging before his classes every experiment that the course might be construed as demanding. But in these arts Hope was neither experienced nor naturally adept, and according to one of his students, A. M. Townsend (later, president of the University), this became one day glaringly apparent. An experiment supposed to have no element of violence suddenly ended in an explosion. In a twinkling the room was empty—but what the students afterwards reported gleefully of their teacher was that it was he who led the stampede to the yard outside. John Hope had of course to listen to this story "on" himself many times.

Absorbing as this new life was, nothing could exclude or diminish John Hope's strong inner preoccupation. Lugenia Burns had come to occupy a permanent place in his life, and he knew that he was very much in love with her. But being seriously in love was a thing that so far he didn't quite know how to handle. A man couldn't marry, he told himself, or even become engaged, on the five hundred dollars that for him alone was such ample bounty. Were money worries to

begin again? Indeed the very idea of marriage was a revolutionary one. He had secretly expected never to marry at all, and had exchanged resolutions with Ted Owens not to marry for ten years, at least. "Well, Hope did hold out for three years, anyway," Owens commented later with some self-righteousness.

But unexpectedly it had at least been possible to talk about Lugenia, this past lonely summer, and to talk about Life and Love with capital letters. Hurriedly leaving Providence in June, he had gone to Richfield Springs, New York, in order to replenish his thin wallet by taking the usual job as a waiter. Here he met a brilliant young colored man with whom he established one of his few genuine intimacies. This was Taylor (W. T. B.) Williams, still an undergraduate at Harvard. It was a time when Hope needed a confidant, and to Williams his confidences appear to have been complete. Williams probably understood him at this time better than the shy lover understood himself. So that the summer, even without a visit to Chicago, was a gainful one. Lugenia's letters showed a constant deepening of their friendship. With Taylor Williams he formed a firm and permanent alliance.

Williams during that summer became not only a confidant but a mentor, and he maintained the role after they separated. It was a useful one, for the shy and introspective Hope needed just the reassurance that Williams gave him.

So far, Williams himself seems to have remained emotionally undisturbed by women. "Don't feel that I am in any danger of collapsing over love affairs, my boy," he wrote airily from Cambridge on October 21st. Studying under Palmer, James, and Santayana, he was himself of a reflective and philosophic bent. The brotherly counsel that he offered John Hope—who was fretting, down in Nashville, about love, marriage, and Lugenia Burns—must have been tonic. On January 2nd Williams wrote:

"You are right in believing that there are in you the instincts of a gentleman. They are no latent propensities either, believe me, my boy. They are the things that have won you friends and admirers everywhere. To uproot them, if it were possible, would be to destroy John Hope as we know him. These gentlemanly feelings give you an exalted opinion concerning marriage just as they do about all things else. But certainly lofty notions about marriage are not wrong from any point of view I know. But even good things may be exaggerated. You should not fear that you could or would not treat your wife well

materially, and as for the rest your fine instincts will guide you aright.

"I have no fear that your pride will injure you. On the contrary it ought to stimulate you to higher accomplishments. My dear fellow, you are brooding unnecessarily. You are not the meanest creature God ever made even if your inward eye does announce such things. Give it the lie and take my word for it, God has richly endowed you and has made you for far better purposes than self-introspection. God does not mean primarily that we shall be miserable. Love, honest and pure, is a necessary part of your being. Certainly there is nothing purer than 'the maiden passion for a maid.' Then love and reap love's reward by allowing yourself to be loved in return. . . .

"I am glad you are enjoying your work, especially the Latin, for I feared you would dislike teaching it. You meet with my approbation in taking hold of athletics with the students. . . . Doubtless you are wise in being slow about social matters, only don't carry it too far. Man is a gregarious animal."

The school year passed with unbelievable swiftness. When June brought freedom to go where he chose Hope took an early train for Chicago, and enrolled at the University's summer school for several courses in theology. His friends in the East followed his movements with interest. "Hope's out there to study, is he?" chuckled Ted Owens, at a considerable distance. "What he's studying is *that girl*."

But this did Hope injustice. He found time both for theology and for Lugenia. Miss Burns had other admirers, and she made this plain. Hope's stern conscience, however, kept him in a difficult position. He could and did urge an "understanding" which involved no pledges on either side; but, until he should be able to discharge the financial responsibilities of a married man he believed he ought not to propose an actual "engagement." However, the two saw each other constantly, and the attachment grew, and they had youthful good times together when calculations as to their economic future were forgotten.

Summer school ended, Hope hurried South to see his mother and the family. It was almost ten years since he had first left Augusta, but it was an eager, home-loving boy who still came back to the house on Ellis Street. Fanny Hope had grown noticeably older, but her son, now able to compare her with other women, could see and feel more clearly than ever her peculiar charm. How easy it was, and how sweet, to talk to her even of things of which she had no knowledge but what he gave her! In these long hours that he had with her, John Hope understood something of his father's happy life. And his new and exalted

idea of marriage took clearer form. Surely he too could have the kind of happiness that his mother and father had created for themselves.

Of her eight children, Madison was now her mainstay. Sissie, Jane, Alethea, and Grace had married. Young Tom was now at Worcester preparing for Brown. But Aunt Nannie was still a cherished member of the smaller household. After this visit, John wrote to Lugenia: "My mother, like your mother, is worried. She grows old, and the departure of her old friends, some by death and others by leaving for other places, makes her feel very depressed. I wish it were so that she and the rest of my kin could sell out and move North somewhere. But such a course is about impossible. . . . My older brother is quite dissatisfied, and I should not be a bit surprised if he should give up his position in Augusta and try his fortune in other regions."

The days in Augusta were few after all, for John felt that he must attend the greatly heralded "Atlanta and Cotton States and International Exposition." This was no ordinary affair. The southern Negroes, with Federal help, had themselves erected a large building devoted to showing the progress of the race. Here the much talked-of Booker Washington was to make a speech. More clearly even than when he had declined the invitation to Tuskegee, John Hope knew that he was no Washington partisan. But he felt no antagonism—indeed he did not deal in antagonisms—and he had a considerable curiosity.

Washington's speech of course was history.

James Creelman, ace reporter of his day, dispatched to the *New York World* his impression of it: "All eyes were turned on a tall tawny Negro sitting in the front row of the platform. . . . As Professor Washington strode to the edge of the stage, the low descending sun shot fiery rays through the windows into his face. A great shout greeted him. He turned his head to avoid the blinding light, and moved about the platform for relief. Then he turned his wonderful countenance to the sun without a blink of the eyelids, and began to talk. There was a remarkable figure; tall, bony, straight as a Sioux chief, high forehead, straight nose, heavy jaws, and strong, determined mouth, with big white teeth, piercing eyes, and a commanding manner. . . . His voice rang out clear and true, and he paused impressively as he made each point. . . . And when he held his dusky hand high above his head with the fingers stretched wide apart, and said to the white people of the South on behalf of his race, 'In all things that are

purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet as one hand in all things essential to mutual progress,' the great wave of sound dashed itself against the walls, and the whole audience was on its feet in a delirium of applause. It was as if the orator had bewitched them."

Washington's quoted words became immediately famous, however sharply they were questioned by the Negroes themselves. He has left his own comment: "The colored people and the colored newspapers at first seemed to be greatly pleased with the character of my Atlanta address, as well as with its reception. But after the first burst of enthusiasm began to die away, and the colored people began reading the speech in cold type, some of them seemed to feel that they had been hypnotized. They seemed to feel that I had been too liberal in my remarks toward the Southern whites, and that I had not spoken out strongly enough for what they termed the 'rights' of the race. For a while there was a reaction, so far as a certain element of my own race was concerned, but later these reactionary ones seemed to have been won over to my way of believing and acting." *

John Hope, who had made a point of being present, heard everything, said nothing, thought a good deal, and took a train for Nashville, where a few days later he made a report to his colleagues and students that greatly interested them.

As the years went on, Hope himself came to develop a considerable power in public speaking. He could interest, move, under certain circumstances enchant, an audience. He did not emit the flames that were sometimes a part of Booker Washington's oratory. But the beauty of his speeches was that they read well afterwards. His listeners did not come to their sober senses the next day and reject what he had said. The steel of his argument did not rust, nor his metaphors fade, overnight.

These enduring qualities are to be marked in the address he gave before the colored debating society of Nashville on George Washington's birthday of the following year. He knew that his new friends wanted something straight from the shoulder, and that is what he gave them. With a magnificent disregard of the opinion of any over-hearing whites, he said, at the conclusion of his speech:

"If we are not striving for equality, in heaven's name for what are we living? I regard it as cowardly and dishonest for any of our colored men to tell white people or colored people that we are not

* Booker T. Washington, *Up from Slavery*. New York, Doubleday, Page, 1901. Copyright, 1900, 1901, by Booker T. Washington.

struggling for equality. If money, education, and honesty will not bring to me as much privilege, as much equality as they bring to any American citizen, then they are to me a curse, and not a blessing. God forbid that we should get the implements with which to fashion our freedom, and then be too lazy or pusillanimous to fashion it. Let us not fool ourselves nor be fooled by others. If we cannot do what other freemen do, then we are not free. Yes, my friends, I want equality. Nothing less. I want all that my God-given powers will enable me to get, then why not equality? Now, catch your breath, for I am going to use an adjective: I am going to say we demand *social* equality. In this republic we shall be less than freemen, if we have a whit less than that which thrift, education, and honor afford other freemen. If equality, political, economic, and social, is the boon of other men in this great country of ours, of ours, then equality, political, economic, and social, is what we demand. Why build a wall to keep me out? I am no wild beast, nor am I an unclean thing.

"Rise, Brothers! Come let us possess this land. Never say: 'Let well enough alone.' Cease to console yourselves with adages that numb the moral sense. Be discontented. Be dissatisfied. 'Sweat and grunt' under present conditions. Be as restless as the tempestuous billows on the boundless sea. Let your discontent break mountain-high against the wall of prejudice, and swamp it to the very foundation. Then we shall not have to plead for justice nor on bended knee crave mercy; for we shall be men. Then and not until then will liberty in its highest sense be the boast of our Republic."

Few Americans ever spoke more fearlessly.

In that same spring Hope gave answer also to certain of Booker Washington's educational contentions, when he spoke on a public platform in Nashville on "The Need of a Liberal Education for Us." It was a theme he was to discuss many times, and always effectively. It was the substance of his own life work. He spoke with a conviction that never wavered, with a reasonableness that never flagged.

"Now we consider it right and proper," he said, "that a certain per cent of our people should have such training as will put them on a level with all other races in the quest for higher knowledge in letters and science. This must be. The Negro must enter the higher fields of learning. He must be prepared for advanced and original investigation. The progress, dignity, and respectability of our people depend on this. Mere honesty, mere wealth will not give us rank among the other peoples of the civilized world; and, what is more,

we ourselves will never be possessed of conscious self-respect, until we can point to men in our own ranks who are easily the equal of any race. And, my friends, until we do have that self-respect, that inward nobility which is the offspring of achievement, the world will never do us honor. We must get beyond textbooks, go out into the bypaths and untrodden depths of the wilderness of truth, and explore and tell to the world the glories of our journey. I may be an enthusiast, I may imagine I see much that does not exist; but my past few months' observation, together with the rank I have seen colored men take in other sections, makes me believe that we are going to do at least sufficient to make ourselves respectable, if only the proper facilities, right instruction, and adequate appliances are afforded. It is my opinion that the ability of our students has been underestimated. Too much quarter is given, and the result is that there is too much loafing in our schools. Every time more work has been required at Roger Williams University as a year's task, the students have responded cheerfully. If we do not move rapidly, it is largely because we are permitted to move slowly. There must be true university work in our higher institutions of learning."

By the summer of 1896 either Taylor Williams' advice had sunk in, or Hope's yearnings to have his future settled had overcome his prudence, or Miss Burns herself may have exhibited an entirely natural restiveness. At all events the two at last became engaged. And for Hope there was nothing provisional in the pledges he made. If betrothal had been a public rite of the Baptist church, he could not have taken it more solemnly. But it was clearly understood that there could be no question of marriage for at least another year.

Life was easier, now that he and Genie had reached their complete understanding. He knew now that somehow things would come out all right. Then, more and more he liked teaching and more and more he felt himself a teacher. He liked boys—that he knew. He liked stimulating their minds, and he had an eye out also in a general way for their social behavior. Many of the boys were more ready to use fists than words in an argument. He interested himself in their athletics and volunteered as football coach, concerning himself especially with training for good sportsmanship. He was always an enthusiast for college football, and wrote at this time:

"The man who can't get his blood up, can't yell his throat hoarse on an occasion, who can't throw his arms around the man who makes a good play and almost, if not actually, curse a man who makes a bad

one, is a cold, bloodless sort of an individual. Such a man cannot easily resent an insult. . . . The same instincts that make a man love dangerous sports make him dare to do noble deeds. . . . I try to put games into prominence among our people. Sports teach them how to contest without losing self-respect. It is a means of acquiring bravery and gentility. . . . Football is no game for a coward. I am no player, but I do not fear to play and I do play. I know of no game that can do so much for developing sportsmanship among my people as football, and it is with some such notion that I am giving it my time and interest."

All this represented a sincere belief, but the young teacher's natural tastes were scarcely in line with the wholesome Theodore Roosevelt belligerence that he recommended for boys. He himself did not really care about pummeling anybody, even in the interest of his own muscle expansion. He liked to spend as much time as he could capture from his work in solitude and in reading. His own quarters gave him especial satisfaction. All his life he was especially sensitive to his surroundings, and he liked to exercise his own taste in arranging interiors. And reading for his own pleasure was an experience of which he had known too little. What did he read? He mentions nothing but poetry. "While I teach science," he wrote Genie, "I adore poetry." He had read Shakespeare and Byron in his teens. With the Enquirers Club in Providence, he had read most of the popular poets of the time. Browning was the poet upon whom most enthusiasm was then focused. And there was as yet no falling away from Tennyson. But instead of mentioning these or a dozen others whom one would expect him to admire—and doubtless he did admire them—Hope writes of his devoted interest in—Robert Burns.

The significance of this cannot escape us. Burns would not have figured in the conventional English courses either at school or at college. But young Hope had needed no introduction to this poet, so many of whose rhymes he had known by heart before he was eight years old. How his father's voice and his father's laughter must have echoed in his ears when now, alone, he read Burns over to himself, memory supplying so many of the lines! For most young American readers, the dialect would have been an obstacle. But—"The dialect sounds so pretty," is Hope's affectionate phrase. Of course it did, when he had learned to speak and understand it almost in babyhood. Without reflection or effort, he was forced to associate Burns with his own origin, not only with the father who had taught him this foreign

speech, but with the distant country where earlier Hopes had lived, romantic Scotland. It is true that he rarely spoke of his Scottish blood. But when, a year and a half before he died, he dictated a sketch of his own early life, chiefly to interest his sons, he admitted at the same time that his natural reserve was so great that he knew he couldn't break through it, even for these sons' sake.

If John Hope himself was gradually and steadily deciding to stick to teaching, and the ministry at the same time was receding from his mind, journalism must have seemed to his fiancée to be a livelier as well as more profitable career, for she urged it on him. Hope himself enjoyed writing and believed that he would have liked newspaper work. If he had chosen to accept the opening on the *Providence Journal*, that would have been all very well. But he had made the opposite decision. So he wrote her, December 16, 1896:

"You ask me about having a Negro corner in some reputable publication. That is possible, I suppose; but even if I had a 'pull,' I could not work it at such long range. If I could get into the East a little earlier than I did last summer, I might get a chance. . . . White people sometimes let Negroes write for their periodicals, but they usually say what kind of an article they want. The Negro cannot always express his views. The ins and outs of a publication, daily or what not, are numerous. I could not tell all about it in a page or two. I have a friend who used to give me work to do on the *N. Y. Tribune* and *Chicago Tribune*, and I think he could help me, but I am too far away." Yet it already seemed that leaving Nashville, in fact even removal to Atlanta, without changing his profession, was a possibility. "It is quite doubtful about my going there," he wrote, "but if I should, I am sure you would prefer it if you had beforehand tried Nashville. So far as Atlanta's being a 'southern town' is concerned, it has fewer objectionable features than Nashville. There are more northern people in Atlanta. It is larger, has more business, and the colored people have a much better commercial and political standing than they do here. They have almost no commercial standing here." Such a change, however, did not seem immediate.

A drawback to Hope's present contentment was the fact that his engagement was unacknowledged. He disliked what he considered the ignominious vagueness of his position as a fiancé who had had no serious talk with his betrothed's mother. "I want to speak to your mother," he wrote Genie, "in an open, honorable way and ask her for your hand. I do not want to do anything hiddenly. My own folks

would hardly forgive me, if I should act otherwise than perfectly openly with your mother. I can readily see that under the present circumstances your mother cannot have the same amount of respect that she might have, if I should tell her my intentions and not leave her to guess them or you to tell them. It is my place to do that. I would be a happier man this moment, if I had told her last fall. My timidity, your fear, and her illness prevented it then. Genie, I am honorable. Therefore it grieves me terribly when I think that my failure to speak out my wishes to your mother might cause me to appear, in her eyes, lacking in honor. I love you. I want to marry you. I want your mother's consent and friendship."

There cannot have been many actual references, even in the nineties, outside already outdated fiction, to obtaining the "hand" of a young woman one was in love with. But John Hope was punctilious to an extreme degree and would not for the world have omitted any formality, even formality of diction, that might have seemed to lessen the respect he felt toward a woman he proposed to marry. Yet there had been no actual secrecy about the matter, nor any thought of secrecy, and Miss Burns' family were no doubt as completely informed as John Hope's were.

The most touching feature of their correspondence is John Hope's effort to recommend himself to his fiancée. He was quite without egotism, which might have proved to be an undesirable lack, though as a matter of fact it wasn't, so far as his own worldly success was concerned. But his concern for his betrothed was such that he couldn't allow her to believe that she was to marry either a cipher or an unworthy man. So he writes her: "But then, if women, good women, wait for men worthy of them, they will die without husbands. The best of us are only fair to middling. I am so provoked at times with my sex that I hate to own it. We, who may pride ourselves on being so morally good, are brutes in one way or another after all. We are selfish. The reason why I am as desirable as I am is because I love you. If I were not in love, I would be more narrow and self-important. It is surprising that men never quite get to the point where they think they are unsought by women. But then you women sooner or later show us a thing or two. So I suppose we get paid for our meanness. You have done a good deal for me. Yet as compared with many of my sex you did not find me at first averaging very badly. You found me capable of telling the truth. Yet in that, I fancy, I was so truthful as to render myself almost obnoxious."

In the same letter, he suggests that he must have profited by the excellent early example of his own father. "My father was good and kind to my mother, and she still loves to talk about him although he has been dead twenty years."

"I'm really not such a bad fellow" is what he tries to convey when he tenderly recalls his own home life.

At the same time, all manner of aspects of marriage came up for discussion.

The bride would control the exchequer, Hope writes. "I had said you could do all the financiering, for I was a poor hand at doing anything but paying my debts and keeping straight with the world."

But this did not mean that he expected to forfeit dignity in his household. Lugenia should be "queen" in it, he assures her. But at the same time he would remain "king."

Again, she betrays a fear of family interference—from the Hopes. Almost coldly he assures her that in his household nothing of the sort can happen.

He soberly considers the future and, with understandable pride, writes that he has insured his life for a thousand dollars.

In the summer of 1897, John Hope went again to Chicago. His salary had now risen to \$600 a year, and we must interpret this according to the money values that prevailed fifty years ago. He now considered himself in a position to marry. So the final plans were made for a wedding to take place during the Christmas vacation of John Hope's fourth year at Nashville.

When, at the beginning of the New Year, John Hope came back to Nashville with the pretty, laughing bride he was so proud to exhibit, his good friend J. W. Johnson, the incorrigible bachelor, was at the station with a buggy to meet them. And, arriving at the college, though it was after one in the morning, they found to their amazement that nobody was asleep. Instead, the doorway to the boys' building, where the Hopes were to live, was all ablaze, and a carpet laid for the entrance of the bride and groom. Inside, the staircase was lined with boys holding lamps. And this was preliminary to an actual celebration, with something of a banquet and cordial speeches of welcome. These were still the days when John Hope was disposed to be silent and rather shy. But his bride was neither, and the wedding party went off with gayety.

John Hope had known so much solitude, so much struggle, so

little pleasure, in the past twelve years, he had had so few of the happy prerogatives of youth—here was something to content his whole being. The sense that everybody liked him and was glad to welcome him—the friendship and good will—had never before been so articulate, so dramatically displayed. It was good that he could bring Genie to a place where she could feel that he was firmly established. The new life was begun on a high note.

The following months, too, were very happy ones. John Hope had the delight of sharing all his thoughts and plans immediately with Genie. She quickly entered into the spirit of the place, made friendships with the girls, and started a class in physical education. His own time was filled to overflowing, with his courses, with the students' personal problems which were increasingly brought to him, and with the social invitations pressed upon him and his bride. She must be introduced to the literary circle and the debating club, and to the homes of his friends in Nashville.

Colored social life in Nashville centered in the home of the James Carroll Napiers where the Hopes were often guests. Napier was a lawyer. In Washington, where he had studied law, he had met and afterward married the daughter of John M. Langston, that early hero of John Hope's. An able man with some English blood, Napier had as much of a career as his color permitted. During his long life he served in the Internal Revenue Office, organized the One Cent Savings Bank, which still exists, was for two terms a member of the Nashville City Council and was Register of the Treasury under President Taft.

Another kindred spirit that Hope had found during his Nashville years was Jesse Edward Moorland, pastor of the Congregational Church. Moorland was born in Ohio, but his forebears had been Free Negroes in North Carolina for two centuries. He had, it is said, a dry sense of humor not unlike Hope's, and he formed a strong liking for the younger man which he displayed twenty years later when the First World War brought the two into closer association.

Nashville seemed anything but lonely to John Hope's bride. Both city and college welcomed her and made her feel at home. Life there, she recalls, was pleasant and easy.

The Hopes appeared to be engaged in settling down into the agreeable berth that Nashville offered, but at least half of the six months from January to June were actually spent in an uncertainty

of mind that led, when summer came, to their abandoning Nashville altogether.

It is true, as John Hope's letters have shown, that the idea of such a change was not entirely new. From the moment when he had decided to go South, after graduating from Brown, his desire had been to return to his dearly loved home state of Georgia. The logical goal for him as a teacher and a Baptist would have been the Atlanta Baptist Seminary; but on his departure from Providence no post had been open to him there.

There was more than one reason why Hope wished to be stationed at Atlanta Baptist College, as it was now called. Its history was closely intertwined with his own town of Augusta and his boyhood. Although he had not personally witnessed the heroic beginnings of this school, he well knew the story of them. It was in 1867, the year before Hope's birth, that the "Augusta Institute" was founded under the leadership of William Jefferson White. At first there were no visible signs of a school, nor even a dollar to spend for shelter or for books. The first forty pupils, for the most part past their youth, thirstily eager to learn, were taught at night in the Springfield Baptist Church. Though the Ku Klux Klan muttered warnings, the city, unsolicited, sent police protection. Teachers volunteered. Friendly onlookers helped. From her abundant kitchen, John Hope's mother sent cooked food to comfort the lean stomachs of the students. A burning zeal took the place of nearly all the other supposed essentials of a school.

In 1870 the school acquired a dilapidated building of its own, and in the following year Dr. J. T. Robert, "who had left the South before the Civil War because he did not wish to rear his children where slavery existed," was prevailed upon to return and undertake the presidency of Augusta Institute. Soon a young Negro, William E. Holmes, a native of Augusta, became his assistant and secretary. Slowly the school progressed and numbered in its classes such brilliant students as C. T. Walker and Judson W. Lyons. But a belief was prevalent that the school would flourish still more in Atlanta, and a prominent Negro clergyman of that city, the Reverend Frank Quarles, was especially eloquent in this plea. In 1879 the school made the transfer, and soon after erected its first building in Atlanta. For years it was known as Atlanta Baptist Seminary and emphasized the training of ministers. But it grew constantly in scope and prestige, and became the Atlanta Baptist College in 1897, under the presidency of Dr. George Sale.

Ever since Hope had arrived in Nashville, he had intermittently corresponded with William E. Holmes, the only Negro on the faculty at "A.B.C.," whom he had known for many years. Holmes, a contemporary of Madison Newton, had become a familiar figure in educational and cultural activities in Georgia since his Augusta student days. A letter written by him to Hope December 19, 1894, has rather surprising implications. "It was absolutely impossible to see Dr. MacVicar. He was much too hurried, but I hope to see him, Dr. Morehouse, or Gen'l Morgan at our Board meeting at Spelman in February, when I shall advise you as to the result of my efforts."

Since Dr. MacVicar was Superintendent of Education and Dr. Morehouse and General Morgan were powerful officials of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, which controlled both Roger Williams and Atlanta Baptist College, Hope's transfer to Atlanta must already have been discussed. Similar references occur in later letters.

Now, in Hope's fourth year at Nashville, the choice had to be made. In March, President Sale sent a tentative inquiry as to his plans. On April 11th he wrote again, asking that Hope come to Atlanta as teacher of the classics.

Hope must have replied noncommittally, for a week later Sale wrote with considerable urgency, offering the extra job of bookkeeper which would bring the proposed salary to \$800. He added, seeming almost to realize that Hope was destined to take his place: "The plan would have this advantage, that it would give you insight into the working of the H.M. School on the business side, which knowledge might be of great use to you in the future." He also implied striking confidence in his prospective teacher by strongly advising him to buy a lot in Atlanta and build a house there.

Instead of seizing the opportunity, John Hope debated within himself. And at the end of April he laid the matter before his elder brother, whose judgment still seemed twin to his own mind. Buddie replied with the following characteristic wisdom:

DEAR JOHN,

If you don't have to give up your course in the Uni. of C., I should advise you to accept the position in Atlanta. I don't know anything about the school and just how much work is to be required of you, but I know it would be worth something to be in Atlanta. I should prefer a \$650 job in A. to one in N. that paid me \$700. Atlanta is the

place. It will do you good and you may learn how to push yourself, a very necessary thing to know now a days.

Your aff. bro.,
M. J. NEWTON

Hope was still hesitating in May, although Dr. MacVicar, speaking for the Society in New York, assured him that he was free to make a choice. By the 27th, however, he had made his decision in favor of Atlanta.

The appointment followed in June.

So the matter was settled. Perhaps it had been practically settled from the beginning. But deliberation was John Hope's way. It was a way that seemed not to take into account—considerate as he was—the convenience of President Sale or President James of Roger Williams. Yet it was the expression of a characteristic very marked in him.

From the day when John Dart lifted an admonitory finger on a street corner in Augusta, John Hope's life may be represented as a series of important decisions, scrupulously made and followed. In a certain sense, this is true of any life. But in Hope's case it is easy for the onlooker to point to the decisions that had the most significant results—and to John Hope's method of arriving at them.

Without personal ambition in the usual sense, with no apparent desire to get ahead in the world, to "make good," his decisions invariably had an idealistic basis: In which of two possible courses, he would ask himself, could he give greater service to his race? And yet the conclusion he arrived at not only served the ideal but promoted his career. He thought long over his decisions. He prayed over them. After he had made them, he was always sure. It is as if he had been attended not only by a guardian angel, who would have been handicapped by an angel's naïveté, but also by a second invisible counselor shrewder than any angel, miraculously clear-headed, and adept in human affairs.

This again was a supremely critical point in John Hope's life. It was important for him to go to Atlanta, as he himself could not have known. But the mental processes through which he passed before deciding to go are revealed in the rather tardy letter of resignation to President James. The fine-spun moralist who wrote this letter was John Hope, or a part of him. But the total man had the balancing qualities of humor, a certain wholesome earthiness, and a good deal of common sense.

NASHVILLE, JUNE 20, 1898

Prest. Owen James D.D.

DEAR FRIEND:

By this time you have likely heard of my severing my official connection with R.W.U. . . .

June 4th, I wrote final word to New York. This was written by me after coming to a decision unassisted by any one. As I talked with you that last day, my past four years and my affection for the school in which, and the people among whom I had worked and grown, made me almost lose my self-control. . . .

In the face of all this that I am saying, you may wonder then why I preferred to change my present place of labor. Perhaps it would be hard for me to put in words my not-fully-formulated reasons for it. My preference comes not from dissatisfaction as to salary. . . .

It is not because I expect an easier time. On the contrary, my work will be very much harder. In this last statement, may be, comes a partial reason. I am not as strong as some, but I like to work as the strongest, and now while I am yet young I want to do much work. Perhaps I could have done more at R.W.U. than I did do, but I did what I saw I could do. . . . Then of late I have felt that, if I remained at R.W.U. my future work (not a far-distant future work) in this school might ill compare with that which I have done. The enthusiasm and abandon which have lifted me with success over so many places, while not growing less, I felt not increasing. And the lack of conscious increase made me tremble lest there might set in an unconscious decrease of enthusiasm and abandon. I could not calmly see myself do less work or the same work less well. More than that, I could not calmly see myself doing simply as good work. Doing simply as good work in the fifth year as I had done in any one of the four years would seem to me a falling behind.

. . . If I had thought my withdrawal from R.W.U. would mean any lessening of the force now in operation for the education of my people, if I had thought that by my withdrawal the force would not operate with greater and better effect, I should not have suffered myself to leave a place which to me personally and to my wife as well has brought and is still bringing even to the last hours and in the face of all my regrets at leaving, so much happiness. . . .

Your friend,
JOHN HOPE

President James was not disposed to accept this news passively. Hope had proved himself too valuable a man. On the contrary he urged him to revoke his decision immediately. Also he assured the

young man that, should he insist on going to Atlanta, disaster would follow him. "Take my word for it," he wrote, ". . . disappointment awaits you. What I mean is of course that your realization will not equal your idealization."

Not until late July did he accept Hope's decision as final, remarking grimly: "Some one asked Mr. Beecher where a certain atheist of most exemplary character would go after death. Mr. Beecher said: 'I do not know, but wherever he goes he has my best wishes.' I can say that freely of you."

Already the Hopes had gone to Chicago for the summer. Hope had wished to spend these months in further study at the University, and the Society in New York had arranged that he be given a scholarship. Though it was not easy to leave Nashville, the urge to go to Georgia was not to be denied. Now at last, his conscience even urgently backing him, he could return. The prospect brought to mind a conversation he had had four years before when, on the eve of his graduation from Brown, friends expressed surprise that he had determined to go back to Georgia, if possible. Someone had said, incredulously, "Going back South where Negroes are Jim-crowed and lynched?" "Yes, I'm going back." But his friends persisted, "Back to Georgia, when for your race Georgia is hell?" He had replied, "It may be hell, but my people are there, and I'm going home."

Chapter VIII

“A BARE RED HILL”

WESTWARD, A MILE from the heart of Atlanta, on an upland slope, stood the College when John Hope came to live there. Deplorably bleak and forlorn lay the campus, at whose crest rose its main building, Graves Hall, unshaded and lonely. On a neighboring height stood the buildings of Atlanta University, which, with uncontrollable zeal, had in 1865 held its first classes in a freight car on a railroad siding, the city itself lying in ashes. To the southeast, a short walk distant, spread the green of another campus, that of Spelman Seminary for Negro girls which, started in the dark basement of “Father” Quarles’ church in 1881, had held one of its first classes in the coal bin but had since that time begun to flourish under the guardianship of the Rockefeller and Spelman families.

But Graves Hall had other neighbors. Not far away, mostly neglected through forty years, sprawled in scattered ranks the barracks that Sherman’s men had occupied, and within sight lay notorious “Beaver Slide”—an angry sore spot left in the wake of the war, where misery and violence had never succumbed to peace. War had been ruthless to the Atlanta Baptist site. Caught by Sherman between Atlanta and a still higher and further west position from which he had shelled it, the campus was still torn by deeply eroded trenches, pits and gun emplacements of the Confederate defenders. Understatement indeed marked the words of the President’s wife Mrs. Sale, who on first seeing it had written that it was “a rather bare red hill.”

Yet this scene, these heights of rough red clay, these unhealed scars, these few buildings raised by Negro idealism, were literally and figuratively the courts and shrines of profound and never baffled aspiration. Many men already looked toward the hills. A growing number had begun to climb them. The dramatic significance of the buildings had not been overlooked by the men who placed them there. Edmund Asa Ware, the farseeing Yale graduate, had had the imagination to call the school he founded Atlanta University, to the future

envy of the white population of the city who later would have liked to use the name for one of their own colleges. Samuel Graves had traveled widely and struggled intensely to obtain funds to build on the neighboring hill the hall that bore his name. These men saw and exulted in seeing what it meant to establish schools that would give no mere rudiments but more potent learning to the free sons and daughters of those unlettered chattels around whom the war had been fought—there on the site of one of the war's fiercest onslaughts. And a student climbing these hills need have no exceptional sight to read in mammoth letters those fateful chapters in the story of his race.

When the Hopes arrived in Atlanta on an evening in September, 1898, their impressions were limited to the campus. They could not know that visible from Graves Hall, indeed from their own windows, stretched a miserable slum. During the night, however, they were repeatedly awakened by sounds of drunken quarreling and even by pistol shots. In the morning, as soon as she arose, young Mrs. Hope ran to the window and looked out on the huddle of shacks and dismal back yards.

"I wonder what was happening over there last night," she said.

Her husband, busy shaving, paused, razor in hand. "That's for you to find out!" he replied, little knowing the spark that he was kindling in his wife's mind and the remarkable results that were to spring, in due time, from her neighborliness.

As for Hope's own preoccupations, at thirty he felt that with sure steps he was entering upon his actual career. "Shall I be a doctor, minister, journalist or teacher?" he had wondered before taking his first job. "Let's give teaching a trial first, anyway." Now, four years later, he knew that his calling was unmistakable, that he was a natural teacher. As a matter of fact, he was a teacher of a rare sort, with an equal interest (now that he could limit himself to the classics) in the intangible stuff he imparted and in the human material he knew how to make receptive. He was soon at ease in his Atlanta classroom.

There was immediate sympathy, too, between him and President Sale—Mrs. Sale, a dynamic, attractive woman also soon becoming a warm personal friend. President Sale was a Canadian minister who had been summoned from Toronto to the Atlanta Baptist presidency eight years before. A patient and courageous but reserved spirit, Sale had never become completely attuned to the new and radically different environment in the South; and Hope soon became his liaison

officer in many matters. For instance, it was President Sale's custom, at the close of chapel each morning, to speak to the students on some subject of current importance to them; but he had never felt certain, being an exceptionally modest man, that he had struck the right note. He fell into the way of calling Hope into his office after chapel and asking his opinion of the talks. Hope, modest himself, would hedge; but gradually, as if by a spiritual osmosis, Sale began to obtain ideas from the new teacher. This was the beginning of Hope's personal influence on the conduct of the college as a whole. The students, too, were quick to sense that here was a teacher in whom they could completely confide.

But it was in his own classroom that Hope made himself most strongly and characteristically felt. Charles D. Hubert, who began college work a little later, remembered that in his Greek classes Hope "taught everything from Homer to table manners"—this because his interest in boys was so intense that he couldn't restrain himself from giving them whatever they most seemed to need. "Young gentlemen," he would begin as he entered the room—and if any members of the class had an uncomfortable suspicion that they weren't being accurately described, they were at the same time stimulated to earn the description. Their teacher, himself, unconscious as he was of his own appearance and bearing, was an excellent model for them to follow. Increasingly a handsome man, as he progressed in life, and still more noticeably a civilized man, he had marked natural grace as well as dignity, and an instinctive considerateness that was the basis of the good manners that he both taught and exemplified.

Then he would tackle the Greek or Latin text, pressing out its vital substance, treating it as literature rather than solely as a drill in grammar—and treating it where he could as a pattern of life also. During the first year or two at Atlanta, when he was just beginning to have free play in his teaching of the classics, he had not perfected that famous technique of his. But Dr. Hubert has related that when a class in Greek was reading the *Anabasis*, and came to the point where the soldiers were waiting for their pay and Cyrus was distressed at having to put them off—"for it was not of the nature of Cyrus not to pay, he having the means to do so"—Hope enthusiastically called the attention of the class to the purport of the passage: "Gentlemen, isn't that fine? *It was not of the nature of Cyrus not to pay!*"

Nor did he miss a chance to drive a practical point home. In read-

ing about the Gallic wars, at the period when the Aedui had promised Caesar supplies of grain but failed to produce it, though they kept declaring "it was being collected, was being brought in, was at hand," Hope reminded his Latin class: "You boys mustn't say that your money is coming until it is really on the way." (The boys had not been paying their bills.)

Or, if the weather was particularly fine, he might note a certain restlessness in his class. He would walk over to the window—for he was always a peripatetic teacher—and take a look at the campus: "Such a beautiful day outside," he would say, "and this wretched Greek inside! . . . Try that passage again."

But Greek was not the only medium through which this teacher reached out to his boys' personalities. He stood stanchly behind them in their sports, a comparatively new element in the life of the originally overserious school. Baseball had come into popularity in the nineties, and James M. Nabrit, '98 (later a clergyman and trustee of Morehouse), was the star player. But John Hope introduced the first football, in 1899; and in 1900, through his influence, the first football team was organized. Soon the team played a game stiff enough to satisfy Hope himself, becoming in 1908, as well as 1912 and 1916, "unquestioned champion of the colored South."

For the first half-dozen years, at least, Hope constantly coached and encouraged the boys, and prompted the "punch" that won their success. The game he enjoyed playing was tennis, and he became adept in it; but he was skilled in the tactics and problems of both baseball and football and sacrificed much of his spare time to gathering together the members of the football and baseball teams and reviewing the athletic program. The athletes "really loved him and didn't want to let him down." And in later life, he couldn't bear to leave a half-finished game without having the score relayed to him afterward. At the same time this professor, with all his enthusiasm for violent sport, insisted that football be played in a sportsmanlike fashion. Strange to say, this idea then and even later, did not prevail throughout the college athletic world, but the Atlanta Baptist College students stuck to it manfully. It is told, for instance, that after inter-collegiate games developed, the boys once went to play an out-of-town college and were met by a "terribly decrepit wagon" which purposely took them by a roundabout route over a very bad road so that they were badly shaken up by the time they met their opponents. This sad ruse they regarded as beneath contempt and scorned to mention.

But that Hope's own students did themselves occasionally lapse a trifle from the perfection he demanded of them is seen in a somewhat later legend of the time when for some reason they refused to play with their neighbors of Atlanta University and he remonstrated with them in chapel, reminding them of the Trojan war and pointing out, "The sons of Priam will greatly rejoice when they know that the two far-famed Achaeans are at war with each other."

Hope's devotion to their games formed an unbreakable bond of loyalty between him and the students. Soon after his arrival they announced in their magazine, the *Athenaeum*, that they were "well pleased with our new professor, John Hope A.B. He has made himself quite popular already with the students. He's alright for he takes an active interest in our athletics." And when, after Christmas, Hope was waylaid by a germ, the editors wrote: "We are indeed sorry that Prof. Hope was too ill to take part in the Emancipation Exercises, for he is a great admirer of Mr. Lincoln. We are glad that he is well enough to be out again. We know he doesn't believe in the adage that 'what happens on the first day of the year will happen every day.'"

At this stage of his life, Hope was seldom ill. His attack of influenza may have been partly due to the exceptional cold of that "awful winter of 1898-1899," when the mercury fell to nine below zero.

Hope's relationships with the small faculty were close, but his old acquaintance, William E. Holmes, soon found reason to be disappointed in him. Holmes, having been with the school for more than twenty years as the right-hand man for four presidents, knew more about it than anyone living. Stiff and reserved though he seemed to be, he was extremely popular with the students. Encouraged by his many friends, he was fired with ambition to oust Sale and take his place, and he regarded the new professor as a youngster who could be won over. He had not, however, measured the caliber of John Hope who, as he liked both Sale and Holmes, would not take sides.

Less complicated friendships were possible with John W. Hubert, a graduate of the year before, with whom he shared the nonscientific courses, and Waldo Truesdell, Harvard '97, a white northerner and a teacher of science. He found a fine colleague, too, in Carrie Bemus, head of the English department. Miss Bemus seems to have been one of a rather large group of northern women whose unlike selflessness and passionate devotion to the Negro cause was a thing born of the needs of the time.

A bond between Hope and Truesdell was that both were Worcester Academy men. They had first met when the young Brown freshman returned to Worcester to speak to the students. Even at that time, Professor Truesdell remembers, Hope was fluent and could easily win applause. Now no race barrier prevented the two young men from being close friends. On one rather important point, however, their ideas differed. Truesdell admired Booker Washington and looked on Tuskegee as a brilliantly successful experiment. Hope disapproved of the school's exclusion of higher education. Their views came into sharp but friendly conflict after a visit by Sale, Truesdell, and Hope to Tuskegee in February, 1899, on the occasion of the Farmers' Conference.

One of Hope's most intimate and enduring friendships was now begun with a young teacher at the neighboring Atlanta University. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois had come to Atlanta in 1897 as professor of economics and history and to take charge of the Atlanta Conferences on Negro Problems which the University was inaugurating. Du Bois, later to be widely known both as a writer and as a racial leader, had been born in the same year as Hope, reared in western Massachusetts, was a graduate of Fisk and Harvard, had won his doctorate at Harvard and had been a Fellow in Germany for two years. He had had more worldly experience than John Hope. But both had charm, both had wit. They found each other companionable. And both were already what the Negroes called "race men"—that is, they were devoted above all things to the progress of their people. They took long walks together and discussed their ideas.

In *Darkwater* Du Bois has written of Atlanta: "I found myself. . . . I grew more broadly human, made my closest and most holy friendships, and studied human beings. I became widely acquainted with the real condition of my people. I realized the terrific odds which faced them. . . . It took but a few years of Atlanta to bring me to hot and indignant defense. . . . I held back with more difficulty each day my mounting indignation against injustice and misrepresentation." *

John Hope, though quieter in temperament than Du Bois, also grew tense as he faced first one and then another aspect of the racial situation. His wife has said: "He used to set the table on fire. I used to say to him, 'Jack, don't be so savage at table.'"

* W. E. B. Du Bois, *Darkwater*. New York, Harcourt, Brace, & Howe, 1920. Copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

Du Bois and Hope were united in their doubts as to Booker Washington's program, though neither of them had any desire for a personal contest with him and both recognized in him a great man. They were intensely troubled, however, by Washington's almost dictatorial powers in Negro education and generally in the conduct of Negro affairs. In *Dusk of Dawn* Du Bois writes: "Contrary to most opinion, the controversy as it developed was not entirely against Mr. Washington's ideas, but became the insistence upon the right of other Negroes to have and express ideas. Things came to such a pass that when any Negro complained or advocated a course of action, he was silenced with the remark that Mr. Washington did not agree with this." *

Du Bois and Hope maintained that there was a place in Negro life for both the Tuskegee type of school with its emphasis upon industrial proficiency and the liberal arts college with its emphasis upon the training of teachers and leaders of the race. Du Bois has commented in *The Souls of Black Folk*: "Progress in human affairs is more often a pull than a push, a surging forward of the exceptional man, and the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage-ground. Thus it was no accident that gave birth to universities centuries before the common schools, that made fair Harvard the first flower of our wilderness." †

Du Bois and Hope were two of a determined group of colored men in Atlanta who constituted the progressives and radicals of their time. Years later, in 1928, Hope answered a request from Du Bois for his signature on "An Appeal to America": "You know, as I have read this paper over and allowed my memory to loosen up, I have gone back to the old days when we were much younger than we are now and used to get out these appeals, memorials, and demands. It has not been in vain. Much that is being done today, I think, grew rather directly out of the work that colored men did in Atlanta as far back as twenty-five, nearly thirty, years ago—Leigh Maxwell, Crogman, Bill Pledger, Henry Lincoln Johnson, Porter, Towns, and yourself, to mention only some of that coterie. It really is history, Du Bois."

Of the men mentioned, Maxwell was a Congregational minister; Pledger and Johnson were Republican politicians who held the field

* W. E. B. Du Bois, *Dusk of Dawn*. New York, Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 1940. Copyright, 1940, by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Inc.

† W. E. B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk*. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1904. Copyright, 1904 by A. C. McClurg & Co.

from 1898 to 1910, until, after a prolonged struggle, Negroes lost their political power in Georgia. William Henry Crogman was a West Indian and taught at Clark University, a Methodist college for Negroes on the southeast side of Atlanta, of which he became president. George A. Towns, whom Hope had known since the World's Fair summer of '93, was a teacher at Atlanta University. Porter, a dentist, was the son of a prominent schoolteacher of Reconstruction days.

These men—the catalogue of whose lives may sound commonplace—were dreamers and creators. Unlike Emerson or Robert Owen or William Morris they were, because of their history and race, confined and straitened in what they might do in the world as it existed. Lucky for them, some may have said, that even a few professions were open to them. They could by struggling become teachers, preachers, physicians; they could serve the basic personal needs of their race; but the avenues of business, of science and invention, of the arts and of statesmanship were largely closed to them, lacking as they did the prestige, the financial backing and the color of the white race. But no matter what their occupations, they remained the thinkers of that Atlanta generation—the pioneers in that shadowy land that lay between the dark past and the light of the future.

Another group of Georgians equally advanced in its ideas was recalled by Hope in this same letter: "Do you remember the Equal Rights meeting in Macon with old man William J. White and old man Bishop Turner? It seems a hundred years, doesn't it? But foolishness always gets the upper hand of me when I grow serious, and now it occurs to me that you slept with a fat man, or rather you didn't sleep with a fat man—he did the sleeping, you listened in." Du Bois comments that he had engaged a bed before Hope, who was always a little slow about making arrangements, got round to it. As a matter of fact, Hope almost invariably got what he wanted. After one night's experience at Macon, Du Bois moved in with Hope.

The Macon convention, seven years after Hope's return to Georgia, formed a permanent organization known as the Georgia Equal Rights Convention. Among the leaders in addition to Turner, who had returned from Europe for the meeting, were W. J. White, Du Bois, the Reverend P. J. Bryant, and Judson Lyons, Hope's brother-in-law. Hope himself was described by the contemporary magazine, *Voice of the Negro*, as "another one of the guiding factors in the convention. Though but seldom heard on the floor in debate, he worked like a beaver in the committee rooms."

Hope had special admiration for Henry M. Turner, bishop of the African Methodist Church and one of the founders of the courageous Morris Brown College in Atlanta, which was supported entirely by Negro contributions. In 1932 at this college, Hope spoke eloquently of the old preacher. "Bishop Turner," he said, "was very turbulent. A man so thinking ahead of his time, so daring, that only the spiritually minded and forward-looking people could comprehend him. . . . An interesting old gentleman, charming in conversation, eloquent in speech, exceedingly dictatorial and tyrannical at times—ran William Driskell and me out of his house one time, but we refused to go and stayed on and talked and talked with the old gentleman until he finally gave us a contribution for the Y.M.C.A. That's the kind of man he was. He would tell you he wouldn't give you a dollar—and then turn around and give you fifty. An interesting man. A man interested in the education of Negroes, but not simply in that narrow sense of learning about books or beakers or test tubes, but an education and learning that would make you free. And he lived and died in the interest of thinking for Negroes."

Among Hope's and Du Bois' particular cronies in Atlanta at that time were George Towns, Dr. William Penn, a physician, and the Reverend H. H. Proctor, pastor of the First Congregational Church. For a while the five speculated on the stimulating possibility of moving down to the Georgia coast near Brunswick and starting a black colony there. From this point on the seacoast, there would be a black belt clear to the bottom of Brazil, including the West Indies, and they could not be surrounded by whites. Hope said impulsively, "Now's the time to do it, before we get settled in our jobs." But the project remained a dream.

Far from being dreams were the things which both Du Bois and Hope were actually accomplishing. Du Bois had planned a vast social study of the Negro, and for thirteen years Atlanta University, under his direction, poured out reports that totaled over two thousand pages and formed "a current encyclopedia on the American Negro problems," unparalleled for years to come. Hope for his part undertook to spread the doctrine of a liberal education for Negroes, and the Society in New York paid his way summer after summer across the country on lecture tours from Michigan to the east coast and from New England to Georgia. Hope became a winning pleader:

"Baptists of the North," he said in one speech in Detroit, "I have in a simple manner tried to show you the place of higher education

among my people. A lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, a preacher or a businessman today among Negroes is more than his particular vocation. The teacher is a preacher, the physician teaches and preaches. Thousands of questions bearing not at all on their business are put to these men and women, and on their answers depends the weal or woe of a community. A Negro may specialize, but he must know many things first, for he is a leader. How to vote, how to invest money, give an explanation of original sin, prescribe a remedy for consumption, are questions that may be put to any Negro who lays claim to knowledge; and if he cannot answer, who can? for often he is the only light in his community."

His personal reaction to these forays upon the northern mind was partly depressing, partly inspiring. In recording his "Northern Impressions" for the *Advance*, a small paper edited by Dr. Sale and printed in the college printing office, he wrote:

"There is a great host of people, lacking any sort of information about the Negro and totally indifferent as to what is going on among us in the South. . . . The question with the best friends, not of the Negro but of the country ought to be: How shall we reach that great mass of people who are totally unacquainted with one of the greatest problems of this country and absolutely indifferent to it? The most bitter experience a worker can have as he moves about in the North is not that of meeting doubt, despondency or hostility, but of coming in contact with bland, polite indifference. . . .

"The explanation of some erroneous notions about the Negro may be found, a part at least, in this: that while many have figures which show some facts about the Negro, they do not make these facts vital by thinking of them. For instance, that the Negro population has more than doubled itself in thirty-five years; that notwithstanding this rapid increase, illiteracy has been reduced nearly fifty per cent; that the large urban population and its resulting serious problems find an explanation largely in abnormal and unfavorable conditions, as regards wages and educational advantages, in the rural districts; that the Negro has no voice in legislative halls, that he has no ballot whereby he may choose those who are to execute the laws, but in the face of these disadvantages comes in for the severest and swiftest justice; that between the two races in the South the closest lines of demarcation are drawn, and the Negro must depend on his own imperfect efforts at improvement, isolated in school, church, and every public place from that race which because of its superior advantages

ought to be helping the less favored race in every possible way:—these facts, evident as they are once looked at, do not, as a rule, make themselves a real part of people's thinking. . . .

"The attitude of the North so far as it entertains a positive interest in the 'Race Problem' is reassuring. There is, in spite of any untoward signs, a leaven of charity, a deep righteousness and a belief in the American idea of rights and liberty stretching to every man regardless of race or condition. If there are those who think that the North has given up hope or interest, is beginning to withhold its means and men from the Negro's cause, they need only to go among the people, hear their words and see their actions to be convinced that the cause of the Negro is still a burden to the North, and by its prayers and means the North is still seeking to raise this burden."

Much of this remains as pertinent today as when it was written.

Returning to the college after two months of travel through the Middle West, during that first summer of 1899, Hope faced a dramatic surprise. The tall figure and dark face of William E. Holmes, so long salient in that scene, were missing. Behind his disappearance lay a tale of thwarted ambition. For some time before Hope had come to Atlanta, a wing of the Negro Baptists in the state had been growing restive under the dominance of the northern whites in the education of their children. These militants felt that it was time for the colored people themselves to take charge, and they wanted William E. Holmes as president of their college. The situation reached its crisis while Hope was away. Holmes had threatened to carry off the whole student body and start another Baptist college in Georgia, unless the northern Baptists considered the demands of his party. Dr. H. L. Morehouse and General T. J. Morgan, the leaders of the northern Baptists, called a meeting in Atlanta. "Take the college and run it," the representatives of the Society finally said to Holmes, "and pay us a dollar a year."

This was a facer. Holmes had brains, courage, and power in the community, but he did not have enough funds to run the college. He was forced to retreat. He withdrew to Macon and with his supporters started a small school there, known as Central City College. But he failed to carry off the A.B.C. students as he believed he could. Those youths upon whom he had so confidently counted must already have been turning, even if not quite consciously, to their future leader, John Hope. Hope himself, a lover of harmony—"pacific,"

Truesdell has called him—was distressed by the whole affair. He remained Holmes' friend.

This critical meeting in Atlanta had a pleasant sequel. Morehouse and Morgan made their southern trip the occasion of an extended stay in Atlanta, and Hope had the opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with them. Morehouse, a strenuous ecclesiastical statesman, had traveled widely and come to know intimately Indians, Negroes, Hawaiians, and Alaskans. General Morgan had organized and commanded the first colored brigade of the Army of the Cumberland during the Civil War and had been on the staff of General O. O. Howard. Both these men hid considerable human warmth under rather severe exteriors. Hope saw beneath their formality and appreciated them; but it was a slightly younger man, accompanying them, who became his fast friend. The Reverend Wallace Buttrick was a northerner with an engaging informality of manner and a singularly warm heart. His visit to Atlanta was giving him his first insight into Negro life in the South, and it aroused emotions which were to dominate his later career and link his mind closely to John Hope's.

Inevitably drawn into the external—the political—affairs of the college, Hope's real and abiding interest was in the students. His own student days—arduous and marked with tragedy among his personal friends—had made him sensitive to the possible heartbreak in the lives of the young people around him. The boys began instinctively to turn toward him rather than the white president when they found themselves in difficulties. Dr. Charles Hubert has recalled that "any student could go and discuss things with him. He could be stern as Caesar and tender as a mother. He took things over whether it was his job or not. If a boy needed a dose of medicine, castor oil, or a reprimand, he gave it to him. He had no hours."

Hope was equally sensitive to the tragedies in the Negro community beyond the campus' edge. And in this his wife, who for the present had almost complete control of her time, was his best emissary. Never forgetting that view from the window on her first morning in Atlanta and her husband's words to her, she rolled up her delicate muslin sleeves, so to speak, and went to work. It is a striking fact that this young woman, a stranger, not even a southerner, should have been—as John Hope later said, "among the first (if not the very first) to do volunteer social work in Atlanta and to organize the city for social work on a volunteer basis." The work she began in 1898 crystallized ten years later in the founding, under her leadership, of the Neighbor-

hood Union. But in these early years Lugenia Hope and a few friends worked alone and for this reason all the more courageously.

What she faced has been described in a recent master's thesis on "Social Work Among Atlanta Negroes" by Louie D. Shivery: "The West Side was a neglected section of the city. Fair Street was a slum, full of holes, mud, and debris. Areas named 'Beaver's Slide,' White's Alley, Peters Street and Roach Street terrified even children because of fights, brawls, gambling, and killings that were all too frequent occurrences there. Beckwith Street (where the Atlanta University president's home now stands) was full of hillocks and holes, mud and rocks, with no pavements. The city used it as a dump for rubbish. As late as 1914 automobiles and wagons could not go through. Chestnut Street, flanking this section, was partly developed first by whites, later by graduates of Atlanta University, Spelman, and Morehouse, who built homes on the street to live near the colleges. But there were no water mains, and residents had to appeal to the City Council to stop the burning of garbage in the area because of the resultant stench and smoke. Behind Atlanta University on the north was a similar section, known as 'Vine City' or 'Mechanicsville,' where slums, dumps, hovels, crime, and want prevailed. Directly behind this section, going north, was another section known as 'Lightning' where the city permitted houses of ill repute. On the other side of Atlanta, going south, was 'Summerhill,' a Negro settlement in which many Negroes owned small pieces of unimproved property, and where the same neglect as to lights, water, sewerage, pavements, and housing prevailed."

The nearest and gravest of these menaces was Beaver Slide. It had become the synonym for all evil. The place got its byname from the fact that a criminal disappearing there was never caught. "Hell's Half-Acre" was just beyond. Near by also flourished respectability and the forces of the law. Yet Beaver Slide continued to exist. The place was a leftover from the horrors of the Civil War. Soldiers' vice had spawned it. Soldiers had cash to spend. Saloons, prostitutes, the already degraded poor, crowded in to get a share of this money. Criminals needing shelter found it there. Beaver Slide became an out-law community.

It can be seen that all this was a thorny handful for a woman or a group of women to grasp. Armed only with the motto "And Thy Neighbor as Thyself," which the Neighborhood Union always has retained, Mrs. Hope sought out the inhabitants of the nearest shacks. You reached the neighborhood through Battle Alley or Low's Alley,

the latter having five entrances. Any morning you might find a dead body—sometimes of a white man—propped against these alley walls. What of it? the police would have said. Men fit to live would never have been found there.

Ignoring danger, Lugenia Hope adopted one of the alleys as her precinct, and a friend took the other. They found it tough work. Battle Alley and its like weren't used to visitors. But, using tact and friendliness, Mrs. Hope and her friends won over the women in the wretched households and gave them practical help. After the pioneering Neighborhood Union was formally chartered its work was greatly expanded to cover the other Negro districts of Atlanta, and its form of organization became a model for neighborhood social work in urban centers.

John Hope, brooding upon all this down the years, brought all his native tolerance to bear; and in 1935, after Beaver Slide had finally been eradicated, he said in a speech: "When you made a survey, you found that they were not all evil people, just poor and couldn't do any better. . . . After you got the figures down . . . you found that the whole community was not simply a blind tiger community, but people who through the fortuities of life just got caught in the maelstrom. . . . But for thirty-five years, by public opinion and moral suasion and sometimes a threat (you didn't get backing from the police) the people in our own community just seemed to keep Beaver Slide with its liquor, crime, and prostitution, just kept it back on the other side of Chestnut Street. A marvelous activity for a people without cooperation of chief of police or mayor—just plumb gall on the part of these people who wanted to have their own community right. . . . It was almost a bloodless war that went on in this community on the part of people interested."

It might seem that these somber surroundings would have been conducive to morbidity on the part of a young couple like the Hopes, but this was not the case. Social life among the professional groups of Negroes in Atlanta was gay and stimulating and varied. Then in the spring of 1900 the Hopes took a holiday, going to Detroit to attend a convention and stopping off at Niagara Falls on their return. Hope always had an eye out for historical oddities and told about the experience at Niagara in a talk in Atlanta later:

"Last spring while stopping at Niagara Falls we took a ride on the American side and then went over to the Canadian. After seeing what we thought was fully our money's worth, we left the carriage.

Then while we sauntered along a few paces, an aged colored hackman called out: 'You'd better let me take you 'round. You ain't seen the best part yet.' Well, we halted and talked. I found he knew by our earmarks that we were from the South. We clinched a bargain and went for a drive. He was a very interesting man. He had escaped from slavery ten years before the war; he had seen the young Prince of Wales; he had been a member of the board of aldermen in this Canadian town for several years. He owned considerable property besides the home in which he lived. He was deeply religious, and as he leaned back from his high carriage seat and discoursed on God and heaven, divine love and simple faith, he fell almost into rhapsody and you had glintings of the Apocalypse. He showed us Lundy's Lane and drove through the street where hundreds of American slain were burned after the battle. Our drive with him was a perfect delight. For we were not with a hackman, but one who seemed a friend, and between him and us there was perfect sociability. But of all the historic places he pointed out, the old burnt-down hotel was of greatest interest. This had in its time been palatial, and from the ruins there were suggestions of what we read of old England and of the old South. To this hotel Jeff Davis had come and held consultations with English and Americans who were in sympathy with the South. Davis has gone to his reward; slavery, like that historic hotel, has fallen through flame and decay. The old ex-slave and the two Negro children of a new order of things—we three could muse together on God's miracle. It was joy to the old man, joy to us. Exiled from the States and scorning ever to live again where less than whole liberty is found, this aged Virginian felt with the Missourian and the Georgian the common tie of home. His age linked us to the past, our younger years lifted him over into our brighter present. And together we trod the whole journey from slavery into freedom."

During the summer which followed this trip, John and Lugenia Hope made their headquarters at Lithia Springs, a Georgia watering place frequented by both white and colored people, while John Hope traveled.

In August of 1901, Edward Swain Hope was born. It should be recorded that in the exuberance of being a father of a first-born son, Hope allowed himself a pun. "A little Hope," he said to Truesdell, "is better than no Hope at all." But when it came to naming this child, he was quaintly serious about it, having certain early obligations in mind. It is not to be forgotten—and indeed John Hope himself

never forgot it for a moment—that his precious years at Worcester Academy had been in part made possible by the friendly Dayton merchant, manufacturer of “buckskin overalls, jackets, and workshirts” and “Grandpa’s Wonder Soap—It cleans everything!” When Hope was at Brown, Edward Burr Solomon had continued to stand by him. The loans had been repaid, and Hope was the only student in Edward Solomon’s experience who ever had paid back the money given him. “The best investment I ever made,” Solomon would say, referring to John and the honorable place he had won for himself in the world. And once when John Hope made a speech in Dayton Solomon rose from the audience and praised the speaker openly, almost with tears.

So the baby was called Edward.

As for the “Swain”—John Swain relates that his father, at whose Boston home Hope was often a guest during these years, delighted to give him money for use among his students. And this was the way in which John Hope repaid him.

Not even the baby’s birth, however, caused the Hopes to abandon their simple manner of life. They continued to live in Graves Hall. Building a house still seemed too hazardous. John Hope never lost his horror of debt. His father and all his Scottish grandfathers must have been standing over him in spirit.

By avoiding the financial snare in which the ownership of a house in Atlanta would have involved him, Hope unintentionally preserved the complete freedom he needed to meet a problem that arose when Virginia Union University in Richmond offered him an appointment. The offer came, no doubt, through the instigation of General Morgan and Dr. MacVicar, President of Virginia Union, who in their friendly concern felt that with a new baby at hand John Hope ought to have a promotion. The job, teaching theology, would bring a salary of \$1,000. Probably few men in Hope’s place would have hesitated. But he never made snap judgments. As always the question with him was: “In what place can I be of greater use?” He was personally loath to leave Atlanta and Georgia, but the divining rod that he used was not a selfish personal instrument.

As earlier at Nashville, weeks of indecision went by. Meanwhile Dr. Sale took a hand. “Professor Hope,” he wrote to General Morgan, “is the one man upon whose judgment and counsel I rely in matters of general policy and management, and if he were removed I should not know where to look for one who would fill his place in this regard.

To find a teacher of Latin and Greek is an easy matter, but to find one who will take upon his mind and heart the problems arising out of our difficult work and help solve them is a very different thing. . . . I call your attention to the growing harmony in the state between the college and the Negro Baptists. You can easily see how trouble would arise if we were compelled to replace Professor Hope with a white man, as I fear we should have to do. If there is to be trouble on that ground, I feel that the University at Richmond should meet it and not transfer the difficulty to us and so endanger a rupture where a spirit of harmony and peace is growing."

Replying, General Morgan wrote (sending a carbon copy to Hope): "In view of your strong protest and especially in view of Professor Hope's evident reluctance to make the change, I shall give the matter no further consideration."

But Hope was hurt by this action, and was moved to address his superior officer with surprising candor: "I write this letter, Dr. Morgan, to say that if you will read all my correspondence and remember the straightforward conversation we had, you will probably agree that you are a little unfair to speak of 'Professor Hope's evident reluctance.' . . . I write secondly to say that your letter to me closing the incident is summary, to say the least. And I hope I may be pardoned for raising the objection. When you give me a choice between actions I seriously consider which is for the best; and perhaps you will some day agree that my seeming *reluctance* was only the proper care that any safe man would exercise."

General Morgan wrote back, in kindly fashion: "I meant of course, as you can well understand, to cast no reflection upon you by speaking of your 'evident reluctance' to change from Atlanta to Richmond. . . . I want to assure you that in this matter you have increased the respect I had for you as a thoughtful, careful man."

The old soldier, used to quick decisions, may have been a little puzzled by Hope's slow, meditative scruples. In any case, it was clear that Hope's heart was in Atlanta.

Du Bois has suggested that his friend was more a man of reflection than a man of action. Painfully conscientious, he was apt to be unhappy over a problem longer than other people. And after he had come to a decision he would reconsider and question the course he had taken. He was largely an introvert, and yet was a social being—he liked people; he liked company.

In intellectual matters Hope was never hesitant about taking a stand. He knew his own mind and never feared to say exactly what he thought. His newspaper articles and his speeches became increasingly bold and farseeing. In a speech at Morris Brown College in 1900, he encouraged a proportion of Negro graduates to plan careers among Negro populations abroad, especially in Africa; he spoke of the Negro as a growing intercontinental power and envisioned with remarkable clarity the world situation that would develop half a century later.

"When I was a boy," he said, "we used to hear of rumors of wars and stories of wars that had become history. But now we hear wars; now we are living in them; and by dint of telegraph, correspondent, and moving picture we almost hear the groans of the dying. The old century is passing out in a blaze, and the blaze strikes the very throne of heaven. This is a volcanic epoch. From the blasting, melting, vaporizing, what is to be sublimated? From the refining, what is to be the residuum? In that, you youngest people are concerned. . . . People are not pig iron. In calculating human results remember that you are dealing with something more than hydrogen and oxygen. . . . Remember also that race and national isolation today are no longer possible. So you cannot reason from history what we or any others shall be. . . . I have no objection to restlessness. Dissatisfaction with possession and achievement is one of the requisites to further achievement and greater possession. . . . We want greater venturesomeness. We have sat on the river bank and caught catfish with pin hooks. The time has come to harpoon a whale. And if we must gratify any human tendency to appropriate, let us take an empire."

But he added, characteristically: "The great future is not to be a gunpowder future; and any of you who are hoping to fatten on hostilities had better change your plans. The ways of peace, ways that require most brain and least browbeating, are the ways that the world must go; and we, a new people, are capable of becoming very active in this unknown but resplendent future."

An interesting phase of this same speech was added when Hope revised it for presentation before the Spelman girls and asked them, rather astonishingly, to contrast Lady Churchill, mother of the then youthful Winston Churchill, with Penelope in Homer's *Odyssey*: "Contrast with this bereaved queen, ruled by her youthful son and circumscribed to the women's apartments on the second floor, one lady of our time—the widow of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. In his lifetime and now she has been and is a figure in English social and

political life. Instead of her son sending her to the upper chamber to the loom and distaff, she has sent him to college and later piloted him into the deep waters of English politics; instead of her weaving garments, she is proprietor and editor of the guinea magazine; and what is more, she is as much respected in the English aristocracy of today as was poor, sweet, sad Penelope in her palace in far-away Ithaca three thousand years ago."

Even more striking is a paragraph in a speech on Negro Day in 1901, at Clark University in Atlanta: "The past fifty years have observed a remarkable race alignment. France is as offensively French as her delicate position will permit. Austria is tottering because it is heterogeneous. Germany has been welded into a mighty empire along narrow race lines. England was never more lordly Anglo-Saxon; and the Anglo-Saxon spirit stalks abroad so resistlessly that oceans and governments form no barrier to England and the United States, feeling the influence of such fraternity as no constitution or army could inspire or maintain. Slavonic Russia is wedging its way through hitherto impregnable positions, and the yellow races find themselves coming together like frightened sheep. The natural accompaniment of this racial alignment is excessive cruel prejudice which even the veneering of twentieth century Christian civilization cannot hide."

Hope's gift of prophecy was also manifested with regard to Negro Atlanta itself. With his cronies and colleagues he often discussed the future of their Atlanta schools; but none of them ever made as clear and accurate a blueprint of that future. His predictions, which were to come true—in general effect if not in every detail—more than twenty-five years later, under his own guiding hand, first appeared in the *Voice of the Negro* in January, 1904. This remarkable magazine was launched in that month by a young Negro, Jesse Max Barber, under the auspices of a white publishing firm in Atlanta and with the oversight of Dr. Bowen of Gammon Theological Seminary—an Atlanta school for colored Methodist ministers. No magazine could have been less ecclesiastical or more pointedly liberal, and it maintained its free spirit and high standards throughout its all too few years of existence. Barber had asked Hope, soon after his appointment as vice president of Atlanta Baptist College, to write the opening article for the first issue of the magazine, and Hope selected as his topic, "Our Atlanta Schools."

There were at the time he wrote, as there are today, six flourishing institutions of learning for colored people in Atlanta. He first sur-

veyed them statistically, but was obviously dissatisfied with this approach: "After all, institutions of learning less than almost any other organizations, lend themselves to classification according to extent of grounds and the size of buildings. The European University, with its meagre facilities, often without any fixed abode, has survived dynasties and created and guided the thought of centuries. It is rather in this light that the Atlanta schools are to be considered."

He then attempted to penetrate to the underlying significance of the schools, suggesting their individual contributions to "the thought and life of the age," and finally reached his prophetic conclusions:

"When the time comes, the Atlanta schools, so close together and aiming at the same thing—the education of the Colored people—will probably come to some agreement. Out of this community of interest will develop spheres of influence. In view of present tendencies in some, if not all, of these schools, is it Utopian to forecast the following divisions of labor?

"Gammon Theological Seminary will continue its present work, but may enlarge its sphere so as to absorb the theological work of other schools by having denominational departments. Surely Gammon could relieve Morris Brown. Whether Gammon would venture to absorb the theological department of the Baptist College, and whether the college would consent, constitute a very debatable proposition. But let the theological work result as it may, it is by no means so problematic that the Atlanta Baptist College could develop into a school of technology. Morris Brown College could confine itself solely to undergraduate collegiate instruction for men. Let Atlanta University become a graduate school confining itself especially to the social sciences and Belles Lettres. Clark University already has the foundation and impetus for a school of biology and agriculture with an experiment station that would rival any in the South. . . . Spelman Seminary could do all the undergraduate work for women, together with instructing them in domestic pursuits and professions peculiarly adapted to the sex; while its normal school, now easily the finest in the South for Colored people, might be open to men as well as women.

"With some such division of labor as this, each school could make its peculiar demand and would have a better guarantee of progress and permanency. Without some such division, competition may result in an unseemly struggle for existence, causing untold detriment to defenseless students, honest in their eagerness for learning but inex-

perienced to discern between the real and shoddy in matters educational.

"Such is an opinion of the present work and future possibilities of our Atlanta schools, than which there is no greater lifting power in this country."

What overwhelming emotions would have been John Hope's could he have then looked "forward into time" and seen the wide inter-linking campuses, the beautiful buildings, and above all the communal spirit of the modern Negro schools of Atlanta.

The past five years, Atlanta had in a way seemed like home to John Hope. He was in Georgia, where he wished to be. Though he could not go often to Augusta, he was near his early home and near his mother. An intermittent companionship with her could be sustained, and he had not thought of its ending. Fanny was now only sixty-four years old. But she evidently had some obscure foreknowledge of what was to happen.

In that winter of 1903, she had gone to Washington to visit Tom, then a teacher in the public schools. The journey and the sight-seeing required some effort, but she abandoned herself to the experience with an almost youthful rapture. "I went to Washington's home," she wrote, "and I went to Arlington Heights. It is a lovely place. And I saw the President and that grand parade. Thomas took me to the theatre and I did enjoy the play so much. I can't tell you all I did see. Washington is a great place. I went to the Library. Don't you think it beautiful? And I went to the museum. I hope you can read this, for I can't see so well today. Kiss dear little Edward for us all and Genie.—Your loving mother—M. F. Hope."

But this wasn't enough. She felt that she must go to Atlanta, too. She must see little Edward, now almost two years old. She must have known that she had already spent all the strength she could afford, but the urge was imperative. So on April 30th she wrote John a letter that he tenderly labeled: "The last letter my mother wrote me."

She had just heard from him. She knew that he was about to leave home on a business trip. Still there was something that compelled her to go. "I have not been well for some time," she told him. "There is to be an excursion to Atlanta Friday week, and I thought I would come up. I think the change might do me good. I am sorry that you will not be there when I come."

Fanny came to Atlanta. But "the change" did not do her good.

Instead, she soon became so far from well that it was apparent that she must be taken home. There was no time to send for John; but Dr. Sale was about to go to Augusta and was glad to assume charge of her to as great a degree as the Jim Crow regulations, obliging them to travel in separate cars, permitted. So, practically unattended, the ailing woman went home. There two weeks passed. She did not get better. On June 3rd she died.

At sixty-four she was not yet old, but the extraordinarily romantic story of her life had begun many years before when, at sixteen, she cast so strong a spell upon the most eligible white man in Augusta that he dedicated his remaining life to her, and then later, James Hope eagerly yielded her an equal devotion. She had been content with her eight handsome, capable, successful sons and daughters, but the radiant part she had played in life's pageant was now ended. It may be that she was not loath to turn away.

Her passing affected John to a degree unusual for a man so mature and absorbed in affairs. Throughout the years since his father's death, she had maintained a central and solacing refuge in his consciousness. His sense of home-coming to Georgia had rested largely on the old home in Augusta. As long as she lived, the rooftree which had sheltered his happy childhood stood unshaken over those whom he loved and who loved him. By her death its central pillar seemed to fall, leaving him with a new sense of insecurity in that home and a foreboding in his own house of life.

He could never lose, however, one of the rich inheritances which his mother had left him. The racial strain he had received from her warmed his veins with tides from a sunnier shore. Through her there were in his very spirit pulsations out of Africa—ardors, vigors, aspirations, somber broodings, mysteries. Out of that inheritance rose his meditative character, his resiliency, his passionate idealistic dedication, his faculty of vision and prophecy.

Chapter IX

“I’M AN EVERYDAY WITNESS”

IN JUNE, 1906, John Hope became the first Negro president of his college, with the title, for the first year, of acting president. The saying of Charles James Fox concerning a cabinet post, that “he had served up to it and would have it,” would never have been uttered by Hope, but, seen in retrospect, his promotion bore the same character of inevitability. General Morgan and Dr. MacVicar having died, there had been a shifting of offices and a new appointment for Dr. Sale, who, thus advanced but remaining in Atlanta, was in a stronger position to help the racial cause.

Facing a busy first year in his new office, Hope yet found time during the summer to ally himself with one of the great racial group activities of his lifetime—the Niagara Movement, which under the leadership of Du Bois had begun in the previous summer at a secret meeting of twenty-nine Negroes near Buffalo, across the Canadian border. In August, 1906, the group, much augmented, met openly in West Virginia.

High on a magnificent promontory, out of a mist, a hundred people gathered at early dawn. They formed a procession and moved forward with evident purpose. The light grew and shone upon their faces. They were Negroes. They were on a solemn pilgrimage. They were barefooted in sign of their reverence and profound dedication. Du Bois was among them, and John Hope. Near by was the edge of a precipice, and hundreds of feet below a river tore savagely at its stony bed. Beyond it a glorious valley stretched to distant mountains. There was majesty in the scene, and there was majesty in the spirit of the pilgrims and in their cause. Their cause was to find justice in their native land. They reached an open field in which stood a small brick building. They entered the field and stood before it. As the sun rose, they sang the “Battle-Hymn of the Republic.” They were the

members of the Niagara Movement. The building was John Brown's "fort," the engine house in which he had made his last stand. It had been reerected in this field on the heights above Harpers Ferry. For three days they had lived and held their meetings at Storer College for Negroes, in the vicinity; and they had set this day apart as John Brown's Day. There at the "fort," after the hymn on that morning of August 18, 1906, they held a meeting. "It was," writes Du Bois in *Dusk of Dawn*, "in significance if not numbers one of the greatest meetings that American Negroes have ever held . . . and we talked some of the plainest English that has been given voice to by black men in America." Some of it was uttered by Reverdy C. Ransom, pastor of the Charles Street A.M.E. Church of Boston, who had recently been dragged from a Pullman car and badly injured by white men. Another speaker was the brilliant colored Harvard graduate, lawyer and diplomat, Richard T. Greener, who had lately returned from service at Vladivostok as American Consul. He told of having once heard a troop of four hundred Russian soldiers, the sons of freed serfs, sing "John Brown's Body." Mr. Greener's fiery spirit did not, however, confine itself to mere interesting anecdotes.

There were also in the assembly more immediate links with John Brown—an aunt and a sister of two of his men who had perished, one in the raid and one hanged at Charlestown. Beside this aunt and sister stood Frederick Douglass' son Lewis, a Civil War veteran of the colored regiment of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. The few white persons present included the *New York Evening Post's* representative, Mary White Ovington, and several people who had attended the great New England Antislavery meeting fifty years before, three years earlier than Brown's raid and death.

Tense and potent forces were apparent on that summer morning in 1906. For three days these had been gathering at Storer, and now they needed only effective expression. This was given by resolutions written by Du Bois and passed and embodied in an Address to the Country which reads, in abridgment: "We want full manhood suffrage, and we want it now, henceforth and forever.

"Second: We want discrimination in public accommodation to cease. . . .

"Third: We claim the right of freemen to walk, talk and be with them that wish to be with us. . . .

"Fourth: We want the laws enforced against rich as well as poor; against Capitalist as well as Laborer; against white as well as black. . . .

"Fifth: We want our children educated. . . . And when we call for education, we mean real education. We believe in work. We ourselves are workers, but work is not necessarily education. Education is the development of power and ideal. . . .

"These are some of the chief things which we want. How shall we get them? By voting where we may vote; by persistent, unceasing agitation; by hammering at the truth; by sacrifice and work.

"We do not believe in violence, neither in the despised violence of the raid nor the lauded violence of the soldier, nor the barbarous violence of the mob; but we do believe in John Brown, in that incarnate spirit of justice, that hatred of a lie, that willingness to sacrifice money, reputation, and life itself on the altar of right. And here on the scene of John Brown's martyrdom, we reconsecrate ourselves, our honor, our property to the final emancipation of the race which John Brown died to make free."

John Hope had taken a bold and courageous step in joining the Niagara Movement. He was the only person in it of his academic rank. At that time, it was the most radical activity of the race, in direct opposition to the theories best supported by financial supply. For a newly appointed head of a college wholly dependent on outside help, his course was precarious and even dangerous.

In 1935, during the last months of his life, Hope wrote a brief memorandum: "My regret as I look back at my long life is that I never planned adventure; that I never by prearrangement risked my life in a big, useful way. I mean risked my *actual* physical life. . . . The wish . . . and hardly a wish but rather an emotion—on voyage that the sea would be rough; that I would be the only passenger in the dining room; that the stern of the ship would rise so high that the screw would be out of the water and give us the sensation that comes from whirring, unresisting screws; that the ship might be wrecked and I would have to take to the lifeboat—just to see whether I would fear, whether I would arise to the occasion and actually with desperate courage face death and almost will it."

Yet had not Hope risked his life—if not his bodily life something very close to it? He had joined the Niagara Movement at a time when it was almost anathema to do so. He took its resolutions to his heart and kept them there for the rest of his days. He, too, was ever ready to "sacrifice money, reputation, and life itself on the altar of right." Yet by risking his life, he found it. He had done better than he knew.

John Hope returned to Atlanta after the meeting at Harpers Ferry. Something Satanic was happening in Atlanta. Daily and nightly it was growing more apparent. There were hints of it in people's faces, in white faces and in colored. It was a kind of flickering shadow in their eyes. It was pure fear, or it was fear mixed with hate, or it was wholly hate, varying with the owner of the eyes. Familiar faces began to look like strangers'. Everyone who felt it and saw it knew what it was. It was race tension. Of course the colored people felt it first. Hope had been absent only a week, but he sensed its hideous increase immediately. It was growing difficult to keep one's head above it, for like methane it crept upward from below and it was inflammable. That was the worst of it. If it couldn't be dispelled it was going to explode. The better class of white citizens were as apprehensive as the Negroes and were aghast at the failure of their efforts to dissipate it. Then the Negroes found that another class of whites was arming, but that the hardware stores would not sell arms to a Negro. The Negroes knew that the police would not try to protect them. Desperate, they tried to get arms for their own defense. Some were even packed in coffins and sent in to them.

Then at last, with inevitable precision, the explosion came. On Saturday evening September 22, 1906, the Hopes were at home on the quiet campus to which the students had not yet returned. Suddenly Hope in his study and Mrs. Hope in her bedroom heard the fire alarm, the riot call, and the militia call, all three together. He left the house and walked all about the campus, meeting no one who could tell what was happening. There was a period of silence and then, far off, rose a sound. He knew that sound. It had echoed in his heart for thirty years since he first heard it on another Saturday night in Augusta, when it came from across the Savannah River, from Hamburg.

Hope knew that now in Atlanta, as in the Augusta of 1876, were to be found men idling and drinking after the week's work or week's loafing, bored with blank lives but ready to prove to themselves that they too were men of spirit. For months he had seen the headlines of certain newspapers distorting Negro crimes, and on this afternoon there had been three flaming extra editions. They had lit the fuse.

Gathering the myriad frustrations and bafflements of ignorant and ineffectual individual lives into a massed fury, the Thing struck at every colored face in a mad effort to bring something down lower than

itself, to trample and stand upon it, meaning so to rise to the dignity or height of men. With brute instinct it first attacked moving objects. Streetcars were pounced upon, stopped, and peaceable Negroes were torn through the windows and doorways to be beaten and stamped upon. Others were attacked in shops and public buildings. It rushed into barber shops and beat the Negroes who were attending their white customers. It pursued Negroes in the streets and with pocket-knives horribly mutilated them.

Ray Stannard Baker, reporting on the riot, noted: "In many cases white friends armed Negroes and told them to protect themselves. One widow . . . who had a single black servant placed a shotgun in his hands and told him to fire on any mob that tried to get him." *

The next day, Sunday, was quiet, ominously quiet. On the west side of Atlanta, colored professors patrolled their campuses. Then they were displaced by the militia, among whom they recognized faces from the mob of the night before. C. H. Wardlaw, graduate of A.B.C. and teacher there since 1902, recalls that President Hope, walking on his campus, approached a white soldier. The soldier cried out: "What do you want? Put up your hands!" Hope put up his hands but continued walking toward the soldier, who pointed his gun. Hope stopped and with a smile invited him into the house for a cup of coffee. The man lowered his gun and came.

A little later Hope called a meeting in the college chapel, opened by the local pastor, Peter James Bryant, with prayer. "We want you, O Lord," he prayed, "to protect us, and come sooner than quick!" The tenseness of his hearers relaxed.

On Monday night the riot renewed itself in southeast Atlanta, in the peaceful atmosphere of Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary. There the respectable colored citizens had formed armed patrols, as in the sister college community to the west; and there in the dark they were threatened and fired upon by a moblike group of police and other armed whites. One white man and four Negroes were killed. Even when morning light came the violence continued, and President Bowen of Gammon was beaten about the head by a policeman's rifle butt. Not only this but news came that the home of Hope's close friend Dr. W. F. Penn had been assaulted and he had barely escaped with his life.

* Ray Stannard Baker, *Following the Color Line*, copyright 1908 by Doubleday, Page & Company, Inc.

Though the rioting lasted for three days only, the setback to the morale of Atlanta was immeasurable. Even the white men remained in the grip of a paralyzing terror, while the Negroes huddled silently in their homes—"namelessly afraid." Since nobody pretended that the riot had been anything but an attack by white men on Negroes, a large number of the colored folk of Atlanta soon took to fleeing northward, merely in the hope of preserving their lives and holding their families together; and these refugees were intelligent industrious citizens whose loyalty Atlanta would have done well to retain. In the course of this exodus, Atlanta Baptist College inevitably lost a certain number of prospective students. Otherwise it suffered only by sharing in the general psychological shock and by the doubt and discouragement felt by every Negro within the wretched city. What was the use of attempting to compete in such a world? What was the use of education, when after the best that one might do, hatred and bloodshed lay waiting like wolves to destroy?

The thoughtful and fair-minded white citizens of Atlanta were deeply troubled by these questions. They acted swiftly but belatedly. Committees were formed, investigations begun. The Atlanta Civic League was started, and the Negroes organized a Colored Cooperative Civic League to work with it. W. J. Northen, former governor of Georgia said, following the riot, "What am I to do who have to pray every night?" and thereupon traveled throughout the state making a series of speeches. "We shall never settle this until we give absolute justice to the Negro—we are not now doing justice to the Negro in Georgia," was the gist of his message. Judge J. T. Pendleton, charging the Grand Jury which investigated the riot, stated: "Atlanta is on trial before the world, and the safety of the city and your safety is in the balance."

What caused the Atlanta Riot? In tracing it to its sources Ray Stannard Baker wrote: "Race feeling had been sharpened through a long and bitter political campaign, Negro disfranchisement being one of the chief issues under discussion. An inflammatory play called 'The Clansman,' though forbidden by public sentiment in many Southern cities, had been given in Atlanta and other places with the effect of increasing the prejudice of both races. Certain newspapers in Atlanta, taking advantage of popular feeling, kept the race issue constantly agitated." *

* Ray Stannard Baker, *Following the Color Line*. New York, Doubleday, Page, 1908. Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Company, Inc.

W. E. B. Du Bois * has said: "Perhaps the greatest disillusionment which ever faced Atlanta Negroes was the riot of 1906. They had fought disfranchisement; they had resented the city Carnegie Library which admitted no Negroes; they had boycotted unfair stores, railroads and street cars. But they had never experienced mob violence. It came in 1906. It was the work of a demagogue who, wishing to be governor of the state, began with an attack on corporations; then by subtle maneuver he turned to a devastating appeal to race prejudice. Hoke Smith used every art of the demagogue to arouse the state and succeeded beyond his expectation. Tom Watson, angry at Negro non-cooperation in Populism, cooperated with him to his everlasting shame, and as a result Atlanta arose on the night of the twenty-second of September; ten Negroes and two white persons were killed; seventy persons were wounded, many of them being disfigured and some permanently disabled. Sixty of these were colored, and they were respectable people, innocent of any offense. Property was wrecked and destroyed. The city was paralyzed; factories closed; railway freight cars were left unloaded; street cars and cabs stopped; servants deserted their employment; bank clearings slumped by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the state fair just opening was a failure."

J. Max Barber made a similar statement at the time of the riot and sent it to the *New York World*. Thereafter his life was threatened, and he was told to get out of Atlanta. He left and began to publish his magazine elsewhere; but the Atlanta Riot virtually brought an end to the *Voice of the Negro*.

John Hope, facing the Atlanta Riot, needed all the inspiration that Harpers Ferry had given him. The emotional devastation wrought by the racial upheaval can only be compared to the physical devastation left by Sherman in his campaign of fire and pillage. And this was the basis on which Hope was forced to begin his presidency. College was to open the week after the riot. But how could any college, white or black, open under such conditions? Yet open it did, and gradually the trickle of students encouraged by the confidence and the sense of security radiated by Hope's personality increased to a stream. Before six months had passed the stream became a flood. The student body was larger than ever, and the dormitory overflowed; boys had to be housed in the city, and a new spirit of ambition surged across the campus.

Hope's friends rejoiced in the swift proof of his ability. He had

* In *Phylon*, Second Quarter, 1942.

been considerably publicized as the first Negro president to be appointed to a Baptist school. In July, 1906, the *Voice of the Negro* had had as its leading article a portrait of him written and cleverly illustrated by John Henry Adams, a Negro artist. Now news of his skillful handling of the situation following the riot was reaching his friends in the North. Henry Sharpe, his Brown classmate, wrote to Wallace Buttrick about him. Two years before, the members of the Brown class of 1894, rather remarkably foreseeing something of Hope's importance, had elected him president—an office that he retained until his death. These white contemporaries must have recognized a quality in him to which, however tardily, they felt impelled to pay tribute. Now the University decided to give him its honorary degree of master of arts at the commencement of 1907. The citation, written by President Faunce, read: "John Hope, of the class of 1894: teacher and leader of his people, who with patience, sanity and zeal is helping in the slow solution of one of the great problems of our time."

But Hope began his first year in the college presidency with other handicaps of a less obvious nature than the riot. For one thing, in accordance with the cautious Baptist Home Mission Society's custom of testing new officers, he had the title only of "Acting President." His students were acutely aware of his position. Mordecai Johnson, who was an undergraduate that year, remembers that the students got together and agreed that "there must be no untoward act of ours that will put a strain on him." Then too Dr. Morehouse, emphasizing Hope's conditional status in the letter of appointment, had rather rubbed it in: "I desire," he wrote, "to assure you of my personal esteem and my confidence in your ability to handle the work of the institution, with such suggestions and advice as President Sale may give you in connection therewith. I am sure you are thoroughly familiar with the spirit and the methods of his administration, and will endeavor to conduct the institution on essentially the same basis as that which has made it so successful in the past."

Now Hope and Sale were devoted friends; but Hope had no intention of being run by Sale, and Sale had no intention of running him. Hope accepted the "acting" presidency with his eyes open but made a polite declaration of independence: "While the offer has some limitations," he wrote, "it is my hope and the opinion of Prest. Sale that these will not seriously embarrass me in the performance of my office, the grave responsibility as well as the honor of which I realize

quite fully. I shall 'endeavor to conduct the institution on essentially the same basis' but do not construe that expression to mean that I am expected to follow the methods of others."

As soon as he took office in June, 1906, Hope began to foresee the expansion of the college. His old friend Major R. R. Moton, Commandant at Hampton Institute, visiting him in September shortly before the riot, found him full of dreams and plans for a new building. And Moton, a man of swift action, wrote straightway to Wallace Buttrick and begged him to appeal to the philanthropists Rockefeller and Carnegie in Hope's behalf. This Buttrick was only too willing to do as a personal friend of Hope and one who had been unrestrainedly enthusiastic about his appointment; but before him was a stumbling block—he could act only as secretary of the newly formed General Education Board, which had not yet ventured far upon the stony path of Negro education.

The four-year-old General Education Board had behind it an origin which had interestingly conditioned its earliest activities. Its story goes back to a day in 1882 when John D. Rockefeller, Sr., capitalist and ardent Baptist, heard Sophia Packard and Harriet Giles tell about the school for colored women which they had just founded in the dark basement of a church in Atlanta, Georgia. He turned the contents of his pockets into the collection plate and asked the women, "Are you going to stick? . . . If you do, you will hear from me again." They did stick, and two years later the Rockefeller family, with Mrs. Rockefeller's mother, Mrs. Spelman, visited Atlanta and paid off the debt on the army barracks which the school was trying to purchase. Miss Packard then suggested that the name Spelman should be given to the school. Spelman Seminary became a focal point for the Rockefellers' enthusiastic interest in Negro education.

In 1889 Rockefeller's general concern in Baptist education flowed into an important channel. The year before, Henry Morehouse, fired by the vision of spreading education across the American continent, conceived of a great society devoted solely to education. In 1889 the new American Baptist Education Society was started at Morehouse's urging. Meanwhile farseeing southerners awoke to the necessity for universal education, education for Negroes as well as whites. The outgrowth of their talks was the Southern Education Board, which was started in 1901 for the purpose of surveying and propagandizing southern education. Booker Washington became its field agent. Rockefeller and his son John, who had graduated from Brown University in 1897,

watched the growing Southern Education Board. Rockefeller now planned a board, not unlike the Baptist Education Society but without theological limitations, which would be endowed and would include such men as the southern conferences had made prominent. The General Education Board was founded in 1902, and its charter stated that its object was to be "the promotion of education within the United States of America without distinction of race, sex, or creed." Wallace Buttrick became its executive secretary, and he liked to relate that he had commenced work in a single room with only a messenger on All Fools' Day.

The minds of many of the members of the General Education Board at its beginning were chiefly turned toward education of the Tuskegee-Hampton type. Wallace Buttrick, however, held broad and progressive views as to the possibilities of full-fledged colleges for Negroes. A story is told of a conversation that took place between him and President Theodore Roosevelt at this time:

"When Theodore Roosevelt was President, he sent for Dr. Buttrick to discuss with him a speech he was to make on Negro education. The President started the discussion by saying that he was going to indorse the agricultural and industrial training for the Negro and nothing more. Dr. Buttrick suggested that it was necessary to have some place to train the teachers.

" 'Yes, of course,' said Roosevelt, 'there must be normal schools. But I stop there.'

" 'Where shall we train the teachers to serve in the normal schools?' Dr. Buttrick asked.

" 'Ah, I see,' said the President. 'Once you start in education you cannot stop.' " *

But with the weight of public opinion temporarily holding him back, Buttrick was unable to spring forward and help Hope as he wanted to do. And another obstacle came from Hope's own prophetic words regarding Atlanta's six Negro schools, words which had now been widely disseminated. These were reflected in a remark made by Buttrick in a letter to Sale: "I suppose it is the hope of the Board that some sort of cooperation may be brought about to avoid unnecessary duplication."

Meanwhile the entire question of cooperation between the schools was threshed out in Atlanta itself. Shortly after Hope became president, a meeting was held and representatives of Atlanta University,

* James Hardy Dillard in the *World's Work*, Jan. 1928.

Spelman and his own college exchanged ideas in a heated discussion. Du Bois had prepared a memorandum suggesting that Atlanta University give up its preparatory work and become a college pure and simple, and that the other two schools give up their college work and confine themselves to their preparatory departments. But, as Du Bois has related, the idea was strongly opposed, and the dean of Spelman "said crisply that if her head was going to be taken off she would prefer to bite it off herself," which probably would have expressed Hope's own feelings had he himself been given to tart commentary. So the matter was set aside, although three years later Du Bois and Hope worked out an interchange of lectures and Hope wrote his friend: "I feel downright enthusiasm over the beginning our two schools have made this year and hope that, now that we have made a start and have some slight idea of what can be accomplished, the two schools may next year do larger things." But it was to be many years before these friendly overtures would or could see real fruition.

Between 1906 and 1909 Hope deluged his friends in the North with descriptions of what he felt his college ought to become. By nature and temperament he was completely unsuited to the college president's task of money raising—he had a real antipathy for it; and yet he went about it persistently, idealizing it by his belief in the debt which the nation owed to his oppressed race. When his successive and almost pathetic appeals to the General Education Board were rejected, he sent a plea to Andrew Carnegie, although he had no high opinion of this philanthropist "with his pocketful of libraries" (as he had once described him), not only because of the racial discrimination practiced in his southern libraries but because of his publicized doubts as to the Negro's capacity for full citizenship. He tried now to interest Carnegie in the spirit of community service which he had been trying to instill into the college. Seemingly his efforts brought no results. Finally in desperation and, no doubt, through the intervention of his friend Moton, he turned to Booker Washington, to whom all the channels of northern philanthropy were at that time open. Then, as if by magic, things began to happen. Carnegie made a gift; the General Education Board made a gift; the society in New York voted a large sum, and the future of a new building, Sale Hall as it was to be called, was assured.

In bringing about this culmination Hope subjected himself to satiric comment from his Atlanta circle. Du Bois in particular, having a natural vein of mockery, found him an irresistible target. Hope took

this very seriously and wrote to his friend from Providence on January 17, 1910, revealing great anxiety lest their friendship had suffered a breach: "I frankly confess that you people at Matthew's home some nights ago let me down much more easily than I could have expected, much more easily than I probably would have let another down, if I had had quite so good a joke with so much fact behind the joke as you folks had on me. I have often taken and given 'roasts' and felt, therefore, as I say, quite cheerful that it was so light for me—not a scorching, just a comfortable warm brown.

"However, as I thought afterwards of what had been said, as I knew the attitude of many, if not all there, it occurred to me wherein the ideas of any might be erroneous, it would still not be worth my while to clear up anything. Moreover I have been misunderstood, seriously misinterpreted, even in public print several times in my life and have never made an explanation. Nor should I now depart from my course. And yet I did know that their ideas about me were erroneous, and there was one to whom I possibly owed an explanation, though I regretted even to imagine that he might believe some things that his perfectly pleasant joking implied. Du Bois was the one man to whom I thought I might owe an explanation. Why to Du Bois? Because I have followed him; believed in him; tried even, where he was not understood, to interpret him and show that he is right; because I have been loyal to him and his propaganda—not blatantly so, but, I think, really loyal; and because, in spite of appearances, I am just as truly as ever a disciple of the teachings of Du Bois regarding Negro freedom.

"It is also true that through the kindness of Mr. Booker Washington I was enabled to secure a conditional offer of ten thousand dollars from Mr. Andrew Carnegie. I may here say that I have credit for more good scheming than I deserve. Without any effort on my part, a friend of the school first approached Mr. Washington and pointed a way to me which seemed, and still seems, to me perfectly honorable and so generous as to have called for selfishness on my part not to accept on behalf of a school that needed the assistance and ought to be helped rather than hampered by its president. All of this I carefully thought over and—naïve as it may appear to you—prayed over. Then without any persuasion or pressure from any one I went frankly to Mr. Washington; told of what I heard; told him my purpose for the school and that larger facilities would mean better opportunity for carrying on the work of the school as it now is without

any change in its educational policy and ideals. After hearing this, he was quite as willing to help and did so.

"Now, Du Bois, I expect to be criticised, perhaps publicly; would be surprised if so great a flop, flop as it seems, should go unnoticed and unknocked. I should not wonder that from your position you would have to knock quite savagely. All this and more I expect, would be surprised if I did not get, but would not lift my finger to avert.

"Then why write you all this? My impression is that friendship—not acquaintanceship or perfunctory intercourse but real friendship—is based not so much on agreement in opinions and policies and methods but upon downright confidence, upon simple faith, no matter what the views or appearances. You and I for nearly ten years have been friends, at least I have fancied so. I write to ask, no matter whether you doubt the wisdom or resent my action, are we friends?

"You may remember that, in the early and bitterly misunderstood efforts of the Niagara Movement, I was the only college president that ventured to attend the Harpers Ferry meeting to take part in its deliberations. You may remember, too, that while some may have answered the call to that seemingly radical meeting in New York last May, I was the only president, colored or white, of our colleges that took part in the deliberations of that meeting. I cite this to show that I have dared to live up to my views even when they threw me in the midst of the most radical. Furthermore, every man on our faculty does the same and will as long as I am head of the institution.

"But, Du Bois, may there not be a tyranny of views? Have we not required such severe alignments that it has been sometimes as much a lack of courage as a mark of courage to stand either with Du Bois or Washington to the absolute exclusion of one or the other in any sort of intercourse? I confess that it is unpleasant to be charged with apostasy even in joke when one is not truly apostate. But the unpleasant feature in my case finds full compensation in the certainty of my courage to do what I regard as right. There is a feeling of emancipation that a man of genius cannot quite know or appreciate. You go unfalteringly, almost unthinkingly, to a conclusion that has back of it indisputable logic. The opposing views of other men do not so much concern you in your thinking because you have hardly needed them in your equation. That is genius, I am a plodder. My even petty thinking calls for great travail of mind and spirit; and, in the process, I carry along most hospitably all opposing views with which I am acquainted. I am plodding, canny. You go on the wings, and are

daring. Yet we can both follow truth and be loyal to it and to each other.

"Now, I have not known Washington long, but what I know of him in my personal relations is perfectly pleasant and generous. If I should find out later otherwise, I suppose I would express it as simply and with as little vehemence as I am now, writing. I am glad that as a man interested in education I can associate properly with another man who is interested in education yet from a different angle as Washington is. . . .

"I write to ask you whether you have me in your heart—not on your calling list or your mailing list but in your heart—on your list of friends. I am asking this question fearlessly as a strong man would ask his chieftain. I will receive the answer just as fearlessly. And however it may be, I shall be loyal to my chieftain still. This letter is absolutely personal and I should feel hurt ever to have it mentioned or quoted except between you and me. It comes too much out of my heart. It is no apology to anybody. It is an explanation carrying a question to you. It is a letter from a man to a man between whom a friendship has developed based on mutual interests in a race that we love and are working for. I want that friendship to last. If it does, we shall do even more than we have ever done. Why should it not last?"

A few days later, on January 22nd, Du Bois responded with the following letter:

"You must not think that I have not known and appreciated your friendship for me or that I ever have doubted or doubt now your loyalty to the principles which we both so sincerely believe. If I thought even that you were going back on those principles, my friendship is not of so slight a texture that I would easily give you up. Of course I am sorry to see you or anyone in Washington's net. It's a dangerous place, old man, and you must keep your eye open. At the same time under the circumstances I must say frankly I do not see any other course of action before you but the one you took. In your position of responsibility your institution must stand foremost in your thought. One thing alone you must not, however, forget: Washington stands for Negro submission and slavery. Representing that, with unlimited funds, he can afford to be broad and generous and most of us must accept the generosity or starve. Having accepted it we are peculiarly placed and in a sense tongue-tied and bound. I may have to place myself in that position yet, but, by God, I'll fight hard before I do it.

"I know, however, that you, my friend, are going to do the right as you see it, and I'm too sensible of my own shortcomings and mistakes to undertake to guide you. As I have said, so far, you have done what you had to do under the circumstances. I only trust that the pound of flesh demanded in return will not be vital. I thank you with greater feeling than I dare express for your kind letter."

The friendship between Hope and Du Bois, thus given the acid test, was lifelong and unchanging. Hope did contribute to Tuskegee Institute, as he did to many other organizations, out of his own ill supplied pocket—his salary for years was only \$1,500—but even Du Bois could scarcely have called this voluntary "pound of flesh" a vital one. Their friendship not only was tested but also stood the strain of geographical separation which soon took place when Du Bois left Atlanta for New York, there to join the new National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and edit the *Crisis*.

This move on Du Bois' part was one in which Hope's own emotions and expectations were deeply enlisted. The year before, there had taken place that most incredible of all incidents in the nation's list of incredible incidents, a race riot in the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. William English Walling, Oswald Garrison Villard, and other northern liberals then gave an intellectual call to arms to all those concerned in the safety and future of the nation. An indignation meeting was held in May, 1909, and Hope was, as he has said, the only college president, white or colored, to be present. Following that meeting the N.A.A.C.P. was formed, and into it Du Bois felt impelled to merge his own Niagara Movement. When he was asked to become its director of publications and research, "I did not hesitate because I could not. It was the voice without reply."

Volumes would be necessary, and volumes have in fact been written, to set forth what the Association has accomplished during the succeeding years to further the Negro's still unattained emancipation. The *Crisis* itself was an act of faith. Was there an audience, a waiting subscription list, for a publication chronicling the progress of the colored race in general that would adhere strictly to the point of view of its editor, opposing always the more popular beliefs of Booker Washington and his followers? But the time was ripe. Events fully justified the founding of the *Crisis*, which was successful from the start and still lives.

With Du Bois gone, Hope depended to a greater extent upon his own professors for companionship as well as sympathy toward his

ideas. First among these were two contrasting personalities who contrasted equally with Hope himself—Benjamin Brawley and Samuel Howard Archer. Archer was tall, dark, athletic, with a booming voice, a hearty laugh, and a mathematical mind. The lighter Brawley was slender, with elaborate manners and fine if somewhat overscholarly talent as a writer of essays and history. Archer was a graduate of Colgate University. Brawley had graduated from A.B.C. while Hope was still a professor, and received his master's degree from Harvard. Both men were already teaching when Hope was made president. Eager to draw other men of brilliance he added to the faculty in the next few years Matthew Bullock, recently graduated from Harvard Law School; Clement Richardson, another Harvard man; William J. Bauduit, a graduate of the University of Chicago; and Zachary Hubert, a graduate of A.B.C. and the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Possibly his closest relations on the faculty were with John Brown Watson, a graduate of Brown; their friendship was tender and endured after Watson branched out into another field in Atlanta.

Another figure on the campus was W. T. Courtney, a Hampton graduate who became superintendent of buildings and grounds at Spelman and was relied upon by Hope in all questions of construction and planning. Courtney, too, played an important part in the education of Edward Hope. When Edward was five his parents would bring him with them to a service in the Spelman Chapel on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Afterwards, Edward, unsupervised for the moment, would wander down to the power plant with its big engine and the huge wheel going 'round. He was fascinated by the wheel. Courtney, inside the powerhouse, would try to coax him to come nearer, but the little boy was very shy and would run away. After a while he lost his shyness and was always coming down to the powerhouse. At eight he wanted to go to work for Courtney, astonishing his father—to him it was like hatching a duckling instead of the expected chick. Later Courtney, working on the pipes on the campus, let Edward be "water boy." Coming from home fresh and clean, he would be covered with mud by the end of the day—the dirtier he was, the happier. His persistence impressed his father. Year after year he worked on the campuses, and finally Massachusetts Institute of Technology gave him credits for the work he had done under Courtney in Atlanta. And thus was James Hope unexpectedly recapitulated in his grandson.

Edward was in every way a happy, unspoiled little boy, almost un-

aware of the race problem and the difficulties that lay ahead for a Negro engineer. He and little Margaret Sale could not understand why their parents did not allow them to go together to her white Sunday school, as she had gone to his.

It is a sad hour, as John Hope often said, when the little Negro boy says to his father, "Father, I'm going to be an engineer when I grow up." Yet there is an answer. "Son, if you do, you must be an awfully good engineer." But it is a bitter hour when the child says, "Father, I'm going to be President of the United States." For that assertion the answer is silence.

During the early years of his presidency, Hope kept the close relationships with his students that he had had as professor. He was no withdrawn academic administrator but a warmly loved leader. Not that his relation to the boys was ever a sentimental one. He had a quick temper, shown usually to the group rather than to the individual, and his irony on occasion could be crushing. He continued to teach, but was forced to relinquish his favorite classics in order to cover the more abstruse fields of logic and psychology and ethics for which he had no other teacher. Yet he was at home in the field of speculation and, no matter what he taught, his real subject was always the art of living.

He was interested, too, in the students as potential citizens of the world and made continuous efforts to bring to the college youngsters from Africa and South America as well as the more distant of the United States. If he had any regional partiality, it was, of course, for the boys from his own native state of Georgia and among these, in those early years, the boys of the Hubert family became the most remarkable fact and symbol. In the year 1908-1909 no fewer than eleven Huberts were either studying or teaching in the college, and in the entire history of the school seventeen members of this history-making family have studied there. In addition, the girls of the Hubert family have studied at Spelman.

The story of the Huberts began in slavery times when Paul was the leader among the slaves of Warren County, Georgia. After Emancipation, Paul's son Zachary and his two brothers decided to purchase their own land and, finding no one in the county would sell to them, crossed the river into Hancock County and bought 165 acres from an attorney of Sparta. Hardly had the brothers built their log cabin when they went to work on a brush arbor church and a log school. "The fact that these three boys had bought and paid for

165 acres of land was heralded to all parts of Hancock and the adjoining counties." * All twelve of Zack Hubert's children—both boys and girls—found their way to college and notable careers, and most of their cousins were equally ambitious and accomplished. One of the cousins, Charles D. Hubert, boasted in later years to his friend Hope about the great people that had come out of Hancock County. "Ah, Mr. Hubert," said Hope, rather mysteriously, "my grandmother used to tell about Sparta." He made no explanation, and Hubert was puzzled.

But the great event of the year 1909 was not the presence of eleven Huberts, but the arrival on Christmas Day in the president's house of a new baby, John Hope, Jr. John Hope had always wanted a daughter, but it seems especially fitting that an enthusiastic educator of boys should have had two sons of his own with whom to prove his theories.

Life in the president's residence was a refreshing change after the cramped existence in a college dormitory. The Hopes enjoyed arranging their own house, and John put zest into the marketing habits which he retained from boyhood. They both enjoyed, too, the privacy which they had never known before, though this might be interrupted at any moment by students or guests on the doorstep. A Negro college president could never call his home his own, for then as now most hotels and other lodging places implacably closed their doors against colored travelers. The Hope house was always filled. Sometimes a dozen people, two or three carloads, often complete strangers, would present themselves the same day at their door. On one such occasion Hope meant to say, "Now this is an unexpected pleasure," and found himself saying, "Now this is an unpleasant surprise."

But actually John Hope, like his father before him, was a lover of good fellowship. Du Bois, too, was a convivial spirit. At Du Bois' arrival in Atlanta, there had been a professorial club that met once a month and read papers. It was too serious to suit his taste, and when elected president he let it die and started the Monday Club, which lasted many decades. This met once a month on a Monday night and aimed at good eating and good conversation. Its members were the Negro intellectuals of Atlanta, and though they "sat on speech-making" they had a chance to let off steam. Du Bois testifies that the club helped to keep them from overwhelming cynicism and bitterness.

After a few years in Atlanta, John Hope, a member of the Monday

* E. Franklin Frazier, *The Negro Family in the United States*. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1939.

Club, was moved to start a club of a different sort. Reaching out to get acquainted with his off-campus neighbors, he started the Twelve Club a few months before the riot. This consisted of twelve members, "no more—no less." The initiation fee was one cent, and the monthly dues one cent. The members put on supper parties in their own homes and each would try to outdo the others with good things. Once, however, a joker served pork and cabbage and "chitlins." The Twelve Club was completely nonacademic. Its members at one time or another included a butcher, an insurance agent, a mail carrier, a shoemaker, and several doctors.

Hope, though a typical professional man, had friends in all walks of life. A favorite haunt of his was the Silver Moon Barber Shop, of his old friend Alec Harvey. Harvey, who lays claim to being the "first and last man to move a razor over Mr. Hope's face in Atlanta," relates: "When he came to me the first time, he said: 'Don't get nervous. I know you won't do it right the first time.'"

At any time of day Hope might remark, "Well, I'm going down to Harvey's and get the dirt!"

He was fond, too, of teasing Harvey, as he teased almost everyone he knew well. Sitting at ease in the barber chair, enjoying himself, he would say: "What makes you take so long, Harvey? I've just one head, and it's a small one."

One time, returning from New York, he dropped into the shop to remark: "Look here, Harvey. I've brought you a New York haircut. Thought you'd like to see the latest style."

Yet another time, when John, Jr., was growing up, Hope brought him in and said: "Good morning, Harvey. John and I have come to see you. Edward is going to bring our dinner, and then my wife will bring our supper."

"What are you going to get, Mr. Hope?"

"Just a haircut for me and John."

Apropos of Hope's small head, Dr. Charles D. Hubert liked to tell about the time when a friend tried to get a rise out of him with the remark: "Hope, you have a small head. Why not a large head?"

"Well," said Hope, dryly, "some of these people who think they've got large heads only have thick skulls."

Pleasant as his personal life was at this time, the passing years finally brought Hope a great sadness. In the fall of 1911, George Sale, who still lived with his family in Atlanta though his work took him

traveling far afield, fell dangerously ill. On November 25th Hope wrote to Morehouse: "The illness of Dr. Sale comes so close to me personally that I will not attempt to write about it." On January 27th, a few days after Sale's death, he wrote again: "The services yesterday in Sale Hall at 11:00 were dignified, beautiful, and fitting. I am not quite in a condition to describe it today." In George Sale, he lost a champion. Although he was always a thoroughly independent man, he responded eagerly to other people's faith in him.

Another somber event of that spring deeply touched all the Hope family. Judson Lyons, married to John's sister Jane, had been practicing law in Washington ever since his eight-year term as Register of the United States Treasury. Early in the spring Major Archibald Butt, a favorite son of Augusta, and at that time aide to President Taft, asked Lyons to meet him to discuss a private matter. Responding to this, Lyons found that Butt was in a position to perform for him a most valuable political service, and that he intended to put it through. "The matter is not quite ripe yet," he said, "but it will be in a month or six weeks. I am going abroad tomorrow for a month, and when I return you shall hear from me."

Lyons expressed his appreciation and thanks, to which Butt replied by saying that Lyons had been of great service to him and to the party "and, in addition," he said as they parted, "you know, of course, that your wife and I are related." "Yes, I know," Lyons replied.

Butt sailed on the following day. A month later, he took return passage on the *Titanic*. His body was never found.

That same spring brought Hope a new and admiring friend. This was Alain Locke, a charming and sophisticated young colored graduate of Harvard, newly returned from his year abroad as a Rhodes Scholar. Booker Washington had secured Locke to make one of the many "good-will" tours through the South which Tuskegee had sponsored. Returning North by way of Atlanta, Locke wanted to see "the other side of the picture"—that is, the liberal arts colleges which were opposing Washington. At Atlanta University, he recalls, "I was persona non grata, but John Hope let me stay at his college for ten days. He was very kind to me, realizing the psychological predicament I was in. He felt that B. T. W.'s party was the wrong camp, but that I had been tricked by its blandishments. Du Bois and Villard had antagonized me, but John Hope reconciled me to their point of view." Locke's own belief was that Washington "had sides that the

public could not see and understand," and that his motives were always impeccable.

For Hope, Locke formed a real attachment during this visit. "A puritanical aristocrat and one of the few great schoolmasters," he now calls him, dwelling on his honesty in scholarship, his personal contacts with students, and his custom of exhaustively investigating every teacher before he brought him to the college. But when Locke says, by no mean critically, that Hope was a formalist in education believing in the "old New England collegiate tradition," he merely means that Hope followed the highest ideals of the period as to what a college should be, whereas Tuskegee was, of course, in quite another class. "His care for detail was phenomenal," Locke says, but contradicts with emphasis the statement sometimes made that Hope was a "dictator." Saying that Hope was sometimes misunderstood because of his "rather cool exterior" and because of his never talking about himself, he adds, "I admired him for that." Hope's casual remark, in later years, that he had visited relatives in Scotland was a revelation to Locke. His Scotch descent seemed to explain his reserved temperament and his dry sense of humor.

Locke wrote some weeks after his visit, on April 1, 1912: "Believe me, Mr. Hope, it will take me months to audit my indebtedness to you. . . . Rarely have I enjoyed such fine and cordial hospitality. It was just human, and if you know—as I think you do—just what a slow and conscious process it has been for me to get humanized, you know just how much your acquaintance and friendship have meant for me. I almost believe that a man can live within the race problem and remain human, whereas my whole preconception had been that it was best for the man and the work for him to become a monster of a demagogue or else a Machiavellian cynic. I was going to say I shall try to remain human. I should say I shall try to become human."

Two weeks later, he wrote again. He had been in New York and had seen "as much as I could of Dr. Du Bois—and found the other side. I was delighted—until the third time I saw him he suddenly launched into a philippic against Washington. I made no comment, but really he ranted like a sibyl and prophesied the direst consequences." With Hope, as intense as Du Bois but less mordant, he felt himself to be on easier terms.

In this same spring, Hope received a letter from another admirer—the mentor of his boyhood, John Dart. It is interesting to note the lowly and respectful tone of the letter of May 10th, 1912, in which

Dart, from Charleston, South Carolina, addresses Hope as "Dear Sir and Bro." and asks advice as to a good preparatory school for his son Willie, who wishes to go to "Brown or some other good college." In particular he asks for the name of the principal of Worcester Academy.

It was just twenty-six years since the minister had demanded of a certain youth in Augusta, "John, why don't you go to school?"

Chapter X

LANGHOLM AND ROME

THE FRUIT OF DREAMS," says the Nubian sage, "ripens best in the garden of middle age." At forty-four in 1912, John Hope was to verify this. He was to see his earliest dreams come true. He was at last to see Scotland as he had seen it in vision, listening at his father's knee. He was to see England, which had fed his mind in later childhood, the England of Dickens with whose spirit his own was knit in kinship; the England, too, of his boyhood's Rugby and Cambridge where Milton had mused and Wordsworth and Tennyson. The birthplace, too, of half his classic training was to appear before his eyes: he was to see Rome and bring to her visible fabric her invisible one, long cherished in his mind, her more enduring city.

The journey was planned at the suggestion of Samuel Priestley Smith, an Englishman who, visiting Georgia the year before, had had what he considered a memorable experience in meeting John Hope. The two men became good friends, and Smith refused to leave Atlanta without the promise of a return visit. He urged Hope to come in the summer of 1911, but that proved impossible. Now in the spring of 1912 Smith's pleas were redoubled; and, as he was an influential Baptist preacher in his native Yorkshire, he was able to assure Hope of opportunities to lecture that would more than cover his expenses. He wrote, with considerable perspicacity, "Above all, the freedom from all racial feeling will put new life into you." This certainly was a dominant aspect in Hope's intense enjoyment of this first trip abroad. Once on board ship, he found a different air; and when he set foot on England he was in every sense a free human being, for the first time since his father's death.

S. P. Smith's invitation included not only Hope but one of his associates in Atlanta, E. R. Carter, pastor of his church and secretary of the board of trustees of the college. Carter was a contemporary of Madison Newton, and his career reflected in miniature the life of

aspiring Negroes following Emancipation. Born a slave, he had had no chance for schooling until after the war. When finally, with great struggle, he reached the Atlanta Baptist Seminary, he "lived on ginger snaps and cheese and slept in a piano box using his overcoat for covering." Rising at four A.M., he worked and studied seventeen hours a day. After "Father" Quarles' death, he stepped easily into his pastorate, which he held for sixty years. He was a dark spare man and in later life almost a replica of Mohandas Gandhi. When Smith's invitation came he was already a seasoned traveler, having visited England twice, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Carter and Hope decided to give variety to their joint pilgrimage by crossing on different ships but agreed to meet in Leeds at the home of their English host. Hope made his way alone to New York and was given a farewell banquet by the well travelled Du Bois. On board the *Lusitania* on May 29th, he wrote to his wife: "Last night Du Bois gave a swell course dinner in my honor. He had Rosamond Johnson, Haynes, and John Brown who graduated in Tom Hope's class. The five of us ate until even Du Bois had enough. They told me all about the sinking of the *Titanic*, all about seasickness in its most horrid forms, and then bade me goodbye at the place where we had dinner, not going to the boat with me!"

Hope's equanimity was not disturbed. His saturnine humor was just as much pleased when a situation was turned upon himself. But there can scarcely have been another passenger on the *Lusitania* whose imagination responded more abundantly to the promise of the voyage. He had loved the sea since his first summer at Watch Hill. He now discovered that he was a good sailor. The ship's motion, even when most violent, was congenial to him. He would have been happy if he had been the only passenger on board, but he found pleasure and interest also in his fellow travelers. In his second letter to his wife he related:

"It is rather interesting how your husband 'bumps into trouble' as you would say. There is aboard a native African of distinction. He is a clergyman and missionary. He and I have had several conversations. This morning he, a Japanese, and I were talking together. I finally broached my hobby as to how Africans and other foreigners should be treated in American schools, not as freaks or paupers but just like other people. He finally asked me to take one of the boys out of his school. I consented. There is the trouble into which I have thrust myself. There is, however, another way to look at it—an opportunity. . . .

You may be interested to know that this boat is drawing no color lines. I noticed this man sitting at a table full of people. I was delighted to see that. However, he is, as I have said, an unusual man, a British subject, a distinguished missionary and a F.R.G.S."

Hope, devoted as he was to tramping the deck and observing the passengers, also explored the bowels of the huge ship, doubtless in the interest of ten-year-old Edward, who already knew that he wished to be an engineer. On May 30th, in mid-ocean, he wrote his young son a characteristic letter in which tenderness and irrepressible desire to teach are charmingly blended: "Every time I look about this ship with its wonderful workings, I think of you because I know it would mean more to you than to me as you are such an engineer. Mr. Courtney may think he has a coal bill on his hands, but this ship burns eleven hundred tons a day. You can see why ships keep in the iceberg fields at a risk. Every hour saved means a cutting down of the coal bill and the food bill. You know the ship has a crew of about seven hundred men and is carrying in the neighborhood of two thousand passengers. . . . Now since the *Titanic* went down this ship is going so much more southerly that the trip is two days longer than it otherwise would be. . . . But let me tell you a little more about the firing. Every seven minutes a bell rings, and when that bell rings every stoker on duty fires his boiler. A large carload of coal is consumed every hour. Each gang of stokers works four hours; then they rest eight hours and work four hours more. That makes every man fire boilers eight hours a day. These boilers are located several stories below deck. But funnels and electric fans make it fairly endurable for the men. A stoker's pay is £6 or \$30 a month; and he actually works eighteen days in each month. You see he has twelve days lay-off in the thirty-day month. Now I suppose I have told you enough."

The next day he added: "We traveled 562 nautical miles yesterday. I believe the sea mile is equal to $1\frac{1}{8}$ land miles. Calculate and see how many land miles we went. Just after lunch today the ship came to its farthest point southeast and made as nice and clean a turn to the northeast as if a stake had been stuck up in the ocean by which it might turn accurately. . . . I could make myself quite contented a week longer, I think. Yet there is a feeling of wanting to see the other side. Whether on sea or land we are always being pushed or pulled by some desire. The lazy savage wanted something, else the entire world would be still savage. . . . It is the push and pull of our desires that gets us to places. Take yourself, you could be

playing baseball all day long during your summer vacation, but you want to be an engineer, so you are working all day in the grime and grease. You think you are working for a dollar a week, but you aren't. You are working for an engineer, and when you get him his name will be Edward Swain Hope. Maybe you will take your old white-haired daddy in your ship some day. Maybe it won't be a ship but a train or an airship. Maybe it will be a machine shop. Maybe it will be a mine that you will be bossing. We don't know just what, but we know that you will finally get your pay, and it will not be the dollar a day or the \$100 a week but Edward Swain Hope, Engineer."

The absent father anxiously brooded over his children not only when he was awake but in his dreams. The night before landing he wrote to his wife: "Genie, I dreamed this afternoon that I came home and picked up John to kiss him, and the little fellow's face was so dirty I could not find a clean spot. I put my arms about Edward and hugged him, but noticed he said almost nothing but went away. I hunted for him and found him lying on the bed sobbing as if his heart would break. I said, 'What's the matter, old man?' He said, 'I have decided just to "make it" by myself because nobody pays attention to me.' You cannot imagine how that dream affected me. Genie, love the little fellow, commune with him, find out his troubles. Don't be afraid of making a baby out of him. You can't do that now. But warm him with a mother's love and never let him feel that you do not pay any attention to him."

Landing at Liverpool, Hope went immediately to Leeds, which was to be his headquarters throughout his three months' stay abroad. He was welcomed as one of the family at 59 Woodhouse Lane by S. Priestley Smith and his warm-hearted household. With Mr. Smith and the Carters, who had arrived in England some time before, Hope then began a round of visits and sight-seeing. On July 5th he wrote: "This afternoon we visited the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey where the monks settled in 1152 A.D. It was with something of awe that I stood amid those majestic ruins and felt the human significance of it all." But the gentle Mr. Smith, who, as his letters indicated, had hoped to confine his guest's interest chiefly to Yorkshire, found him impatient to absorb the rest of England. Five days later Hope was in London. The following day he went to Cambridge to see his old friend Hazeltine and wrote on a postcard picturing a bridge across the river Cam, "Cambridge is probably the most beautiful place I have seen." Then

he hastened back to London to continue his acquaintance with the city that was, of course, another peak in his English experiences. With the instinct of the natural traveler, he made his viewing of London an intimate, almost casual process. From the Charterhouse Hotel he reported to his wife: "I am seeing intensively rather than extensively. Of course I have seen many of the places that tourists usually see . . . but you might see all these and not get the pulse of London or a feeling of Old London. Tonight I took supper within twenty-five yards of the Old Bailey where they used to have the hangings. . . . Swinging around, a half-minute's walk is the old Cock-pit Lane and near by is the place where John Bunyan died. . . . I went to church this morning back in a court several gates removed from the street. It was the place where Thackeray went to school and went to church as a boy. I walked about two miles among the Jews in East End London this evening after having taken tea at the other extreme of London in one of the most artist-thronged sections. I had been invited to the home of Miss Ira Aldridge, the daughter of Ira Aldridge the distinguished [Negro] tragedian, now deceased. The daughters are accomplished singers and have fine entree among the artists of London." And he did not fail to go to a play in which Sir Charles Wyndham, the famous actor-manager, was appearing.

It was, no doubt, with some reluctance that Hope returned to historic but less picturesque Yorkshire to fulfill his lecture engagements. But he soon varied his routine with a trip to Rugby which intensely interested him. Although his own preparatory training under D. W. Abercrombie had been extremely democratic, Hope felt considerable curiosity about the "public school" traditions which had produced many of England's statesmen. He wrote to his wife afterwards:

"Tuesday morning I went to Rugby. I had a letter of introduction to one of the masters. He had me to lunch with him and his wife in one of the dining rooms. He is at the head of one of the School's houses. Each house has a group of boys, dormitories and messhall. It was interesting to see the boys seated there with their short black jackets and wide white collars. After lunch we went to one of the sitting rooms and he, his wife, one of the senior boys, and I had coffee. I was of course invited to smoke but refused. Smoking is so universal that I look odd refusing a smoke, but I do refuse. After a while the boy and I went about the grounds and buildings, and for about three hours he and I saw Rugby. It gives a fellow a funny feel-

ing to see for the first time something that he has all his life long wanted to see. . . . Here was Rugby sure enough. As is always the case with me, the realization was a quiet one. I wish on such occasions I might burst out. I feel, but it is away inside. The old town is somewhat interesting, the school very much so. The 'public' school, as Rugby, Eton, and Harrow are called, is an institution with its traditions and ideals that are quite as persistent as the University. These schools, the 'public' school and the university, really make ruling England to an extent that we do not quite realize in America. I must talk about Rugby and Cambridge when I return. There is much in both schools that I should not want at our school, but there is very much that we need. Tell Edward that fagging still goes on, and that the eighteen-year-old 'sixth form' boy who showed me around has three boys who are his fags. They clean his room and do his errands and, if one of these boys should refuse to do as ordered, this boy has the right to cane him. I asked the boy whether he ever caned any of the boys. He said, 'Oh, yes.' But he said it in no boastful way but modestly and offhand as if he were only doing the right and ordinary thing. This fagging system certainly has the merit of teaching gradation and respect for authority. The boys are made to get their lessons, and for failure to do so they are punished not only by masters but by students. It is a serious atmosphere that we might well wish our boys to have and I think A.B.C. might emulate Rugby in some ways."

Perhaps it was the athletic prowess of the Rugby boys that led him to speak in the same letter, solicitously as always, of his own boys' development:

"I am so thoroughly delighted to know that you are playing tennis with Edward. He certainly needs some play after his day's work. Then too, he is made for tennis. If he learns in these young years to handle himself on the court, he may be a fine tennis player by the time he is eighteen or twenty years of age. . . . But there is another reason why I am glad you are playing with him, and that is that you and I have rather neglected Edward in our efforts for others. You with the neighborhood and I with the college have lost much from our home in two ways—by being away from the home; by thinking of outside matters during the hours that we have spent in the home. Now, Genie, I don't want you to misunderstand me. . . . I am simply emphasizing that we must not forget Edward and John; and that we must not give them the poorest of ourselves, the tired fag end, but we must give them the best we have."

Throughout these first weeks of his sojourn in England, Hope had one realization that was a constant undercurrent to his other thoughts—his nearness to the Scottish border. And now, early in July, he journeyed not, as might have been supposed, to Langholm but to Edinburgh. It was as if he were approaching a treasure and, childlike, could not bear to have it revealed too soon. He must first view the lay of the land from the height of Arthur's Seat before descending into the dales of his forefathers. Perhaps, too, he was a little shy of the emotional impact of Langholm and Dumfriesshire upon him and so saved them to be, as they were, the climax of his summer.

Meanwhile he followed his urge to go to Edinburgh; and it is surely quite natural that Scottish history should have excited him more than any other, and that he should have responded with such affectionate partiality to the look of the city itself.

"This town has taken hold of me," he wrote to Edward on July 7th—without mentioning the boy's own Scottish blood or any ground for Edward's possible interest in Scottish character. "This is a city full of history. I think it more fully expresses Scotland than London does England, though it is a much smaller and poorer city. I think I have never seen so many children and babies in proportion to the grown-ups as I have seen here. And the little things are up and playing before six o'clock in the morning. Now that is not surprising, but they are playing until eleven o'clock at night. Perhaps it is the influence of the long day, just now. . . . These Scots boys and girls I think are more quick-witted and intellectual than the English little folk. These are the dirtiest, sharpest, and most expressive children I have met since I left New York. . . . Such poverty I have seen; but the strangest thing is that almost every child is handsomely healthy and appears unconcerned and happy in the midst of awful drunkenness and squalor. . . .

"I shall have much to say about this place when I get back. But this much is evident: the church and the school are the great powers that make Scotland great in spite of the awful ravages of poverty and strong drink. When I heard the preacher this morning pray for 'all institutions of learning and especially the University of this city,' I realized the almost holy sanction given to learning. Suppose the colored boys all over Georgia should hear every Sunday morning at church a prayer for 'all institutions of learning and especially Atlanta Baptist College,' what an influence that prayer would have! Now I think the Scottish boy hears prayers for learning every Sunday. These little Scots boys look very jaunty and mannish in their Scots kilts

and bare legs. That is the most dressed-up dressing a little Scots boy can have. It means something to them as they see the soldiers every day dressed in this Highland costume. I saw an entire regiment of Scots in kilts yesterday afternoon; and instead of drum-corps was the corps of bagpipes and fifers. The effect was brilliant.

"Now, little boy, I must close, although I could write for another hour. This town has taken hold of me, and I could express myself. You must read Scottish history. It is bloody, but it is so romantic that it seems more like fiction than fact. I think of Mary Queen of Scots and all the stirring history of her time. I was in her palace yesterday, her bedroom and dressing room as well as supper room from which one of her favorites, Rizzio, was dragged mortally wounded. I was in the tower where Argyll was a prisoner. I passed along a street once the dwelling place of great men and women. Now the miserable poor people are occupying these houses, some houses very old, four and five hundred years old. But I must stop."

On his return from Scotland, Hope went to Manchester for the closing meetings of the year at Manchester Baptist College. Here again thoughts of his family's history were renewed, Manchester being, as he wrote to his wife, "the greatest cotton center of the world." This phrase may not have meant much to the recipient of the letter; but to the writer it cannot have failed to mean a good deal. Cotton: the primary interest of Matthew Hope, which led his son James to Georgia and to success there. Cotton: the very symbol of the old American South.

Eager to pack all that he might into his summer's journey, Hope left England for the Continent on July 16th. Paris, later a favorite city of his, is barely mentioned on this first trip; his goal was Italy and the Rome of Caesar and Cicero. From Genoa he wrote that he found "Italy as much stranger than France and Switzerland as they were stranger than England." On the 25th of July he was able to exclaim, in a letter to his wife, "I am in Rome!" He tells her that he "got here at sunset, winding up the ride by passing along the ancient walls of Rome and landing my foot on Roman soil at the 'Stazione di Termini.'"

"Think of it," he solemnly repeats, "I am in Rome."

His hunger to test with his own vision the scenes that he had brooded on for decades, that, in his Atlanta classroom this fervent Latinist had over and over described to his students—was inordinate.

He could not let a day pass for mere surface impressions. Twenty-four hours after his arrival he wrote this astonishing record of what he had seen and made a permanent part of himself in a single day, with guidebook meticulousness for the benefit of his small boy: "Your father has seen much today. St. Peter's church; the tomb of Hadrian; the forum (with a careful look at the ruins and the several arches); the Colosseum that held some days 50,000, others 70,000 people; the Appian Way with its ruins of monuments and baths; the Catacombs; a broad view of the Campagna with its ruins of aqueducts, villas, racecourses, the Alban, Sabine and Apennine Mountains in the distance; the Church of St. Sebastian; the St. Peter's 'Quo Vadis' church; the Church of St. Peter in Chains; the House of Lucretia Borgia; to say nothing of many places in passing. Then I find now that I have omitted to mention the Capitoline Gallery where I saw the Dying Gaul (sometimes called the Dying Gladiator); the Marble Faun which Hawthorne mentions in his story by that name; one of four or five celebrated statues of Venus; the huge statues of Castor and Pollux—well, I shall stop. Your mother will be glad to know that I saw the famous statue of Moses by Michel Angelo. But of the buildings that I have seen today I am sure the two that stand out in my mind are the great Cathedral of St. Peter, and the Colosseum, or, better named, Flavian Amphitheatre. I did not know until today that it took only about six years to build that immense structure, and that the work was done by thousands of Jewish captives brought by Titus from Jerusalem after the captivity and destruction of Jerusalem. On the Arch of Titus I saw that procession carrying the seven candlesticks, pictures of which you have seen in your Sunday school lessons and about which you and I once talked. You will recall that I then said that we knew how the candlestick of the Temple at Jerusalem looked because of this decoration on the Arch of Titus."

Later in the day, the passion for antiquity which never abandoned him, relaxed and he began to contemplate modern Rome: "Rome is a happy, hot, busy, sunny city. The people seem light-hearted and happy. Today is Sunday and a day of rest with them. They are all happy with their wine, but I have seen no drunkenness, so different from London, Edinburgh, or Atlanta, for instance."

Remote as he now felt himself to be from America and its prejudices, his own race was never far from John Hope's thoughts. At the close of his Italian trip he wrote to Mrs. Hope on August 5th from the Grand Hotel Royal in Milan: "Well, I am glad that I remained

over a night longer in Venice. . . . As I sat outdoors in the evening at a restaurant slowly taking a table d'hôte dinner and watching this transformation from day to night, I thought of Othello and Desdemona. I saw the swarthy hero stalk out of a bitter past, I saw the fair Desdemona. What a colorist was Shakespeare to choose black and white for that tragedy!"

The next day at Lucerne he was the simple traveler again and he wrote his wife: "A clever friend of mine advised me to do all my riding at night, so as to save time and hotel bill; but I did not come hither to save either. The man that rides through a country at night misses two-thirds of the education of travel. Yesterday at noon I left Milan and arrived here before dark. I was riding almost every step of the way through the Italian and Swiss Alps. My dear, if I had taken that ride at night I should have missed half the glory of my trip and should not have known it. 'Wonderful' does not measure the scenes at all. Once during the afternoon as I got one glimpse near the St. Gothard Tunnel, tears came into my eyes and I had to wipe them away. There were two Italians and one Frenchman in the compartment with me. In our jumble of French, Italian, and English we had passed comments; and the impulsive old Frenchman every now and then would say, 'Joli,' 'Joli,' 'Superbe,' 'N'est-ce superbe,' but when we got to one particular spot, the beauty broke in upon us, so that we just stared at one another and not a word was said for several minutes by anyone."

It was late August before John Hope achieved what was the main objective of his journey, that is, his visit to Langholm.

Sixteen years later, bound for Jerusalem, he was to have a sight of Africa from the deck of a vessel that bore him through the Mediterranean. There is no doubt that his imagination, his heart, his life itself, were greatly satisfied and enriched by this meager glimpse of the dark continent—the only glimpse he ever had. Yet in a subtler and less obvious way his life was marked indelibly, too, by his visit to Scotland. The duality of Hope's inheritance revealed itself in two symbols: as a Negro he was linked indissolubly to Africa, but as his father's son he came with deep feeling to Langholm.

A man of even shallow historic sense and small emotional capacity would have been touched by the Langholm adventure—and John Hope was far from being such a man. The region was beautiful in itself, and it had been the home of Burns, his preferred poet. And it

included the very spot where his forefathers, indeed his own father, had lived. Was this, after all, his own home? Did he, with his mixed blood but his undeniably Scottish traits, really belong here?

Ever since boyhood, ever since he had understood the character of his own origin, he had tried to realize more clearly what it meant to be half Scot. This was not a thing he ever cared to talk about: it was his private affair. Reading the poetry of Robert Burns, following the thread of Burns' stormy life, was not a very direct way of bringing this about. But—apart from his memories of James Hope—it was the only way he had. Now he stood upon his fathers' very ground, saw the faces and heard the voices of men who were family friends and neighbors, felt his own Scotch blood for once surge powerfully through his being. Yet, deeply as it gripped him, the experience had after all an element of unreality to the man who knew that it was his Negro boyhood that had molded him—who knew that neither the long association with his white-skinned schoolfellows nor this dreamlike plunge into the atmosphere of his white ancestors could make him other than what he was, that is, the son of a dark-skinned mother, the issue of a dark-skinned race that needed him and to which he felt himself profoundly akin. And he never went back to Langholm.

A part of the emotion that Langholm aroused in him he expressed in a letter to his wife written on August 23rd from the King's Arms Hotel in Dumfries:

"Sentiment plays almost too big a part with your husband for a practical man. A few hours ago I mailed you and the boys a card from Langholm where my father was born in the year 1805. It was a most interesting visit. The old bridge, the picture of which I sent, has probably been crossed many times by my father, for he was twelve years old when he left Scotland. I saw the house where he was born, I saw the spot where the old schoolhouse used to stand and I actually saw one of his old school books. I heard the patter of the wooden shoes of dozens of children as they moved about in the rain—a regular old, wet Scottish rain. It was not Edinburgh. It was not Glasgow. It was just a little old Scottish town of three thousand souls. I was most courteously treated by several gentlemen and was with one or the other of them during my entire stay. It was all very curious, Genie. I was walking streets and seeing sights that my father left just ninety-five years ago. Sentiment took me to Langholm.

"Tonight I am in Dumfries. *Sentiment*. Robert Burns came here from Ayr; lived here; wrote here; drank a great deal of liquor here;

died and was buried here. I love Burns. He is one of the very few poets I can now read; and I used to hunger for the poets. Tonight as I sat here at supper eating Scotch salmon and Scotch oatmeal cakes and Scotch scones I could hear the happy voices of the children outside in the street and their clogs sounding against the pavements. Even now at nine o'clock, I still hear them—little children, so clever, so dirty and so happy. I am going to bed early so as to get up early and move about in this little city made famous by the life of one man who, while he lived, could hardly live for his poverty.

"My stay is reaching its close. Eight days more and I shall be on the sea coming home, coming to you. How I dream of you all day long as I move about from place to place! I say dream, for it is more than simple thought. Yet when I return you will be so busy that you will have no time to listen to me. Your work takes you away from me about as much as mine takes me from you. You blame me, yet you are too busy for small talk. However, we have been a long time apart and you must be more with me. I am a little sleepy, so shall bid you good night. . . .

"P.S. After all, I did not go to bed but took a walk. My, the 'public houses' (bar-rooms) in this town! Poor Burns! No wonder he could not help drinking. It is a temptation to almost anyone.

"Saturday morning. Aug. 24. I had a good night's rest in the most homelike room I have seen in any hotel. I wish that I could stay here a week. I have had breakfast—oatmeal and two eggs. Think of eating real Scotch oatmeal in Dumfriesshire, the same shire in which my father had his many a bowl of porridge."

John Hope does not in this letter mention everything that he saw in Langholm. He would have had little inclination—since it had little to do with his father's life—to speak of that large modern battle-mented freestone building, the Hope Hospital, that stony reservoir into which a large part of his uncle's fortune had been siphoned. It was this, however, that the Langholm people were most eager to show him—this, rather than the book from which his father had studied Latin or the silver testimonial presented to Thomas Hope by his clerks and successors, Acker, Merrall, and Condit. What a legend it must have grown to be in the little town, this story of the Hopes, failures at home, who, after all, had had the boldness to cross the ocean and appropriate some of the money that so abounded on that opposite shore! They had sent much of this money back to Langholm, as was right and fitting. And this traveler, this unknown Hope,

while seeming to have the right sentiments for a Scot, must also have the money of an American—what might he do with his million?

The reawakening of memories in Hope's mind occasioned by this visit to Langholm was borne out by a letter which he wrote to his wife on his return to Leeds. The final paragraphs indicate that he had been thinking of the too early termination of his childhood following his father's death and the mishandling of his estate by the faithless executors. There was something in him that never forgot and always impersonally resented that turn of fate. It was a great satisfaction to him that his own sons had no need to become men, and workingmen, before their time. "I am glad," he wrote, "that Edward is having a rest and, if he does not care to work at Spelman during the school months, I am perfectly willing for him to quit as I do want him to get his lessons and enjoy his boyhood while it lasts. Mine did not last very long. My father died when I was eight years old; I went to work the very month I was eleven years old, not for the fun of it or the discipline of it but for a downright living. I know what it means for a boy to lose his boyhood while still a boy; and I hope that Edward will have several years yet."

The day after the writing of this letter, he left Leeds for Glasgow, where he was to embark on the *Cameronia*. Parting with the kindly household at 59 Woodhouse Lane was not easy, and he had become strongly attached, too, to the English way of life. In a letter to Mr. Smith during the First World War, a few years later, he said nostalgically, "How I should like a meat pie or a Yorkshire pudding or some of that hot bread buttered that you used to have in the later afternoon at tea time! I wish you could know how much I love your home and your country and all of your friends."

It was even more difficult for Hope to leave behind that ease of mind that only England and the European continent could give to a Negro. As he thought of this, despondency gripped him, and he told his English friends in leaving that he thought he would never again be able to cross the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, he was to do so twenty times; but at that moment such a future would have seemed incredible. Yet, in spite of his regrets at its shortness, the summer of 1912 remained an abiding solace.

Chapter XI

"MAKER OF MEN"

IT WAS AS A citizen of the world that John Hope returned to Atlanta in September. He had quickened his sense of brotherhood by sharing the life of the group in Leeds. He had seen, touched, brooded over the venerable monuments of eternal Rome. In Langholm he had walked in the very footsteps of his forefathers. He was an immeasurably richer man. Moreover he brought back magic from his summer wanderings. He seemed charged with new vision, with intenser, more harmonious life which he communicated not merely by giving accounts of his travels but in subtler ways. The students gave him a new and absorbed attention. At his touch, through allusion, suggestion, and imperceptible transmutation their daily lives were connected by invisible bridges with the further horizons he had lately found.

This European adventure had been accomplished none too soon, however, for the outbreak of the First World War debarred Americans from their incomparable playground. John Hope did not stay at home but in his European role of 1918 he was another being from that leisurely traveler of 1912. Indeed that summer was the final chapter of what seemed afterward to some people a prolonged golden age.

In 1913 the new Democratic administration came into power, and its anti-Negro southern bloc went into action. In 1914 the European war plunged Negroes and whites in the United States into economic rivalry. The racial situation grew increasingly darker. As Du Bois has chronicled, 327 victims were lynched during the years 1910 to 1914 and there were 100 lynchings in the single year of 1915. Hope, in Atlanta, was harried not only by the emotional tensions reflected in the life of the college but by the financial instability of the times.

Yet the college, through John Hope's creative and fructifying touch and the more than ordinary loyalty of its students, was gaining greatly in prestige and size. And now in 1913, emboldened by its success, it

gave to itself a new charter and a new name. It no longer needed to depend, nor did it want to depend, upon its ecclesiastical label. In June, 1913, W. T. Courtney, the college engineer, personally took down the long-standing letters "Atlanta Baptist" and put in their place the new name "Morehouse." There had been a strong and natural desire to pay tribute to the man who was known as "the field marshal of the Baptist denomination," Henry Lyman Morehouse, who at seventy-eight was not even yet retired. "A great honest soul," Wallace Buttrick called him after his death, "—a large man, generously endowed with all the attributes of true greatness. He didn't live in a world of trifles but dwelt always with the immortals. He was a great Secretary but he would have been equally great in the commercial world, in education or in statecraft. He had rare tenderness, delicate sympathy, refined tastes, generous fellowships. He gave himself without reserve to the service of his fellow man."

The new era which began for the college with the taking of its new name was largely the creation of three men—Hope, Archer, and Brawley, an inspiring triumvirate. Of them Kemper Harreld, the musician who joined the faculty at this time, has said: "Hope furnished vision and culture. Brawley was a scholar and kept things in order and on time and was always talking about 'the tone.' Archer furnished the punch."

In the fall of 1912 the office of dean of the college was created for Benjamin Brawley. Two years before, he had left Atlanta and gone to Washington as professor of English at Howard University. Hope had been greatly disappointed. Many times during the next twenty years Hope had to endure similar frustration as some of his best professors, lured by higher salaries, left Morehouse for other fields and colleges. But in this case, with the help of Wallace Buttrick, he won out. Brawley returned, though it meant a sacrifice of a good slice of salary and of the northern environment.

Brawley's most concrete contribution to the college was a finely organized curriculum. In spite of his title of dean, most of the students, when they were in trouble, still instinctively turned to John Hope or to Archer whom they affectionately called "Big Boy." Indeed, when Hope had to be away from Atlanta, as was from now on increasingly often, it was always Archer that was left in charge of the college. But, together, Hope, Brawley, and Archer were regarded as an invincible "team."

There was nothing casual about Hope's method of assembling his

faculty. No "sight unseen" for him. He always would go to see a man on his own ground—even across half the continent. It was men, not degrees, he was after. The latter he could have made sure of by correspondence. But he had to find out a man's quality. As he himself made no compromise with his ideal, he had to surround himself with a group of men who could understand this ideal and support it. Benjamin F. Bullock, who joined the faculty in 1914, remembers vividly his own first interview with Hope. First of all he was impressed by Hope's youthful appearance and strikingly gray hair (he was then forty-six) and then by his emphatic remark: "I'm not concerned with your equipment. I'm concerned with your qualifications as a man."

Professor Bullock came as a teacher of biology and chemistry leading to the study of agriculture. Hope's vision, in regard to this, was a new one, not easy to grasp. Booker Washington had sent his boys to work in the fields because he thought that most Negroes were not yet ready for advanced intellectual work. Hope, on the other hand, while believing that any boy, white or black, should have all the learning he was capable of absorbing, also wanted his students to love Georgia and to do all they could with her red clay; and he foresaw that, if this happened, then the teachers and doctors and preachers going from Morehouse to rural communities would have a better understanding of their neighbors, because their trained hands, too, had touched the soil. So Bullock taught Morehouse boys to go out and teach those colored people who had land, but no education, how they might cultivate the land so that significant results might follow. At the same time Bullock cared so deeply for his subject and felt so strongly its importance and dignity that he opposed what was then the practice of punishing students by forcing them to do work on the grounds. Up to this time, Dean Brawley and all the rest of the faculty had been in favor of the practice; but when Bullock challenged it Hope saw the point, and the custom was immediately abolished.

In his desire to turn purely academic surroundings into an experimental garden, Hope was far ahead of his time. It was an idea which persisted, however, and found its fullest application after his death, in the "victory gardens" of the Second World War. But it was not only the practical use of the campus that appealed to Hope; he longed to make it as beautiful as possible. He talked with Bullock about the planting of flowering trees and shrubs—mimosa, crape myrtle, abelia, holly and magnolia; but little could be done so long as there were enough funds only for the bare necessities of this still Spartan college.

In 1917 Bullock resigned to go to the Florida Department of Agriculture. He felt that he must be in a milieu where his subject was the dominant one, and he also wanted contact with the farmers themselves. Hope was loath to lose him and did not agree with his reasons for leaving. "You'll be back," he prophesied. Which proved to be true—fifteen years later.

Kemper Harreld was a successful young musician, a violinist giving frequent recitals, when Hope reached out for him as early as 1911. At that time the college had no music except the Glee Club. It was therefore to be Harreld's responsibility to create a music department. When he arrived, one October day, Hope was having a heated discussion with a student and told him to take a seat. Suddenly, with the student dismissed, he turned to Harreld and, not without a twinkle in his eye, asked abruptly, "Do you smoke?"

"I did till I read your catalogue," said Harreld.

Hope then gave Harreld his instructions. "You see these boys? They know nothing. Now you stand around and see what ought to be done, and then do it."

As Harreld was leaving, a small rather fair woman came down the hall. "That's Claudia White, daughter of William J. White," said Hope. "She's one of our finest teachers. Go to her tomorrow morning and she'll tell you where to find everything and everybody. In fact, you might look her up every morning, until you feel thoroughly at home here." Harreld did so—and became so dependent upon Miss White's counsel that the day never arrived when he felt he could do without it. They were married in 1913.

Hope and Harreld were entirely sympathetic, but Harreld has said, "I was too highbrow for Archer and too lowbrow for Brawley." Hope, although he himself had had no musical education, understood the importance of music; and it was he, Harreld gratefully remembers, who "kept the wolves off me—those who wanted me to teach them 'the bullfrog in the pool.'" But when Harreld would say, "Let's give credit for chorus and orchestra work," Hope would protest, "But they do the work without the credits. How much finer!" So that the only credits given were for Theory, History, and Appreciation of Music. In establishing a department of music, however, Hope had already departed radically from the simplicities of the earlier days.

Fortified as it now was, Morehouse approached the full tide of its success.

Almost from the time when Hope took over the college, Morehouse men found themselves believing firmly not only in their president, himself, though this he made no effort to stimulate, but in themselves, which he did encourage, and in their college. "A Morehouse man cannot fail," ran the proud slogan, and the youths, even the timidest of them, felt this as a solemn impressment, rather than as a piece of boyish boastfulness. It meant that they were to be careful as to what they undertook but, having undertaken it, were bound to see it through. The fact that they were Negroes, Hope presented as a challenge to them. "Young men," he would say, "you've got to ride in the back of the car but think in front."

Morehouse boys were given plenty of scope to see things through. There was no rigidity about the place. Though Hope felt an affectionate loyalty to both Worcester and Brown, he did not accept either as a model. Morehouse was an original creation of his own. Not only did he believe in student government and put it in practice, but, as his son Edward has said, "Morehouse was student government." In its atmosphere of freedom, Morehouse was distinctly ahead of its time. In the main, of course, Hope's views prevailed because of the potency of his influence; but he did not directly impose them. Even with his faculty, where differences of opinion were a more delicate matter than in the case of the students, the president, when a controversial point arose, expressed his own view fully but did not insist on its being adopted, although in the end it usually was. Faculty meetings were always opened with prayer, and the legend was that at the first meeting of the year the president would always tell the Lord what he expected his staff to do. At the final meeting he would report to the same high authority as to how they had done it.

Students were allowed, within limits which they respected, to speak with remarkable freedom—to call attention to what they considered imperfect conditions and to suggest remedies. Anybody who was a part of the college during Hope's regime can give examples of the sincerity with which the principle of student government was carried out. The Glee Club, for instance, once planned to make a concert tour. Hope knew that the contract was a bad contract, and that they would get stranded; but he would not hold them back. When they did get stranded, he sent them money and let them work off the debt after they returned. He believed that if a man made his mistakes while he was young he was less apt to make them later on.

At the same time, anecdotes persist which show that there were

times when the president himself did not hesitate to take a hand. Once as Hope was being driven toward the Morehouse campus he noticed one of the students carrying an enormous bass tuba. As the boy was headed away from the college, it was clear that he was planning to play his musical instrument somewhere else; and this was not allowed. Hope had the car stop, pick the boy up, crowded his huge tuba into the back seat, and without a word, but looking extremely stern, carried him back to the campus and deposited him there. But as soon as the student was disposed of Hope's expression changed, and he laughed unrestrainedly. The size of the instrument, the boy's discomfiture, and the solemnity of the whole procedure seemed to him very funny.

He was always amused rather than irritated by the students' minor failings. To a boy asleep during his weekly chapel talk, he once said: "Boy, why are you asleep? I suppose I'm like the man about whom the little boy said, 'Mamma, who's that man who comes here every Saturday night and beats me?'"

At another time, when a youngster had been up to some mischief and Hope avowed his intention to write his father about it, the boy said: "Don't—he'll punish me. I'll give you seventy-five cents if you won't write him."

"Why, you little rascal," Hope replied, concealing his mirth. "You do wrong, and then you try to bribe me. Come in here and let me teach you something."

It was during these intermediate years, when John Hope could still keep in close touch with every boy and man who came to Morehouse, when he could guide and actually mold each raw young creature, that his career was most absorbing from the human point of view. Later, working on a much larger scale, becoming a national and international figure, he had, to his own deep regret, to forfeit much of this intimacy of contact. But at times even in his last years, standing in front of the office window with his hands behind him, dictating, he would suddenly leave off and disappear; an hour later his secretary would glance out of the window to see him talking to a student in the middle of the campus.

But it was at the earlier period that he established his fame as "one of the few great schoolmasters." An altogether disproportionate number of Morehouse men later became college presidents and leaders in other fields—no mere accident but testimony to the fact that John Hope had known what he was about in handling them as

boys. "A maker of men," Carter Woodson, the Negro historian, has called him. The principle of having his students take responsibility for their own actions, make their own mistakes, was only one of many principles that he successfully employed. Another was to try to discover, in meeting a student for the first time, some one particularly valuable trait in that student's character and to build on that trait. "Loose the man and let him go," was one of Hope's tenets.

Then, too, he was approachable. Even the smallest boy in the academy felt that he had the privilege to go up to him. Boys waylaid him on the campus and swarmed about his office and his house. He would always see them. And he would make every effort to impart his own conception of the art of living. With John Hope this was not a mere phrase. It transcended each and all subjects that a college could possibly teach. It meant applied wisdom. It meant morals. It meant appreciation of perfected human relationships, that is to say, manners. And Hope could always rely on the classics to back him. He would, for instance, quote Xenophon to explain to the boys that unpleasant subjects should not be discussed at meals.

Then there was the subject of girls. Hope wished the Morehouse men to know girls and strongly favored their association with Spelman students. Such meetings were natural and were a part of life. And for the rougher boys they were civilizing. But at the same time he felt it necessary to preach circumspection. Unless you are in a position to marry, he would say to them in effect, unless you definitely intend to marry, be careful about the tone of your association with those pretty girls over at Spelman. Don't allow yourselves to become romantically entangled. "Remember, young gentlemen," he would warn them, in these very words, "young ladies are domestically inclined."

Ira Reid, the sociologist, who was in the academy during these years and was graduated from the college in 1922, has given a vivid portrait of the John Hope he knew: "Everybody didn't like Mr. Hope," he once said in a talk, "and that was fortunate. A person liked by everybody in the world reminds one of a huge sheet of blank paper—capable of taking in everything and giving out nothing. Such a person is uninspiring and uninteresting as a teacher and as a friend. . . . When John Hope was president, there was a Tuesday morning chapel talk that no one wanted to miss. You never knew what was going to happen. You did know that usually there had been a faculty meeting the day before, and that some students would be reprimanded, others asked to go home, and all of us counseled. But the

main event was a talk by the president, a talk that might arise from any situation or emotion he had experienced or felt. It might be stimulated by the Scripture lesson when he opened his Bible, read, and saw a word that intrigued him as he read the morning's lesson. Frequently he would talk for twenty minutes on that word and its life significance. Perhaps he had taken a trip to Nashville the day before, and he would describe the trip, including the things he had seen—how the grass grew on both sides of the railroad. Intrigued, I would sit and wonder how in the world a man could see something interesting and vital in the blades of grass that grew between Atlanta and Nashville. Later on I began to understand. John Hope was an individual who was actually living and translating his learning into living. . . .

"John Hope was a good and great teacher. It didn't seem to matter to him whether you studied the text between the beginning of the semester and the end so far as the class was concerned, because he never talked about the assignment. Yet you studied, and in the final analysis you knew much more about Ethics and Philosophy because you had communed with one who lived and appreciated living. You couldn't understand Mr. Hope's ways at times. One of the persons of whom he was fondest was probably the laziest young man in the college. How he let him stay in college, we couldn't understand. Now I can see. The boy was refreshing and delightful in his leisure. He would watch and devour a sunset; would be late to and not mind missing dinner. Any spring afternoon would find him lolling on the campus reading some work by David Grayson [Ray Stannard Baker]. Mr. Hope would go over, ostensibly to reprimand him—and would remain to talk fifteen or twenty minutes about David Grayson and life. . . .

"One of his greatest attributes, I think, is that whenever he talked, people listened. . . . Not loose and gossipy talk, but the actual art of talking to and with people, paying no attention to time, to the fact that the sun is sinking or that one had something else to do, to being disturbed about problems—but the art of unfolding one's self to another. Perfectly relaxed. Very calm. Today it seems to be a lost art. John Hope was able to conserve and maintain it. When you sat down to talk with him about things that seemed important, you found a sort of kinship, a kinship that was more than mere words could reflect."

The problems of individual students Hope seems to have handled

with singular wisdom, often humorously expressed. Sometimes the humor was of a mordant sort. There is a tale, many times repeated, of the student who, as custom freely allowed, came to the president's office and told a long hard-luck story, dramatizing himself to a rather unusual degree. Life was too much for him, the boy concluded. He was going to commit suicide.

Hope heard him through, making no comment. Then, without altering the expression of his face, he held out his hand. "Goodbye," he said.

Surely, no two words could have been more effective, more calculated to reveal the boy to himself.

Another student one day lay on the grass beneath the president's window obviously nursing a grievance and as obviously inviting attention. Hope sent for him to come in. A certain teacher, the boy explained, had been unjust to him, and he felt that somebody higher up should help him secure vengeance. Again the president listened. "I want you to have less enmity in your heart and more love," he said. This was not meant sentimentally, and the boy did not understand it so. The student, Willis Laurence James, later became a fine musician and folklorist.

Charles D. Hubert (at the time assistant dean) tells of a young student, Booker T., who had distressed the president and faculty by stealing his roommate's shirts and other articles of clothing. Admitting the thefts, the boy continued the practice until it was decided that his case was hopeless. Thieving couldn't be condoned any longer. President Hope, sending for Booker for a last-minute interview on the cold rainy day when he was to be sent home, found that the weeping boy's shoes were soleless, that he was in fact drenched with rain. Under the president's kindly questioning, the boy broke down and told that his family was almost penniless, that he couldn't see why his roommate should have plenty of clothes and he none, that he had not helped himself to another boy's clothing for the mere fun of it. Hope, himself in tears, called for the assistant dean. "Here, Mr. Hubert," he said. "You have the money for this boy's ticket home. Take it, and buy him some shoes instead. Buy him a whole outfit. He won't steal any more."

Nor did he. Booker T. stayed on at Morehouse, made a good record, and became a fine physician.

A promising student in whom the president took especial interest was Mordecai Johnson, who has now for twenty years been president

of Howard University. Entering the preparatory department in 1905, he graduated from the college in 1911. After graduation he remained at Morehouse for several years as a teacher of English and as acting dean. Then he left to enter the ministry. In his college years, young Johnson sometimes indulged in what would now seem mild departures from the strict code of deportment that prevailed at Morehouse. One day some students were discovered playing cards in his room. A Baptist college did not permit card playing. For this he was suspended, although he himself did not play cards. But later he said, "I should have had no respect for the college if it hadn't suspended me."

When Johnson returned to college after his period of suspension, President Hope called a student aside. "From now on," he said, "you and Johnson are to room together. I want you to hold him down."

This responsible youth, John W. Davis (now President of West Virginia State College), was a good deal taken aback by the idea of exercising supervision over a fine boy like Johnson. But he was an exceptional youth, and the two and a younger roommate, Jim Adams, later a Morehouse trustee, not only got along together but apparently derived an extraordinary stimulus from their association with John Hope.

Johnson remembers well the impression of great sensitivity that Hope made on them. The students felt that he could be hurt to the point of speechlessness. When he was moved, he extended his hands before him with quivering fingertips. To him a thing ethically bad was a mess, distasteful. He could express the highest disgust with his face and hands.

Before Hope became president, young Davis, working hard to pay for his education in the academy, was houseboy for the Sales. Later, under Hope, he made himself useful as office boy and as general factotum. If the little boys, Edward and John, were playing outside, it was Davis who kept an eye on them. Graduating in 1911, the versatile Davis taught physics and chemistry and also was the college bookkeeper. In 1914 he was made registrar.

In the summer of 1907, young Davis, who had not then entered the college department, received a letter from Hope that gives an engaging picture of the writer: "Davis, you are working too many hours. You have too much sense to play the fool, yet you are almost playing it, you and some others in your party. Let some of that money remain in Chicago. You can't get it all if you work twenty hours a day. You are a colt yet. You have several years before you will reach your

growth. An overstrained spirit, a wrenched muscle, a broken blood vessel or a body so generally depleted by overwork as to be a prey for any disease can ruin the career of a boy with a great big future before him. You young men must be strong and live many years. The Negroes' battles in Georgia are many and hard, political, civil, economic. We don't want wrenched backs and impoverished brains. Sleep and eat well. Work moderately. There is a pile of work for well colored men that will keep you educated fellows busy for fifty years. There's no joke in this. Georgia needs you. You see what the legislature has done. *Durate* is my greeting to you Baptist College men."

The degree to which Hope came to rely upon Davis as the years went by is indicated in a letter that he wrote from Providence on April 3, 1914: "I do not want you, Brawley, and Archer to make yourselves sick, yet I cannot help telling the truth, and that is that I am just as easy as I can be about the school in my absence, as I know that you men are keeping things going. . . . Somehow since my departure I have thought a good deal of that chapter in First Corinthians. It is the thirteenth chapter. I believe I should like to have that read before the school for me. More and more we need to think just what love is and what it exacts of us. I see our school very much better as I get away from it; its strength and its weakness. It is an institution that must be run by law but also, and perhaps especially, through love."

Morehouse College in its many aspects now absorbed much of its president's personal life. But he always had time for his own sons, who fitted easily into the campus setting. Edward, a sober young chap, was already in the academy, and his father was extremely proud of him. In his spare time he worked for Courtney except for a summer spent joyously on the yacht *Hampton* and another summer in Chicago. On August 13, 1915, Hope wrote to a Boston friend: "My boy is working this summer on the yacht *Hampton*, the boat owned by Hampton Institute. . . . I should be happy to have you see my boy. He is nearly fourteen years old, and I would feel some pride in having him meet you. I don't know how he is looking. If you find that he needs to spruce up any, do not hesitate to tell him so. I have written him several times to buy whatever he needs, but he is so crazy about the boat he is probably thinking very little about his personal appearance."

In 1918, Edward, arriving in Chicago, wrote to his father on June

4th: "I didn't have any trouble at all in finding a job. The first place I went, the Chicago Motor Bus Company, gave me a job. I get twenty-five cents an hour for ten hours a day, seven days in the week. It is night work. I go on at 7:30 and come off at six. I am getting board and room for five dollars a week. As far as the work goes, it is alright; but I have to work under the buses with an electric lamp, and I don't know whether it is best for my eyes or not. It takes me about an hour to get there on the el."

Luckily for the sixteen-year-old-boy, he ended this job in two weeks' time but not before he had demonstrated that he was his father's son in more ways than one.

Edward was by now, of course, only too well aware of the racial discrimination which he had happily been spared in his earliest childhood. The previous summer he had written a letter with an irony surprising in a boy of his age, to the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America:

DEAR SIRS:

After reading about the Pioneer Scouts, I realize that this is about the only way I can get into The Great Scout Movement. I have kept up with the Movement for over five years. In 1914 I found that the *Boy's Life* was the official Scout magazine and have been taking it ever since. Since scouting is naturally born in a boy it was not hard for me to carry on scouting activities. Then I learned that there was a great deal in the Scout Oath and Law. I took the Oath and since then have tried my best to follow it. Why, you may ask, do I not join a troop? It is because some people in authority are not living bravely up to the tenth Scout Law. I am a colored boy. You have allowed yourselves to be swayed by the jeers and threats of race prejudice. Do you call it right to stand by and allow a boy to be deprived of happiness through no fault of his own? You have never said, 'No! there can be no colored scouts'; but you have dodged the issue. That is the reason I am writing for a Pioneer Scout Blank. Wishing a favorable reply, I am a would-be-scout that sticks.

Keeping open house, as the Hope family did in Atlanta, they saw many of their old friends from time to time, especially such as Taylor (W. T. B.) Williams, whose work took them traveling. Williams, now field agent of the Jeanes and Slater funds, might turn up at any moment to take advantage of the Hopes' hospitality and to discuss life in general. There were glimpses now and then of "Ted" Owens, now on the faculty at Tuskegee. Closest, perhaps, of all the friends

was Robert Russa Moton who, after Washington's death in 1915, became president of Tuskegee. Hope gave Moton wise counsel when he most needed it and had warm friendship in return. There are pleasant tales of the intimacy the two families maintained—among them anecdotes of the yearly ham.

Moton's Christmas gift of a ham was in fact so many times repeated that it became a family tradition. It wasn't of course necessary to live in Virginia to share the Virginian's pride in his renowned delicacy—that delightful, hickory-smoked, sugar-cured affair, that super-ham, which John Hope was quite enough of an epicure not only to rate highly but thoroughly to enjoy. He discourses in a letter to Moton written on December 31, 1917: "Having had previous experience with Moton and the Virginia ham, we were prepared to wait many weeks for the blessing. Imagine our surprise when the ham came promptly, I might almost say prematurely, Saturday night. I had been sick for two days indoors with a pretty bad cold. Yesterday morning the savor of that red gravy was wafted to the second floor, and my recovery was assured from that minute. I went downstairs and had breakfast. It was the first meal that we have had at home since the freezing weather of the early days of December. At the table with our family was W. E. Scott, the painter. Scott is a good painter, but a marvellous ham eater. Every now and then through the day he reminds us that that certainly was good ham, but we do not take the hint very fast. A Virginia ham is something to be considered and meditated about. . . . Listen to this: your ham came on the very day that Genie and I had been married for twenty years, December 29th. Isn't that a lovely coincidence?"

Hope was drawn to his home town, Augusta, from time to time to see his brother Madison and his sister Grace, her husband Richard Birnie and their young son James Hope Birnie. When he went to visit the homestead, which they still maintained, he sometimes passed the law office of a man who had always remained vivid in his mind. Major Joseph Cumming's loan of Plutarch while he was still clerk at Henson's, the lawyer's stimulating interest in the untaught boy, his good-will gift as John left for Worcester—Hope, with his grateful remembrance of any kindness, did not forget these things. On August 13, 1915, he wrote a letter to Cumming:

MY DEAR MAJOR CUMMING:

You have not seen me since September, 1885, when you gave me a sum of money, wished me success, and bade me good-bye. I have

been in Augusta many times since then and have frequently wanted to come to your office to greet you and tell you how much you had done to make my life serviceable: but every time I have hesitated to break in upon your day. You will pardon me for stopping you even so long as it will take you to read this letter; but I have remembered you through these years, have thought more and more as the years passed by of your kindness to me, and desire that you know how I feel toward you. As a boy working at Lexius Henson's, I served you almost day in and day out. Often you talked to me and advised me. On one occasion you loaned me a set of Plutarch's Lives, told me I ought to read more, and that I ought to go to school again as I had not had sufficient schooling. I took your advice and spent eight years in school. Since that time I have devoted my entire attention to teaching and have finished twenty-one years as a teacher. Four years I taught in Nashville, Tenn., and have been in this school for seventeen years. For the past nine years I have been president. We have an excellent institution for boys and men, and I am mailing you a copy of our catalogue so that you may see the scope of the work done here. Some time when I am in Augusta I should like with your permission to come in and see you. The lad whom you used to call Johnnie is now a gray-haired man with heavy responsibilities. I am happily married and have two boys.

With kind regards and gratitude, I am
Sincerely yours,

JOHN HOPE

Cumming replied with old-fashioned courtliness:

AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 19, 1915

DEAR SIR,

"Johnnie," in view of the position you have attained seems an inappropriate style of address. "John," with our knowledge of the circumstance under which merely the Christian name is used in addressing adults, hardly fits the occasion—so I address you above. I write to thank you for your letter. I had lost sight of you since the distant period, to which you refer, and I am very glad to have you reappear again under such gratifying circumstances. When you come to Augusta, call and see me, and be sure I shall not be too busy to receive you.

Very truly,

JOS. B. CUMMING

Hope had given no inkling in his letter of the national figure that he was rapidly becoming. In the year in which he wrote to the old

lawyer, he was president of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools; a member of the advisory board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of the executive committee of the Urban League of New York (founded by his friend George Haynes), and of the committee on the Spingarn Medal as well as of the local board of managers of the Y.M.C.A. of Atlanta and of the anti-tuberculosis association of Atlanta. Another organization in which he had great interest from its inception was the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. This came into being in September, 1915, and was the creation of the gifted Negro historian Carter Woodson. Hope served as an honorary president of the Association for a time and was always closely in touch with its activities.

Hope was quite modest over the widespread demand for his services and often satirized men who put on airs. At one meeting a young and self-important college president made a speech in which he spoke of the vast sums that he was handling for his college. Hope, the next speaker on the program, rose slowly with a puzzled expression, shook his head, and remarked dryly that he for his part could seldom calculate higher than \$7.63. "I am," he said, "a little confused at a larger sum."

On another occasion, referring to the election of a rather unpredictable man to a committee, he commented, "Well, it's better to have him on the inside doing nothing than outside knocking."

Of the various organizations to which he belonged, Hope always felt his deepest interest in the Y.M.C.A. and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He had been connected with the former since his years at Worcester and Brown; his ties with the latter were equally close. Both groups were eager to draw him further into their activities and suggested, at certain crucial moments, that he give up his work in Atlanta.

In the spring of 1915, the Chicago Y.M.C.A. offered him the secretaryship of its colored branch. He was strongly tempted by this new sort of work in a new environment and went to Chicago to test his reactions. But the farther he found himself away from Atlanta, the greater was the pull of home, Georgia, and Morehouse upon his heart. He was not yet ready to leave his native ground, and he continued to feel that he could best serve his race there.

Again, in 1916, he wavered when an offer came from the N.A.A.C.P. By this time the *Crisis* was an established success, and Du Bois, its editor, had proved himself the intellectual leader of his

race. The magazine and the National Association occupied a joint office in New York. The job of national organizer becoming vacant, Du Bois wrote to Hope, January 26, 1916, to ask whether he might consider it. "It has occurred to me," he said, "to ask you frankly if you would feel like taking up that work. I mentioned the matter to Spingarn and he said, 'Oh, of course, that would be ideal if he would consider it,' and others have said about the same thing. I do not know that you would consider it, and yet there are some things that you ought to place before yourself. First: They would undoubtedly offer you a salary of \$2,500." (Hope was then receiving \$1,800.) "Second: There is at this moment a tremendous opportunity of uniting the colored race and its friends. This organization has nearly ten thousand members. It has over sixty branches in all parts of the United States. It has a self-supporting organ with a net-paid circulation of about thirty-five thousand circulated all over the world. The colored people are ready for guidance. Here is a tremendous opportunity for the right kind of man. Third: You would have an opportunity to let your family live in the North and have your children educated here, while at the same time you could visit all parts of the country. These are the advantages."

Du Bois then frankly named the disadvantages of the job, the chief one being that it involved raising money.

Hope replied on February 2, 1916: "I do not see how I could leave Atlanta at this time. . . . Yet it may be that I have overstayed my time here and there is a Providence in this call from you which neither you nor I quite grasp. . . . Then, too, the attraction of New York City, of travel, and of the association with many people just about fills out my heart's desire so far as I individually am concerned; but, as I say, I do not see how I can leave now and you are needing a man now. . . . One reason I might have for considering this offer I have not mentioned, and that is the pleasure that I believe I would have of being associated with you. It may be that you and I could help each other and working together we might do an additional service for a cause which to my mind is a very high calling."

Apparently the N.A.A.C.P. continued to reach out for Hope. Six months later, Joel Spingarn, the chairman of its board, again urged Hope's consideration of the offer, during the Amenia Conference held in his lovely country place, Troutbeck. This exalted meeting of Negro and white leaders would, if anything could, have persuaded Hope to desert Atlanta and become a spearhead in the northern movement

for progress. As always he meditated long and intensely on his course of action. Finally on October 21st he wrote to Spingarn: "I have thought carefully over this matter and find that I cannot offer for the position even though I would like to have it. It is one of the most attractive offers that can come to a colored man at this time, and I wish I could take it. . . . My heart is much in the sort of work which would have to be done by this National Organizer."

Hope felt toward Morehouse as a father toward a child or perhaps better as an architect toward a cherished plan. He could not bear to leave this child of his dreams until it was grown, this vision until he saw it in concrete form.

In all his aspirations for Morehouse College, he was championed by Wallace Buttrick of the General Education Board. To Buttrick's enthusiasm was now added that of his keen and energetic associate, Abraham Flexner, a leader among educational analysts. But increasing disapproval from other sources was being leveled at the Atlanta schools in general. The old cry of "duplication" was redoubled. This irritated Hope because similar duplication among white institutions of learning in Atlanta was actually being encouraged. However, the individual suffering most from this insistent criticism was not Hope but Edward T. Ware, the president of Atlanta University.

Ware was the son of Edmund Asa Ware and like him a graduate of Yale; but in spite of his long familiarity with Atlanta University he found its burden almost too great for his frail strength. Hope felt sympathy for him but was too involved in the problems of his own school to offer much practical help. Ware had enlisted the assistance of his college friend Anson Phelps Stokes, a member of the General Education Board, who wrote to Buttrick suggesting close cooperation between Morehouse and Atlanta University. To this Buttrick, who had his finger on the Baptist pulse, gave a downright answer: "It is my conviction that any discussion or announcement of cooperation between Atlanta University and Morehouse College at this time would be unwise. . . . Now colleges do not amount to much except as they serve people. Whatever you and I may think of denominational or sectarian narrowness, it is an existent fact with which we must deal if we propose to aid in building up these strong central institutions for Negroes."

Hope's greatest concern at this time was not with the concept of cooperation, which after all he himself had brought into being, but with the concrete puzzle of where to put the boys who clamored to

be taught at Morehouse, and whom he was having to turn away. With restless students crammed four and five in a room the situation was psychologically dangerous. He was relieved when in 1915 the General Education Board made a large gift which, together with what he could collect from the colored people themselves, was to build the new dormitory, Robert Hall.

Another type of restlessness which impeded Hope's plans was the uneasiness of his faculty, stemming from pitifully low salaries. This, too, was soon partially remedied by the General Education Board, in a series of annual grants, and occasioned an incident which Flexner never forgot. He wrote to President Read of Spelman in 1945: "I don't need to recall to you the time when Dr. Buttrick and I visited Dr. Hope to ask him whether he could use any additional money for the professorial salaries. Dr. Hope replied, 'Mr. Brawley, Mr. Archer, and I have discussed this possibility, and we made up our minds that any money that can be obtained shall be utilized to increase the salaries of the younger men.' Dr. Buttrick turned to me and said, 'Flexner, can't we spare enough to do the whole thing?' and I, of course, concurred. I have had a good many dealings with college professors from that time to this, and Dr. Hope was the only one who put the young men forward without any notion that we would do both."

Benjamin Brawley, however, in spite of this joint act of self-abnegation, was not as fully at ease in Atlanta as Hope and Archer. He was still a young man, and though he had found outlet for his unusual gifts in writing his *Short History of the American Negro*, and *The Negro in Literature and Art*, he felt that he needed, as he wrote Buttrick, "one or two years of study and travel." By 1918 he had decided that he would like to go to Africa and make a survey of conditions there; and his plan was consummated two years later, when he left Morehouse never to return and the old triumvirate of Hope-Archer-Brawley came to an end.

Meanwhile, early in 1917, Morehouse College had seen and passed its fiftieth anniversary. It had come from heroic beginnings through immeasurable difficulties and now in its maturity, with ambitions richly achieved, position secure, and an enviable repute, the college had a great deal to celebrate and it summoned its friends to join in the celebration. Morehouse in its present state of full flower being Hope's creation, it was natural that his own friends should be there and the Residence was crowded with guests of both races. President Faunce of Brown University made the journey from Providence. D. W. Aber-

crombie and his wife came from Worcester and were guests of the Hopes. Du Bois, little as he ordinarily fancied a trip to Atlanta, came to join this significant festival, and Moton of Tuskegee was on hand also.

Hope's speech on the occasion was long and comprehensive. He was eloquent and forcible. Nobody saw the Negro and his history more clearly than Hope. Nobody could present the Negro's case with greater truth and persuasiveness. "We have met," he said simply, "for an unusual purpose. There is in this occasion no formal ceremonial. The trappings of authority and outward regalia of conventionalized learning will not be seen. There is nothing here on which the merely physical eye and the craving for the spectacular may feed. The occasion alone furnished forth itself in the simple grandeur of biblical miracle."

The talk was not devoted—as, without incurring any criticism, it might easily have been—to lauding Morehouse College. A passionate absorption in the larger theme led him, instead, to discuss what he reverently called "the miracle" of the Negro's own flowering in those fifty years. "There is in history no parallel to this," he said. "The cause is to be found in the purpose and quality of the white men and women who came as teachers among us and in the peculiarly sanctified yearnings and strivings of Negroes for learning. This yearning and striving had already existed during two centuries of slavery, so that laws had to protect masters in their effort to hold their slaves by perpetuating ignorance. Never was there such a conjunction of rightly prepared teachers with docile, eager pupils. Hence the miracle . . . the most idealistic, romantic school the world has ever seen."

But he warned, as he was to continue to warn all of his life, against the dangers of dependence upon outward assistance and white philanthropy and urged that Negroes rally to build and nurture their own institutions. Then, striking into his prophetic vein, he concluded: "Thus protected and promoted, our colleges will cease to be centers of learning that serve only Negroes. Truth is universal, and from our colleges will issue thought and invention and such standards of human life as will lift the schools out of mere racial service and make them indispensable to our entire country. And this will not be long. The easy-going doctrine that it will take centuries and centuries to bring us into light and freedom must cease to soothe this nation and satisfy the Negro. We do not need centuries, and we will not wait centuries. The Negro college must intensify itself and extend

itself until it brings to pass the full fruits of manhood that will challenge and defy anything less at its country's hands than perfect fairness and real brotherhood."

But was the South, was Atlanta itself, keyed to the exalted realization that a miracle had come to pass?

John Hope well knew that this was far from being the case. Yet it was not his way to speak of the discouragements that continually beset him. Only a few weeks earlier Abraham Flexner had received the following letter from the special supervisor of the Department of Education of Atlanta: "I have your letter of 7th instant suggesting that I see Dr. Hope of Morehouse College. I will do as you suggest at my earliest convenience. I have been a little shy of Dr. Hope, as he has not been holding to the proper ideas of education and training, so far as I could observe. I may be mistaken. His college has not been applying the industrial ideal, but instead it has been developing Latin and Greek. I may be mistaken, as has been said, and I shall willingly have a conference with him on the subject of the demands of the present time for negroes."

On the other hand, F. J. Paxon of the Davison-Paxon department store in Atlanta, a white trustee of Morehouse, had written several years before to Wallace Buttrick that he considered Hope "the most capable man that I know of for the position. He has the confidence of all. He has constructive ability and is looking forward to the future growth of the race in this section."

John Hope really did not require such an encomium, although he valued it. On the day of the college's birthday festival, he had not hurled statistics at his hearers, as he might well have done. He might have reminded them that in the first ten years of his presidency the enrollment had more than doubled and even the divinity school, the original basis of the college, had grown. Still more tellingly he might have made it clear that Morehouse College had come to be regarded as a center of racial and community life in the city of Atlanta.

By now, personal and official honors and responsibilities had so crowded in upon Hope's own life as to make it extremely complex. Fortunately he had a succession of able and devoted secretaries, one of them being his niece Alice Lyons, who helped to make this life of many interwoven threads possible. And his secretary's work was scarcely less onerous when the president was away. John Hope, partly because of the peculiar needs of the Negro college and partly because of his own temperament and spirit of service, had become known as

"the traveling president." Many committees and councils across the country continually summoned him. His journeys to New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, and other cities of the North as well as the South were endlessly repeated.

It was in this way that this earnest, genuine, personally charming man (although no politician) kept old friendships alive and made new ones. And though his journeys were swift, he always had time—even if only stopping in a town between trains—to visit old students or to call on parents of Morehouse boys, with encouragement if their boy was doing well, with sharp inquiry if the student lagged or seemed worried. And since traveling refreshed rather than wearied him he was always on the alert during these journeys for other Negroes whom he might meet in passing. He came to know and be the friend of scores of porters on the trains or in the cities where he stopped frequently. Redcaps, he knew, are often students, working their way through college or through law or medical school; and he followed their careers with enthusiasm.

In the South he always submitted conscientiously to Jim Crow restrictions even when, because of his fair skin, this proved embarrassing to everybody concerned. In the North, of course, he moved about as freely as a white man. Occasionally, traveling from North to South, however, he mingled with southerners who were unaware of his identity, with revealing consequences. Some such incident was, no doubt, the origin of a bit of dialogue that Hope ironically noted down on a scrap of paper. (He had never lost his flair for writing and liked to make these jottings, saying of his pencil: "It speaks the truth. I think sometimes it bursts its master's confidence and says more than his cautious conversation would venture. My pencil has more courage than its owner.")

Pullman Lavatory

STRANGER: You been a long time a-shaving.

J. H.: Yes, I'm so busy at home that I use every second of rest I can get when I'm away; although all my trips away from home are on business, I do get rest out of them.

STRANGER: What is your business, neighbor?

J. H.: I'm a bootlegger.

STRANGER: By Gosh, you're mighty square about it. You sure don't look it. Thought you was one o' them prosperous preachers. What you mean, bootlegging? You must be one o' them big uns.

J. H.: No, I peddle it. They come to my house or call me on the telephone, white folks and colored. I bootleg justice. You know there isn't much in this country for any poor folks, and down where I live there's none for colored folks. I specialize in bootlegging justice for colored folks. Getting influential people friendly, seeing a chief of police or petty judge—any old thing to keep an innocent colored boy out of a jail and make it as reasonable as I can for the guilty ones. Pardon my preacher look, stranger, when I tell you I enjoy the job and it keeps me damn busy.

Chapter XII

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I do not know of anything in my career that has meant more to me than my nine months with our men in France. JOHN HOPE, in a letter of January 5, 1925.

IN THE YEAR 1917 the United States entered the European conflict and an immense change in the atmosphere of the country affected Hope, his students, and indeed his whole race. Hope hated war. Reasonable, thoughtful, sensitive, humane as he was by nature, he seems to have always known that he hated it. On July 6, 1916, in response to his Brown classmate George B. Hazard's reminiscence of the "lick in the eye," he remarked: "I may say, however, Hazard, that as I grow older I enjoy less and less hitting the other fellow. I am so far along that line that I cannot say that I look with a great deal of favor upon the preparedness program because it seems to me there is something sinister about it. The rank and file of us Americans believe that we are simply putting up a strong defense, but I very much fear that the people who are way back of the movement are saddling upon us an offensive program as well. . . . Really our national Christianity and brotherhood are rather hypocritical. . . . To talk about righteous wars is many parts humbug. Even our own Civil War, though it brought much good to pass, might have been avoided, and we are yet reaping the terrible, evil fruits of that struggle."

In May, 1917, after war had been declared, he wrote to another classmate, "If the country needs me, I shall respond readily, but I very much fear that it is not going to call on colored people to do much fighting."

The question was, Were colored Americans to be discriminated against in war as in peace? In answer, Hope's apprehension of his country's inability to estimate the valor and value of the colored soldier was fully borne out. From the first, Morehouse boys were touchingly ready to join, and it was apparent that all over the South colored men were willing, even eager, to accept their share of fighting and dying. Would the white men allow them this?

The first blow came when colored volunteers were refused; the second, when the principles of segregation were written into the draft law; the third, when colored soldiers found themselves detailed for the meanest labor in the army. Finally, as the result of a storm of protest, the Ninety-second Division was organized, comprised of Negroes as soldiers and lower-ranking officers; but, though it saw brilliant service on battlefronts overseas, it was flagrantly undervalued. With the sending of colored men to France, whether as stevedores or officers, the racial situation was intensified. There, in a country with the greatest friendliness toward Negroes, a little United States was erected with its caste system heightened by circumstances. At times the battle of prejudice seemed to loom larger than the battle of France.

In the thick of the struggle was the colored department of the Y.M.C.A., endeavoring to do what it could to obtain just dealing for the colored soldier. Dr. Jesse E. Moorland was senior international secretary representing the Negro troops on the National War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. Feeling that he must stay in Washington, he bethought himself of his "trusted friend" and companion of Nashville days; President Hope, with his great hold upon Negro youth, with his ability to deal with and bring together the best men of both races, would be the ideal man to represent him overseas. As early as October, 1917, he had appealed to Hope, who told him of his eagerness to serve, provided the college could spare him. On April 15, 1918, Hope was able to write, "My Board has been very kind to me. It feels that I need a vacation, and it is willing that I take it in any way I choose. If I should elect to go to France, it would be that I was using my vacation as I desired." Though the Y.M.C.A. contract called for service of a year, he was willing to commit himself only for six months away from Morehouse, and a special exception was made in his case.

Meanwhile the European situation, or rather the situation of colored soldiers in Europe, called to John Hope with a voice that became more and more imperative. In spite of his dislike of war, this was for him a moment of exalted hopefulness as to war's possible results. "I am absolutely certain that Jim-crowism has got to go," he wrote Moorland on February 12, 1918; ". . . the rest will be simple." Shortly after he reached France, Moorland wrote to him: "I knew what you would do when you got to France. I recommended it nearly a year ago, and had it been done when I suggested it and you had been ready to go, we would have averted some unpleasant things.

However, offenses must come, and sometimes they are blessings in disguise."

After a brief training period at Columbia University, Hope arrived in France two months before the Armistice. He immediately made satisfactory connection with Chief Secretary Edward C. Carter, in charge of Y.M.C.A. activities in France with headquarters at 12 rue d'Aguesseau in Paris. A warm personal friendship quickly developed between the two men.

On September 8th, from the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, Hope wrote to his wife that his first assignment was to be "educational—visiting and lecturing." It enabled him to get his bearings. Soon he was to have a general advisory position with relation to the problems of the Negro soldier. On September 14th, from "Somewhere in France," he wrote again: "Imagine my speaking tonight to several hundred colored men in a tent with no light except the last glimmer of twilight. Thousands of miles from America, yet every man in the audience a colored man from U.S.A. Think of a fellow walking up to me afterwards saying: 'I am from Atlanta. I lived on North Butler Street in "Darktown."' Yesterday, as I walked along, a fellow says: 'President Hope—well, I'll be dogged!' I knew his face but had to ask his name. He is Traylor from Atlanta."

On September 15th, he had already seen enough to be able to write to Moorland: "If I had any question about being needed over here that question is now settled. There are many jobs over here for men—and I am praying to God that I may be able to do a man's job." And of his own emotional surrender to the Allies' cause he said: "There is so much over here to engage you that *ordinary* emotions find small place. Men talk in the most simple, offhand manner about the most stupendous undertakings; and heroes are so numerous as hardly to attract attention. . . . I can now get an idea of what the Crusades must have meant."

The story from now on is told in part in his letters to his wife. But in part only. On the grimmer aspects of his work, particularly in so far as it was related to the race question, and on the discouraged conclusions he was forced to draw, he made report to his immediate superiors or kept silent. His letters home, ignoring this dangerous and censorable subject, are more in the nature of a travel diary. The French people and their customs delighted him then, as always afterward. And it was a relief, in the midst of his harassing duties, to write out his fresh, unstereotyped accounts of the latest encounter he had had, the

latest scene he had witnessed. His wife, moreover, on the other side of the ocean, was only too well able to read between the lines, being immersed in the duplicate problems of Negro soldiers' camps in the United States. She served with the Y.W.C.A., took charge of the first colored hostess house at Camp Upton, and conducted the training of colored women as secretaries of hostess houses.

Though it had been suggested at the outset that his work would be varied, Hope cannot have imagined its actual range until he actually tackled it. Or it might be truer to say that the job was what he made it—that a man of lesser capacity would have found less to do. He went almost immediately to the front and late on the night of September 24th, in a French town twenty miles from German territory, he wrote to Mrs. Hope: "About an hour and a half ago I told you good night and went to bed with part of my clothes on; but the long whistle of sirens woke me, and when I heard the report of guns it seemed time to 'beat it,' so I moved downstairs to the *abri* (cellar). There I found, as Cicero once said, 'many brave men had already gathered.' We stood around and chatted awhile, when a city bell rang. A Frenchman called across the yard, 'Fin!'—that is a great word with the French. So I am upstairs again hoping that for the rest of the night it is really *fini*."

Meanwhile, between his trips to the various fronts, there proved to be plenty to do in Paris itself. Here, lodged in a French pension, Hope had an extremely active life and performed feats almost amounting to wizardry in meeting practical demands. Of the spiritual demands made upon him and his gigantic spiritual accomplishment, no historical record was given until, safely returned to his own country a year later, he unburdened his pent-up emotions to his friend and colleague Moorland.

His minor duties were legion. "The tent which you left me is too small," reported a colored secretary from Melun. ". . . The Major has decided I may have another tent at once. The electric lights are now in, but I am in need of Y.M.C.A. furnishings and equipment. . . . Please push the matter of furnishings at once to the limit. . . . I am in need of all the athletic and educational supplies you can get hold of. I am unable to get any consideration from the other [white] Y."

From the same source came, the next day, an appeal for immediate help in forming an orchestra. Hope was to supply, without losing any time, "two trombones, one bass horn, one baritone horn, two alto horns, two B-flat clarinets, four B-flat cornets, one snare

drum, one bass drum, one tenor saxophone," with the addition, it is explained, "for orchestra" of "one violin, one guitar, one bass violin, and a trap drummer's outfit."

A third request included "one hundred readers, first, third and fifth grade work, copy books and arithmetics," as well as "one thousand sheets of scratch paper and three hundred pencils." These were to equip one hundred and twenty-five men who were ready to start in school work. "Press the question of supplies for the educational work to the limit," the letter urged.

During the course of his work Hope saw many old friends and acquaintances. One was Matthew Bullock, former Morehouse professor, whom he thought the "finest sport" he had ever met. Bullock had been having disillusioning and almost tragic experiences as a "Y" secretary when Hope went to see him in a delousing camp at Mons, and was overwhelmed by the aggregation of injustices against the colored troops which he had encountered. Furthermore, he had been allowed no furlough, and his patience was at an end; he firmly declined to report for duty. Every morning he would be ordered to "go to work," and he would respond with "I won't work." Hope heard his complaints. "I know this man," he said, "and if this man says he won't work, he won't." Later Bullock was recognized for his gallantry under fire.

Another friend whom Hope delighted to come upon was Dr. Raymond Carter, son of the Reverend E. R. Carter of Atlanta. He was with the 92nd Division, to which Hope was assigned during the early days of the Battle of the Argonne Forest. Knowing Carter from his boyhood, Hope could not resist teasing him unmercifully. "You know, Carter, I never saw your wife so well and contented as since you went away. She's gotten fat. She's simply blooming."

Carter was equal to the occasion. "That's why I left," he said succinctly.

Again, after he had been made a captain and wore another bar on the shoulder of his uniform, Hope twitted him: "Carter, why in the world are you twisting your head over on your shoulder? You'll strain your neck. Oh, I see. You've got another bar."

Hope was throughout a hard-working man in uniform, sharing for a large part of the time, in spite of his fifty years, the soldiers' difficult and dangerous lives. Once, at least, he barely escaped with his own. Dr. H. E. Nash of Atlanta told his friends of one of Hope's visits to the front, where the doctor was stationed. He had ridden down in the

side car of a motorcycle. Dr. Nash insisted on his staying overnight and sleeping in his own bed. That night the Germans laid down a barrage on the road over which he would have passed had he carried out his intention of returning immediately. But this wasn't the kind of thing that John Hope talked about, at the time or afterward.

Unperturbed by such experiences, he was writing to his wife of his enjoyment of the French people. On October 25th he wrote: "A few nights ago in a little French town I took supper (dinner) in a French home; and we did have a cozy time. We had a charming French hostess, the kind of self-respecting, sympathetic class that make a living by working. She served a delicious dinner on a long table covered with the old-time big red and white checks; and our napkins were big and of these same red and white checks. In the big open fireplace the fire burned cheerfully, not our big ample logs, but rather tiny sticks of wood. How much I disliked to leave that room for the hotel; but went through the rain and sticky mud, found my room, and went to bed. There is one place you are safe from cold—in your bed covered by one of these thick feather coverlets."

From first to last, as every one of his personal letters shows, France completely charmed this American. And the memory of it afterward charmed him almost as much. Fifteen years later he recalled, in one of his chapel talks, "the old Frenchwoman who cooked me a delicious breakfast one morning. She cooked over an open fireplace, and then she began to tell me about all the things that she had gone through during the war. She was living by herself, and all her children were dead or gone away, and I said, 'What do you do?' She smiled and said, 'The fire is my good company.' Think of that! A person goes through all that and can sit by the fire, which is her good company. That fire was her good company because it brought to her good memories. As a last welcome, she called me to her window and threw the windows wide and said, 'Behold, the field.'"

But the hours were exceptional in which he could allow himself to be the enthralled spectator merely. On November 3rd he reported to his wife: "It is with much sadness that I have to record the death of our first Morehouse man. Emory Boykin was killed in battle while in the honorable performance of duty. It was rumored the day that I left the Division several weeks ago, but I told the boys I should not mention it until they assured me that the report was correct. Today I received two letters informing me that the poor boy had met a

soldier's death. Both letters proudly mention the fact that all Emory's wounds were in front."

Then came the Armistice. John Hope reported, on that very morning, but referring to the day before, which was Sunday: "We went into a little Catholic church and had a short service with about twenty soldiers. I read the Scriptures, spoke, and closed with a prayer. It was a novel experience to speak amid the roar of guns, some of them only two or three city blocks away, thundering, thundering. But for that matter I was a very short distance from where our boys went over the top."

And in the evening of the same day he continued: "Well, I suppose by this time you know more about the terms of the armistice than I, for I am far away from the Paris newspapers of this evening and have access only to brief Army communiqués; but I know that I turned my wrist over dozens of times this morning looking at my watch to see when the guns would become silent and the slaughter cease. To the minute, if not a few minutes beyond the appointed time, the guns roared. . . . Until the last both sides fought. Then, all at once, silence. Complete silence; and an aeroplane soared in peace in the glistening morning sunlight above the fields of death. . . . Tonight I sit here writing, while outside are the pistol shots and the hilarious shouts of happy people. It sounds like an old-time, noisy southern Christmas. *Fini! Fini!* That word is everything. . . . Give my love to the Morehouse boys, and tell them that Morehouse was in the last of the fight."

The next day it was cold, and snow had fallen. Hope, traveling by train, saw a sight that impressed him so poignantly that fifteen years afterwards, in a talk on Armistice Day, he described it in these words: "In the dazzling sunshine, the snow looked white and pretty. As I neared the town on the old narrow-gauge train, I saw thousands upon thousands of crosses, not white but black in the sunshine, glittering dark in the glaring sunshine against the white snow. I went into town and I saw soldiers loading car after car with empty shells, those French 75's, the size you put flowers in. I don't know that I've seen anything that has made me feel the physical loss of society like those forty half-mile-long trains loaded with 75's that had been used to kill men. I think not even that city, with every house, public and private, including the great cathedrals, shattered, most of them down with no stone upon another—I don't think even that impressed me as far as losses were concerned, so much as those shells manufactured to kill."

A week later, even with the war ended, he seems seriously overshadowed by what lay about him. "If I brooded over all I saw, I should go stark mad, I suppose," he remarked grimly to his wife. And the next moment he transferred his concern to Atlanta and his children. "How is Edward getting along in his studies and"—reiterating the one worry that never seemed to leave him—"are you sure that my boys are getting enough to eat?"

His observations on shell shock, given in the same letter of November 18th, are noteworthy. "In fact I think that some men are shell-shocked without knowing it or its being known even by physicians. I think a mild shock may have its psychological effect without its physical symptoms being revealed. But a fellow who is seriously shocked has a rather pathetic appearance. I was at a second-aid station just a few kilometers back from the actual fighting and saw some fellows who were brought in. They looked almost stupid and were listless to the point of limpness. Yet they kept a good hold on their gun and showed no disposition to part with it."

Comfort and reassurance came to him continually from America. The *Crisis* had an editorial about him. Praise of his own work was abundant, but that probably stirred him less than an item in a letter from Moorland, dated November 27th: "You will be glad to know that the colored people have made a great place for themselves with their gifts in the United War Work Campaign. The students have given over thirty thousand dollars, more than twice as much as they gave last year. The colored people in some counties in the South have given as much as the whole county was asked to give. It has made a very profound impression."

On December 11th, Hope noted that "the armistice and the possible peace are having just as severe problems" as the war and implied his own deep absorption in his work. Again he worried about his children, urging his wife to see that John had sufficiently warm clothing and that Edward wasn't allowed to become lonely. "If the colored troops go home soon, I shall return soon. But there is no indication of this. . . . I do not like to leave my work incomplete. But . . . I am most eager to return."

December saw the arrival in France of Hope's two good friends, those contrasting personalities, W. E. B. Du Bois and R. R. Moton. Du Bois had been asked by the N.A.A.C.P. to go abroad "for the purpose of investigating the treatment of Negro soldiers and for collecting and perfecting the historic record of their participation in

the war." Moton, on the other hand, was President Wilson's private envoy with instructions to pacify those same soldiers wherever he could—obviously a considerable undertaking. Hope of course could be a guide to both friends.

"He seems very fond of me," he wrote after meeting Du Bois in France, "and I know that I am fond of him. He and I took dinner at a characteristically French café tonight where people of only ordinary means congregate. It was typically French, very quiet and decent. The suave fat Madame welcomes each customer with 'Bon soir, monsieur,' and says goodbye with the same pleasant 'Bon soir.' He and I ate and talked for an hour or so."

On Christmas Eve Hope wrote to his wife from the town of Laval: "I rose at 5:30 this morning, left Paris at 7:30, arrived at Le Mans at noon, remained there till 4:30, then got into an army truck and rode 82 kilometers (about 51 miles) to this town. If you look on the map you will see that I am almost in Brittany. It is now 9:30 and I must go to bed soon, as I am to rise at 4:30 tomorrow morning to get a train for Mayenne, a rather short distance from here, where I am going to see what arrangements can be made for our 92nd Division, which is on its way to the coast but will have to remain in this region for two or three weeks at least." Thus John Hope on the night before Christmas and before his younger son's ninth birthday. Thinking of the boy, he added: "I hope that he will develop into a really comforting man to you—but he is a people's boy. Everybody will like him, and that will be his danger."

A letter written under difficulties on December 30th, from Le Mans, is full of the exhilaration of work: "I have a little wood fire made out of an armful of wood I brought from the Y.M.C.A. office to my room. I have a candle half gone. It is only a few words I shall say, therefore. I left Mayenne this morning and shall remain here until tomorrow morning, when I return for a day to the 92nd. I am going to see that goods reach them tomorrow. Moton and Thomas Jesse Jones are with the 92nd today. The whole thing is rather interesting, and I may be able to tell you more about it. I hope that Moton succeeds. I have done all that I can to guide him and shall now probably have to look on. But he has quite a job on his hands, I can assure you. Du Bois will probably be with the 92nd within a few days. I must leave these parts within a day or two to see about rest areas for our soldiers."

Back in Paris on January 7th, he wrote: "I spent a much longer time with the 92nd than I expected. I am now back in Paris for three

days. Tomorrow night I leave for Bordeaux, and when I return to Paris I shall probably go to southeast France, where two rest camps are opening for our men. I think when I get there I shall remain at least a week or ten days and get a little rest as I have lived rather strenuously since I have been in France. It was quite a job to get among all the regiments of the 92nd, as they were distributed over about thirty towns; but I did the best I could and assisted in the distribution of the Y.M.C.A. Christmas gifts to nearly thirty thousand of our fighting men. Each man got cigarettes, a box of smoking tobacco and some chocolate. The poor fellows had been out of 'smokes' for some days, and it was a joy to see the appreciation of officers as well as men."

The rest areas referred to in these letters constituted an experiment that greatly interested Hope, though at first they roused grave doubts in his mind because they involved segregation. He gradually became reconciled to the plan when he saw that it would mean greater enjoyment and relaxation for the colored soldier, but agreed to it only after injecting a new element into the segregated pattern: that white and colored soldiers should be free and encouraged to visit back and forth between neighboring rest camps.

A month later in Paris Hope wrote his wife a letter that was characteristic in its sudden overflow of deep emotion. His emotional capacity, his delicate sympathy, were complements of his uncommon reserve. Greatly stirred by the sight of a French father and son in the Paris subway, he rushed home, seized paper and ink, and wrote: "Just a few minutes ago I was riding in a crowded subway train. Of all the people in that coach, just two attracted me—a French poilu and his little boy. A poilu, I say, no officer, no gold braid, just a plain thick French gray suit, just a little, cheap French gray cap—a poilu. His hair was thin and light, none grew on his neck, his face looked ruddy, shiny, and he had no eyebrows. He looked about the face as if he had been burnt by gas, but was not disfigured. On his left hand the middle finger was gone. He held the boy close to him as they both stood. The little boy looked at me once, and we both smiled. My God! thought I to myself, how that man must feel, how that man must love! I fancied that he had seen the face of that boy a thousand times as he mounted guard in the silent night watches, or as he bivouacked in fields or on the side of some ditch along the roadway. A thousand times he had seen that little boy, that handsome, black-eyed, black-haired boy, and wondered whether he would ever see him again,

wondered what would become of that intelligent boy if a shrapnel should cut off the day of his return. But what? The war finished! Home again! The boy with him, Genie, with him, his little back braced against his daddy's stomach, riding in the subway, in Paris! The little fellow stepped across the aisle to read a sign. When he returned the father took the boy's finger and held him. No, he will never lose him again. I thought and thought. I wished I could love as that man does. It is worth the sacrifice. I love you, and Edward and John; but I have never stood in the trenches with my heart dashing itself against my ribs as I waited for that death sentence: 'Over the top.' I have often read: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.' Tonight I get another thought, and that is that man gets no greater love than that which springs up in his own soul when he has laid down his life. That is why I often envy mothers. They have risked their life for every youngster that leans against their knee. Is it not wonderful? I did not envy that man. I revered him."

Throughout Hope's winter in France, Acting President Archer had been bombarding him with pleas that he return to Morehouse. The onslaught began in October and continued without let-up through January. On the one hand Archer compared himself more and more with John Hope to his own disadvantage, and on the other he realized that Hope was reluctant to return in the face of Secretary Carter's insistence that he "remain here until the last colored regiment returns to the States." Archer believed implicitly that important changes were in store for the Negro colleges of Atlanta. He saw that Atlanta University was almost on the verge of reorganization. On October 28th he wrote to Hope: "I believe the future of the College is somehow linked with Atlanta University. . . . Cooperation with Morehouse seems to be the one thing possible to keep the university in Atlanta. I am very willing to cooperate this year."

It seemed to Archer that Morehouse was to be the fixed, Atlanta the variable star. He also perceived that Buttrick and Flexner had growing faith in Hope and his dream of a "Greater Morehouse," and he felt that Hope should be on hand at this psychological moment. But Hope responded to Archer's optimism with a renewal of self-distrust and doubts as to the wisdom of his remaining in Atlanta. Archer gave a characteristic downright rebuttal on November 28th: "You must get back here before Commencement. The school in my

opinion will miss an opportunity that may never come again if you are not here to help put over a big thing. I know what I am talking about. You spoke of having rounded out your career here. You have rounded out a career of sacrifice and privation. Now when the opportunity to see the fulfillment of your hopes is at hand, it is not quite fair to yourself and family and to the institution to quit to take less responsibility. I know what you suffered and endured here. Come back and let us be a buffer. Give yourself to the larger things of the administration."

Archer continued to bring pressure on Hope. "An educational crisis is approaching," he announced on December 15th. "... Watson was telling me that the rumor is current North among the knowing ones that there will be established three big Negro universities, Howard, Fisk and Morehouse." On the 23rd he sent an almost irresistible appeal: "I know you have a big job in France, but you are in possession of the biggest opportunity that a Negro president will ever get. If I had the confidence of the men as you have, I would not ask your presence." And he applied in the same letter a further stimulus: "Just heard through Watson that a race commission would be called composed of seven citizens of U.S.—five white and two colored. You have been selected as the one colored man who will tell truth to white folks plainly without insulting." Finally, on January 19th, he wrote with utmost urgency: "I have stopped all talk around here about your not returning again as President. Wish you would not say to anyone what you intimated in your letter to me about having finished your work at Morehouse. . . . We shall have either a larger college or a small academy here at Morehouse. Your presence here by April 1st will go a long way toward giving us a larger college. Your absence may mean an academy. Are you coming? *Do not keep us in suspense.*"

At this stage, John Hope's state of mind might easily have been one of agitated uncertainty, subjected as he was to opposed pressures—pressure from Morehouse and pressure from the job he had in hand, which, as he handled it, seemed to grow bigger every day. At this very time he was deeply absorbed in uncovering and safely detonating explosive interracial situations. The idea prevailed and was acted upon, that colored soldiers could not be treated fairly lest they gain false notions of social equality and bring these back to the United States. In a long report prepared during January for Chief Secretary E. C. Carter, Hope carefully analyzed the situation and prescribed remedies,

maintaining a judicial calm that, in view of the extent to which his emotions were involved, was extraordinary. At home, confronting a lazy or untrustworthy student, he could be hasty or irascible. But matters here were too serious for surface annoyance. Specifically, he urged that there be more colored secretaries—both head secretaries and subordinates—and that there be a “gradual” but not “ruthless” withdrawal of such white secretaries as failed to function well among colored soldiers.

But whatever the army conditions in France might be, Archer's last letter could not be ignored, and he did not ignore it. On the contrary he wrote Secretary Carter on February 22, 1919, suggesting that he return to Atlanta by April 1st, “to get the college work in shape and then offer my services to the Overseas Y.M.C.A.—to return to France, if needed. This appeals to me because it leaves at least a slight chance of my return to work among my own soldiers in France.”

This letter to Carter also gives an interesting glimpse at a hidden recess in Hope's mind. He had long felt the lure of Africa. During these months he not only had met and consulted with French, English, and Belgian officers in order to get their views on mixing of troops of two races, but had talked with Colonial Africans also, eagerly comparing views with them. These talks stirred him greatly and brought to the surface half-submerged desires. He now wrote to Carter: “Just one request I desire to make. You know that, as a result of this war, new adjustments will no doubt occur in Africa, not only in colonies formerly German, but also probably among English as well, to say nothing of other native groups in Africa. No doubt some colored men may be valuable as workers, administrators, and advisers in the new efforts to develop the Africans in ways educational, industrial, economic, moral, and religious. Perhaps I could render some service. If such should appear to be the case, please feel free to use me, understanding this: that in allowing me to bring my training, experience, and sympathy to bear on any phase of the great African problem, you will be doing me a personal kindness, because Africa has been on my heart for many years. Maybe my very wide acquaintance with educated young colored men and women in America would make it possible for me to assist in the assembling of a personnel that would do much to make the African less of a world problem and more of a world asset.”

This letter had no immediate sequel, so far as Africa was concerned, though Hope did not forget his dream. On the other hand the

Y.M.C.A. authorities were eager to retain his notable service. He agreed to return to France after a minimum stay in the United States and to have "full oversight of the work among Negro soldiers with colored secretaries," as he wrote his wife from on board the *Lorraine*, returning to America late in March. "In fact, the scope of my work has been enlarged, and I am now a member of the A.E.F. staff."

Arriving in New York, Hope found that Archer's intuitions had been correct, and that the moment was probably close at hand when the General Education Board would be willing to place its weight behind the expansion of Morehouse College. He spent the month of April shuttling between New York and Atlanta, exchanging ideas with Buttrick and Flexner in the North and developing a blueprint with W. T. Courtney, the college engineer, in the South. The final decision was to be made by the General Education Board at the end of May. Still spiritually bound to the colored boys he had left behind in France, he could not wait to hear the result. He sailed on the *Leviathan* on the 6th of May.

Hope approached his final months in France with, of course, a complete knowledge of the situation and what was expected of him. It was not so much a repetition as an intensification of the work that had gone before. No guns were roaring, no blood was being shed. But the practical needs of the young colored soldiers were just as acute, the intricacies of race antagonism just as baffling. To this work he gave all that was in him, though realizing clearly by this time that the good things he had hoped for were only infinitesimally nearer fruition.

At the end of May, the General Education Board, in New York, voted for the Morehouse building program the largest gift that the college had yet received. Buttrick now felt that Hope's immediate return was imperative and himself appealed to the Y.M.C.A. to release him. The Association was more than ever reluctant to let this man of "notable fitness" go but left the decision to Hope. Again he was pulled by two almost overwhelming forces, and again, as always, Morehouse won out. By July, although his job in France was far from done, he felt he could turn it over to a highly gifted young colored secretary, Max Yergan, whom he had known for several years. Having given of his utmost, he returned to the United States.

From the moment of his arrival in Atlanta, the affairs of the college engrossed him; and it was not until September 24, 1919, that he was able to send International Secretary Moorland a report on his

nine months' work in France. As he explained in an accompanying letter, "An ordinary letter I might have written you at odd times, but I did want to take a long while on this report." This was indeed no ordinary letter. The three-thousand-word document is a moving story, in which John Hope for the first time spoke frankly of those aspects of his work that he had not referred to in his letters from Europe. Yet he was able to say: "My work was at all times inspiring, even at times when conditions were not only unpleasant but almost unendurable."

After a brief introduction, Hope followed the stream of his life in France, but with an undercurrent of deep feeling:

"My visits carried me to almost all of the large ports of France, a good number of camps in the interior and in three different sectors on the Western battle front. I came in personal contact with almost every colored man and woman sent overseas by the Y.M.C.A. and many white secretaries who were doing work among colored soldiers. Having spent more than two months at this sort of work before the armistice came on the 11th of November, you will see that I had an opportunity to notice conditions during the war and after the armistice as these conditions obtained among our colored troops. . . . Many times during my stay in France I wanted to write you telling you of things just as they were occurring, but I was there to win the war and not to write criticisms. You will recall that during my entire stay in France you received hardly a word that was unfavorable or discouraging; but there was much in France and in the Y.M.C.A. in France to embarrass, discourage, and even embitter colored secretaries and colored soldiers.

"The Bordeaux situation, which was revamped and discussed time and again in France by men who ought to have let it drop, was one which is more and more to the credit rather than the discredit of our colored secretaries. Yet the fact remains that such reports were sent to headquarters at Bordeaux about colored secretaries, that some were ordered away and others because of embarrassment asked that they be reassigned elsewhere. When I got to France I found that there was not a single colored secretary in the Bordeaux region, although there were thousands of Negro soldiers who needed the very best service that colored men and women could render. I went to that city to see about the situation, during the month of October. The regional secretary, Mr. Scott, was favorably disposed to colored secretaries and wanted them there, but said that he could not use any

until I succeeded in getting the consent of Base Chaplain Peddie and General Connor, who was in charge of the region. This I succeeded in getting. After that, a few colored secretaries were filtered in and the work among Negro soldiers gradually improved; but this did not come until serious damage to the work had been done. Furthermore, the Bordeaux situation had so tied your hands in this country that you could not get the colored secretaries overseas fast enough to satisfy the needs at Bordeaux and at other places as well.

"I regret to say that much of the trouble at Bordeaux, as I found out about it through investigation among white and colored people, was due to the unfriendly attitude of some white secretaries who had the backing of some officers who were prejudiced against colored soldiers and colored secretaries as well. I do not need to go too fully into this particular trouble as you have heard all about it before, but the fact is that two innocent, worthy secretaries, Mrs. Curtis and Mr. M. W. Bullock, were sent to Paris and were about to be returned to America as undesirable when some strong influence prevailed to allow them to remain in France and get new assignments. These two particular secretaries did some of the finest work done by anybody in France. Mrs. Curtis went to Montoire, where she worked for months among colored soldiers. Later she took charge of a leave area, and did a remarkable work from the time the area opened to colored men until it closed. From there she went to Romagne, where colored soldiers were doing some of the most unpleasant work assigned to any unit in all France, exhuming and reburying our American dead during the hot summer months. Mr. Bullock was attached to the 15th New York (369th), followed the men through many of their conflicts, and even went over the top with them administering to their needs while they were under fire. The question with many people who knew of Bullock's work is, Why did he fail to get the Croix de Guerre?

"With reference to the leave area I wish to say that I was called in to a conference last fall as to the advisability of having a separate place for colored soldiers to enjoy their 'permission.' At first I was not in favor of drawing the line against colored soldiers in this matter of vacation, especially as they had begun without any race lines whatever; but as the conference proceeded I found out, through various questions asked, that the attitude of the white soldiers was such that it seemed best not only for the pleasure but even the protection of colored soldiers to give them an area to themselves. The white 'Y' workers said that colored soldiers were well behaved, the most easily

entertained, and the most appreciative of all the soldiers that had visited the area, but that white soldiers were disposed to bother them and prevent them from enjoying themselves. It was the opinion of the army officers and the Y.M.C.A. people who were in charge of the leave areas that the highest interest of the colored soldiers and white soldiers in the leave area would be conserved by setting apart Chambéry and Challes-les-Eaux as two leave areas for colored soldiers. These two towns were a short distance from Aix-les-Bains. The colored soldiers were not excluded from visiting Aix-les-Bains and the white soldiers were not excluded from visits to Chambéry and Challes-les-Eaux, but every soldier had to be in his own town by twelve o'clock at night. The result was that many white soldiers went to Chambéry and Challes-les-Eaux, entered the large hut where colored soldiers ate, lounged, played their games, etc. with no friction whatever. This was due to the fact that no colored secretaries anywhere showed any spirit of discrimination against white soldiers. It was the slogan of every colored secretary, so far as I observed, 'We are serving American soldiers without reference to race or color.'

"When it was decided to open these two towns to colored soldiers, it was also decided to man the Y.M.C.A. activities entirely with colored secretaries. Almost immediately all the white secretaries were taken out, and colored put in. The attitude of the French townsfolk towards these new colored secretaries and the colored soldiers was beautiful. Some of the finest, most refined, French ladies in Chambéry came to the assistance of the colored secretaries and volunteered their services. When the areas closed, a reception to colored secretaries was given under the auspices of the mayor and other distinguished townsfolk. I have cited this rather at length to give you an idea of the impression created by our colored secretaries in France.

"I made several visits to that area, the last visit being a few days before the areas were closed. At that time all the military police had been sent away from the city of Chambéry. Yet our secretaries were told that some more colored troops would be coming in within a day or two. The secretary said before an army officer in charge: 'Why are the M.P.'s being sent away if more soldiers are coming?' The reply of this officer was: 'Aren't you secretaries here?' That reply seemed to me one of the highest encomiums that could have been passed upon the work, character, and discipline of our colored men and women.

"Early this summer I was called upon to find some secretaries to send at once to Romagne, Belleau Woods, and Fère-en-Tardenois.

The officers were finding considerable difficulty in handling the soldiers who were then engaged in the task, as I have mentioned before, of exhuming, transporting, and reburying our American dead. The trouble had arisen, as I found out by inquiry, not from the fact that these soldiers were doing an unpleasant task, not even from the fact that this unpleasant task had been put for the most part on colored soldiers rather than on white soldiers, but from the fact that the boys were getting what they regarded as bad treatment and had no chance whatever for redress. They said that they had been standing it for months and had got to the place where they could not endure it any longer and must speak out notwithstanding the consequences. An appeal was made for colored secretaries. Mind you, Dr. Moorland, not simply secretaries but colored secretaries, men and women, because it was thought by the army officers that the support and tone of the men would become better with this influence. Isn't it a strange outcome of things that colored secretaries who had not been allowed months before to work among their own men because of prejudice against them were finally appealed to to assist the army? But such is the fact. I made two trips to Belleau Woods and found out that the morale at Belleau Woods was almost absolutely changed for the better within two days after our colored men and women reached the camp. The same was true of Romagne, where there were colored men and women. At Fère-en-Tardenois, where there were only men, the condition was also greatly improved. . . .

"In a number of places I had actually to get permission from the Y.M.C.A. and military authorities to allow colored secretaries to come in. . . .

"In a place called Gièvres, where there were thousands of colored soldiers and where the presence of colored secretaries would have gone far to help those men, it was practically impossible to get a colored secretary in for months, simply because an American gentleman had made a speech in that community in which he talked about fair play. This speech aroused the antagonism of a certain class of officers who decided that it was dangerous for a colored secretary to operate in that division. The Y.M.C.A. secretary in charge told me several times last winter that he thought the time 'was not ripe' for colored secretaries to come in. I was told last spring that he finally made a request for colored secretaries on the ground that they were really needed to do best service for colored troops.

"During my nearly ten months in France I met and talked in-

dividually with probably thousands of colored and white soldiers and with many officers, white and colored. I talked very freely with many Y.M.C.A. secretaries, white and colored. I visited many huts, some for white, some for colored, some where white and colored mingled freely. I know pretty well the conditions as they were in France when our colored boys were over there. If there is anything that suggests itself to you after reading this report that you would like to have me tell you, let me know, and I shall be pleased to write you. If you should ask me whether the prejudice was southern prejudice or northern prejudice, I might say that it was more southern than northern, but I would be compelled to say that it was southern and it was northern, that it was American. The great pity is that our boys should have had so much to crush them at a time when they had thought they would have the freest chance to serve their country as men without the terrible trammels of color being ever with them. I met the 15th New York once in what was called a quiet sector, but it was nevertheless in the front line in the Alsace sector where there was much expectancy even though not much fighting. They were a cheerful lot. They had been terribly shattered, having had to have many replacements, but they were full of good cheer, as you say, lots of 'pep.' I shall never forget the impression I got that Sunday afternoon as I rode into the little Alsatian village and found Jim Europe's Band giving an afternoon concert and came across my old friend, Matt Bullock, quietly looking on and listening to the music which he loves so dearly.

"I was with our boys of the 92nd Division during some of the early days of the Battle of the Argonne Forest. When I think of the demeanor of those men during those days and then read the contemptible reports of cowardice that I have heard since, I am simply amazed at the successful propaganda that can be 'put over' with reference to those fine fellows. I spent one Sunday with a regiment that was expecting every minute to be called into action. They showed absolutely no thought of fear; in fact, they seemed rather unconcerned to me. Their greatest thought was whether they could get a smoke or not. I was with this same division the last three days of the war. This 92nd Division that is being charged with cowardice was located during those few days in some of the most exposed places of the sector facing Metz, and during Sunday and Monday many paid the price with their blood. I saw those fellows going into action, I stood by the graves of some afterwards. During all of these experiences

our colored secretaries under shell fire and in the midst of most unfavorable surroundings stood by like men courageously and ministered in a brotherly and kindly way to these colored soldiers.

"I do not want you to feel otherwise than happy over the work that you did. The men whom you sent reflected credit on your judgment. The fact that you did not send more was not your fault. I know the causes that hindered you. I want to thank you for the opportunity that you gave me to serve my country with my brethren overseas. I went over a patriot and I returned a patriot. I know my country's faults, but I love the United States. I found my country's faults in a clearer way than I had ever seen them before while I was in France. I find my country's faults on my return. I have the same disposition to live and serve my country. This is the attitude of colored men in general, notwithstanding the fact that we reserve the right to express our grievances and to endeavor to correct the attitude which is so unfavorable to colored people and so embarrassing to our peace and happiness.

"There is much that the Y.M.C.A. may learn from its experience overseas. I think that the Y.M.C.A. ought to have learned two things: that America at its best will draw no color lines, and that Jesus Christ teaches no color line. If the Y.M.C.A. will learn that lesson from the faults it committed in France, and in the United States as well, during the war it may yet become a more far-reaching moral and spiritual influence in America in the solution of our race problems than it has ever been. But imagine a sign in a Y.M.C.A. hut stating that Negro soldiers must sit at certain stoves and white soldiers sit at certain stoves in the same hut, if they wish to warm themselves. That is the sort of thing that colored soldiers and colored secretaries were 'up against.' That and worse.

"I ought not to omit in this letter an expression of the highest appreciation for Secretary E. C. Carter. In my personal relations with him I found him sympathetic, generous, and free of anything that looked like the remotest thought of discrimination. He relied a great deal on my opinion and expressed the wish that I might remain in France until the last colored soldier had left. It was due to his insistence that I remained as long as I did in France in spite of the urgent calls from the College for my return. I may say also that my relations with the other officers at 12 Rue d'Aguesseau with whom I came in contact were pleasant. When I went to France there was no position especially marked out for me. There was only your desire that I might

have an opportunity to supervise. Before I left France I had been made officially a member of the Field Staff and was known as the Field Secretary for work among colored troops with authority to go wherever it seemed best for me to go for the welfare of our troops.

"I wish also to say that I am greatly indebted to Mr. Max Yergan for his kindness to me. When he arrived in France my duties were so pressing that it would have been impracticable for me to return to the United States as soon as I did if he had not shown a willingness to relieve me entirely, so that I could respond to an urgent cable message calling me to the United States. Mr. Yergan took hold of some difficult problems and did his work successfully."

John Hope was no ordinary man. He could note at first hand a thousand such facts as these. He could even, with a remarkable flexibility of mind, understand them. But, saddened and frustrated as he was, he was not embittered toward his country, easily understood though such an attitude might have been. He went to Europe a convinced patriot, as he himself quietly states, and he returned one. Such patriotism is of strong fiber.

Chapter XIII

“DON'T LET THIS HARVEST PASS”

JOHN HOPE returned from France as an American patriot but a bitterly disillusioned human being. The faith which he had had since boyhood in the best of the white race was almost shattered. Around him the tides of race hostility were rising. Negroes who had eagerly gone North, drawn by the opportunities that wartime jobs offered, were being terrorized by race riots. Across the country lynching was increasing, and little was being done to check it. And what John Hope for months could not forget was that young Negro soldiers were on their way home, tens of thousands of them. If the situation in the states they came from had been unhappy before they went, it was considerably more so now. For what were these men? Citizens? or something a good deal less than that? They had been brave on the battlefield, they had helped achieve the objects of war. Were they to be acclaimed, then? Or were they to creep back, feared and hated because of their new status, to the communities that had bred them? Nobody, not even their officers, knew more of what the Negro soldiers felt than Hope knew. It was not a matter of idealizing them or of being sentimental about any aspect of warfare. But he knew a debt was due these men, and he believed that for the most part they were not going to be paid. When he arrived in his native state of Georgia, colored soldiers and their families were in certain instances being driven from their homes because of the hysterical fears of their white neighbors.

A few weeks after his return, on August 6, 1919, Hope wrote to Wallace Buttrick thanking him for the personal part he had played in the efforts for Morehouse but speaking mainly of the weight of his postwar disillusionment: “Many congratulations have come to me because of this contribution to the College, and I believe it is going to have a stimulating and helpful effect. The one thing that colored people throughout the United States now need is reassurance. I do wish that people in authority, beginning with the President of the

United States and reaching down to mayors and sheriffs of the smallest counties and towns, would at least guarantee to Negroes the protection of their life and their property. As it now stands Negro life all over the United States is sadly lacking in protection. When you get back to New York from your vacation I shall probably tell you of some conversations I have had with people of both races. What this country is needing now is not so much talk but action, and if people in authority do not act with courage I very much fear that things might get out of hand. What disturbs me now is not so much the attitude of the lawless element, white or colored, as the flabby, helpless, impotent attitude of people in authority. I did think that the World War would stiffen people's backbone; but, so far as officials in this country are concerned, it seems to me that very little along that line has been accomplished. Now, Dr. Buttrick, I am sorry that I have brought this shadow across your vacation, but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

One of the conversations Hope had soon after his return was with a young white man, W. W. Alexander, a southerner and a former Methodist minister, who had been active on the War Work Council in the South and had become concerned over the problems of Negro soldiers and their home communities. He was not a complete stranger to Alexander, who in a brief memoir * has related: "I recall little that was done or said at a student conference at Gammon Seminary back in 1911 except that there I first saw President Hope. He was then forty-three years old and had been President of Morehouse College for five years. He was a man of average height, erect, who moved with ease. I was struck first with the light complexion and fair hair in one who was classed as colored. My greater interest, however, was in his finely chiseled, intelligent face, his well-modulated voice, and disciplined speech. I realized that he would have been outstanding among any group of men. By a stranger he might have been mistaken for a great artist, actor, or a surgeon. There was something about him that, at first sight, might have created the impression of austerity or aloofness. However, one could not doubt that here was an unusual person."

Now at second meeting in 1919 at Alexander's office in Atlanta, the two men were strongly attracted to each other. Alexander became so absorbed in the conversation that when Hope left he went down with him to the street and continued talking until Hope boarded the

* "Phylon Profile, XI, John Hope," *Phylon*, First Quarter, 1947.

streetcar. They exchanged views on the current situation among Negroes and whites, and in their succeeding meetings they talked of a race commission of which Alexander was to be director. Hope, whose usual resiliency of spirit had failed him after the shock of his experiences overseas, expressed considerable pessimism as to the possible accomplishments of such a group.

The commission was the one to whose formation Professor Archer had referred in his letter to Hope in France, mentioning that he would be asked to join it because "he was the one colored man who will tell truth to white folks plainly without insulting." It was the creation of four enlightened citizens of Atlanta, John J. Eagan, a well-to-do businessman; M. Ashby Jones, a Baptist minister and son of the chaplain of General Robert E. Lee; Plato Durham, Dean of the Candler School of Theology of Emory University; and C. B. Wilmer, an Episcopal minister. These men were alarmed by the reception which they perceived was in preparation for the Negro soldiers and had set about forestalling it. A drive was being held at that time to collect funds for use among returning soldiers. Eagan persuaded the officials of the drive that the proportion of money which was to be allotted for the benefit of Negro soldiers could best be used by an interracial commission composed of white and black southerners.

This was, for its time, an extreme innovation for the South—that white people and Negroes should serve in one and the same body. Hitherto there had been committees of white people working for Negro welfare and cooperating committees of Negroes and white people; but never, possibly, had southern white people asked a Negro to sit down with them at a council table with an equal voice in the discussions. From the first, R. R. Moton and John Hope were asked to participate. Moton, of the equable temperament, was willing. Hope was hesitant. The disillusionment of his war service was overwhelmingly with him, and he wished to be very sure that any professedly progressive group that he might join had something in the nature of true justice in mind. Ashby Jones called him "the hopeless John Hope" and regarded him at first as an obstacle.

But shortly after the work of the commission was initiated it achieved results that impressed Hope. The city of Atlanta had proposed a bond issue for the building of schools, and the Negro citizens had voted in a block against it. The city asked the commission to investigate the motives behind this vote. The commission approached John Hope, who reported that the colored people had no assurance

whatever that any part of the money would be spent for them—they did not even have a high school at that time. The commission exacted from the city a promise that the Negroes would have a high school if the bond issue went through. A second vote was taken, and Negroes voted for the issue. Even then, according to Dr. Jones, the politicians tried to go back on their promise; but the commission threatened to bring the matter into court, and the promise was kept.

Hope had also asked that there be an equalization of the pay of colored and white teachers; this the school board would not contemplate, though it agreed to a proportional raise for teachers of both races. Hope then made a Fabian decision. Without failing to adhere to his belief in equal pay, he agreed with the commission that it would be better to have a colored high school with lower salaries than no high school at all. His stand won the appreciation of the commission, who felt that here was "a realist" as well as a man of principle. From that time on Hope's life was closely intertwined with the work of the commission. He was elected to membership on June 25, 1920, joining his friend Major R. R. Moton and Bishop Robert E. Jones; Mrs. Hope also became a member somewhat later. Twelve years afterward he achieved what was an extraordinary position for a colored man in the South through his unanimous election to the presidency of the commission.

It would not be possible to measure justly the effect of the commission upon John Hope's state of mind in those early postwar years; but it saved him from utter pessimism. That he believed that a new element had been injected into southern life can be seen in his tribute to the commission at the 1928 meeting of the International Missionary Council in Jerusalem:

"At the close of the World War . . . the question arose, somewhat through prejudice, somewhat through fear, as to whether the South should allow the Negro soldiers to be repatriated in their old homes, especially as they had been in France and enjoyed equality, thereby being rendered unfit to live under the old conditions in peace. To say the least, this was an ungracious attitude towards several hundred thousand Negroes who had risked their lives in their country's cause. But the situation actually became so acute that a few well-thinking, farseeing white men decided that this attitude on the part of many white people was neither just nor beneficial. . . . The decision on the part of these few men called for courage and very quick execution. At once they got in touch with men who had a sense of responsibility

and fairness in different communities all over the southern states so that these few white people in various sections of the South prepared the rank and file of their people to receive these Negro soldiers in good spirit. . . . Ordinarily nothing further would have been done. But this small group of white men prepared to go further. They said, 'This ought never to have happened, and we should plan to prevent a recurrence of this sort of acute hostility between the races. . . .'

"This small group of white people has prevented many serious upheavals. It has been done quietly, and for best reasons little or nothing has been said about it. But through the activity of this group the physical lives of Negroes in the United States are becoming more precious. The attitude of this group of southern white people has been quite different from that of a number of other efforts in behalf of Negroes. It had been the habit of even the favorably disposed southern white people to think out what was best for Negroes and do that. The effort was for the Negro, in behalf of the Negro. But the new group took another important step forward, and said: 'We cannot know what is best for Negroes unless we consult them so that we may find out their difficulties and problems from their point of view and with a better understanding come nearer accomplishing something really worth while.' With this in view Negroes in various parts of the South were called together for conferences with white men and women in order that the Negro's side of the perplexing question might be presented. . . .

"Underlying that which has been [previously] done for Negroes there has been a selfishness lurking. . . . This interracial relations movement is different. Here was the small group of white people, living in the South, who did not care particularly whether the Negro lived South or North, who were not primarily, if at all, interested in the Negro's enhancing the prosperity of white people, who, strange as it may sound, may not have been interested in Negro welfare primarily. It was a strange searching of the heart on the part of a little minority of white people and a frank penetrating look into their own white civilization. They said this among other things: 'Can a civilization that is cruel and unjust survive? . . . ' In the last analysis, it was a voice crying in the wilderness. It was a little group of white people in the upper chamber, preparing a new interracial gospel which said that 'no race can live that degrades another race and our survival depends upon the recognition of brotherhood towards black people. The most awful challenge, but the most convincing challenge, is this

black minority in our midst. The question is whether we white people will save our own souls.' ”

From its inception the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, as it was called, grew rapidly. Starting as a very small committee in Atlanta, it became an interstate network with a white and a colored paid representative in each of the southern states and many volunteer workers. Among its colored members were Charles S. Johnson, the sociologist; the Reverend H. H. Proctor; Isaac Fisher, editor of the *Fisk University News*; Harry H. Pace, secretary-treasurer of the Standard Life Insurance Company. Among its white members were W. D. Weatherford, pioneer in interracial relations and charter member; Howard W. Odum; E. M. Poteat; Kendall Weisiger of the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company; R. H. King of the Y.M.C.A. In 1922 Robert B. Eleazer became educational director. His first work was in encouraging newspapers to carry better Negro news. Later he worked to persuade colleges to carry courses in race relations and normal schools to introduce racial problems into their training routine. Many pamphlets were published by the commission. Funds for the work flowed chiefly from northern foundations.

As crises arose in southern communities, the commission would meet to confer upon the question at issue. During the postwar years Hope was exercised over the mass migration of Negroes from the South into scarcely more satisfactory environments in the North. He felt that not only the Negro but the South would suffer from this blind movement. In October, 1919, he had personally sent out a form letter urging that attention be given to a program for “the immediate and permanent improvement of southern Negroes in country places. . . . As we contemplate this migration it is not too much to say that there is still a possibility of the agricultural output of the South being checked to the point of serious economic embarrassment. In fact agricultural conditions may undergo a change amounting to economic revolution. But even with this danger threatening our Southern commonwealths it is hardly reasonable and fair to urge the Negroes to remain without some assurance and program for better, safer, and more happy living. Too often the Negro’s interests have been considered in terms of others’ interests; but we have come to the place where it must be soberly questioned by all thoughtful and patriotic people, what is best for the Negro himself as a human being, as an American citizen, and as a brother in the great democracy which we are building up for the world of men and women. . . . What can

we do to make the colored man in the country districts an asset rather than a liability?"

Hope brought the question of the rural Negro family many times to the attention of the commission. He told of colored people run out of their county. He told of a labor shortage caused by fear of the Ku Klux Klan. In 1921 C. B. Wilmer of the commission talked with the Imperial Wizard in an attempt to persuade the Klan to take a more logical stand. Many of the commission's meetings dealt with lynching and peonage. Ashby Jones recalled a striking example of Hope's approach to these interracial tragedies: "John Hope believed in human kindness. I shall never forget the meeting of this Commission [when] we had been talking about the terrible crime of lynching and we had been trying to find out where those atrocious mob murders took place oftenest and what groups were particularly earnest in their participation. So that we talked about that group that we variously named as poor whites, as the backward primitive whites that still live in the South. And then up rose John Hope to the defense of that group of white people. I can hear him now as he said they never had a chance and they were caught, economic victims of slavery and slave-owning aristocrats. He rose above his own race, above my race, and I do not believe that for the time being there was any consciousness of race within him, but his great humanity called for fair play, a sympathetic hearing for all people." Thus John Hope, blood-brother of the mob victims, speaking like a prophet, like the most inspired of humanitarians, defended the accused whites.

It was occasions such as this that proved the lasting value of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. White people found that Negroes could have genuine interest in and kindred sympathy for the white race as a group; Negroes found that white people could have genuine interest in and kindred sympathy for the colored race as a group. Frequently members of both races had not believed mutual understanding to be possible, except in individual personal instances. W. W. Alexander has noted: "Perhaps the change that took place in the attitudes of the white people who worked with the Commission was more significant than the specific things which it attempted to accomplish." And Dr. Jones eloquently stated: * "We came together here and we said . . . we will form an organization that shall be unique; it shan't have a social creed; it shan't have an inflexible technique; it shan't bind itself to the doing of this task or that, but an organization

* Speech at the Commission's memorial meeting for John Hope.

that shall try to create an atmosphere, a climate, an interracial climate, where human brotherhood can come to flower and find its expression in all of the practical tasks through varied and multiplied organizations and instruments to build a better civilization."

Such an interracial climate was a product of the Interracial Commission, and, as Hope himself said, because of it the lives of Negroes became more "precious" in the eyes of the South. This, its main accomplishment was not lost when after twenty-five years its work was merged with that of the Southern Regional Council, of which all members of the commission became charter members.

One of Hope's closest associates on the commission was Plato Durham, of whom he wrote April 30, 1925: "I do not lose faith in the whole human family when any one disappoints me, even though I might lay great store on the person. However, I should feel awfully shaken if Dr. Durham ever disappointed me because I regard him as one of the fairest men I have ever known, one of the most liberal, and one of the bravest. He is a remarkably fine speaker. In fact, he is an orator. But that quality is the smallest part of the man. He is one of those great souls that defy environment or personal interest. He could walk to the stake for a cause."

With W. W. Alexander, the dominant personality of the commission, Hope formed one of his closest and most intimate friendships. From the moment of their meeting after Hope's return from France, they were in constant communication with each other. They traveled together in the United States and abroad. And when the time came for the reconstruction of the Negro colleges of Atlanta, they worked side by side until Hope's death. Alexander once said: "If I were going to the devil, I would want to have a talk with Hope first. I don't think he has any idea how much of a drag he has on my affections and my confidence. I depend on him in all kinds of matters." And conversely Hope depended on Alexander who was, as George Sale had been, at once his friend and champion.

In the early 1920's, "Greater Morehouse" was already on its way to becoming a shining reality.

Professor Archer's nerves, which had admittedly suffered a long and considerable strain while Hope was in France, could now relax. Hope was, as Archer saw it, now in his rightful place and Archer need no longer "sit on the lid" as he expressed it. This loyal modest colleague of Hope's had not, however, been unappreciative of the

dramatic significance of that year while Hope was abroad, and he announced the General Education Board's gift with characteristic gusto. He wrote to Buttrick that the assembled alumni responded with "handshakings, congratulations," and "applause punctuated with many amens."

The gift of the Board totaled \$165,000 and the colored people added \$5,000. Hope spent the greater part of this sum on a science hall—the first building in any Negro college to be entirely devoted to science—and the rest on housing for teachers and the landscaping of the grounds. Throughout the year 1920 he divided his mind between the problems of the Interracial Commission and the planning of "Greater Morehouse." He had an architect's eye, and it gave him satisfaction, in the midst of harassing duties, to see the outline of the new building rising on the campus.

Another satisfaction came to him that year, and though it was partly a surprise it was obviously the answer to inescapable necessity. There had been hints of it in the air, and it was as hints, merely, that the news reached John Hope. He had not asked for an endowment for Morehouse, nor had anyone even intimated to him that such a gift was on the way; but at last the news broke. On July 27, 1920, he wrote to Buttrick: "For some weeks I have heard reports and rumors that were so pleasant that I would not allow myself to accept them as fact, thinking of the old adage, 'Too good to be true.' A few days ago I was told that announcement had been made by you at the great Baptist gathering. An Endowment for Morehouse College! That sounds wonderful to me." To which Buttrick cordially replied on the 30th: "I supposed you had known of our conditional contribution toward the endowment of Morehouse soon after the thing was done. . . . I am very glad that it makes you happy, for I know of nothing that gives me more joy than to add to the happiness of you and Mrs. Hope."

The endowment—\$200,000 from the General Education Board and \$100,000 from the American Baptist Home Mission Society—seemed at first almost incredible to Hope, fighting for fifteen years to obtain the barest subsistence, something that would have gone without saying for the typical northern white college or for Hampton or Tuskegee. After all, fostering a Negro liberal arts college in the South was a good deal like raising a delicate swamp flower in a desert. Surrounding conditions supplied no nourishment whatever. That had to come from friendly and prosperous horticulturists living at a great

distance. To say that Georgia itself was uninterested is to put it very mildly. For while Booker Washington's agricultural and industrial projects had gained acceptance, the white South shut its eyes to the fact that Washington had used, not plows and tools alone, but textbooks and teachers. No typical Georgian of that time, however easily he might have afforded it, and however greatly the result would have strengthened the social texture of the South, would have thought of contributing to a school that taught Negroes Greek. Washington omitted Greek. Yet Morehouse continued to thrive and grow because not only the heirs of the antislavery tradition in the North had not forgotten it, but also because the colored people were behind it.

John Hope could now have relaxed a little, as Archer had done, but his mind was swiftly taken up in the fostering of a new vision. This was born in the sociology classrooms of Professor Garry Moore at Morehouse and owed its being to that instinct for community service which had dominated John and Lugenia Hope from the moment of their arrival in Atlanta, which had created the Neighborhood Union and had instilled in Morehouse graduates the spirit of racial responsibility. It was the Atlanta School of Social Work. The suggestion that a training school be started at Morehouse came from R. C. Dexter, a Canadian graduate of Brown University who was secretary of the Atlanta Charity Organization Society and had found that colored social workers were far more effective than white in dealing with colored people. Dexter's idea was supported by Jesse O. Thomas of the Atlanta Urban League and was ardently concurred in by Hope, who long had had such a training project in mind. An executive committee was formed with Thomas as chairman. Announcement was made that the school would get under way on the Morehouse campus in September, 1920, that the course would be of at least one year, and that it would conform to high academic standards. Later the school moved for a time to other quarters in the city, but its filial connection with Hope and Morehouse remained strong.

It was with his left hand only that John Hope served his many outside interests, such as the Atlanta School of Social Work; with his right he unflinchingly administered, shaped, elevated and constantly re-created Morehouse College. Fostering the growth of this college, looking forward prophetically, as always, to the time when the Atlanta schools would be drawn together in cooperation, Hope was a figure of which the educational world was more and more aware.

In 1920 Howard University conferred upon him at commencement the honorary degree of LL.D. Afterward Hope was consistently addressed as Dr. Hope; but he did not like that, preferring and insisting upon "Mr." Hope whenever he was able. Four other universities, however, including his own alma mater, subsequently gave him the same degree.

A figure noticeable in any assemblage, this Dr. Hope of 1920—his hair nearly white, his handsome face habitually rather stern, a good talker, humorous, shrewd, mellow, on almost any subject, his unmistakable genuineness and sincerity were nevertheless his salient features. He had been nearly thirty years now out of Brown University but, as class president, he always made a point of going North to reunion, where he was inevitably the leading figure. A reserved youth he had appeared to be in college, quite outside the world of hilarious good-fellowship. But now—though not until he was pressed—he talked with ease and wit, making the dramatic story of his race an enthralling one.

On his own campus in Atlanta he was, of course, always very much at home although he had less time for those intimate relationships with faculty and students that he valued. In 1919 he renewed an old friendship by bringing Professor J. W. Johnson, his fellow teacher at Roger Williams University—later president of that college—to Morehouse. A "choice spirit," Hope called him. Slim, with a handsome head and slow speech, Johnson made a fine figure on the campus and a persuasive if somewhat easy-going teacher. And it was a comfort to Hope to have his old friend and early adviser within reach again. A parallel of their old relationship came into being. At any time of the day or night there might come a knock at the door of Johnson's room in Graves Hall. "Who's that?" he would call out. "Open the door, Mr. Johnson," Hope's voice would answer. (It had been "Mr." between them from the beginning, and the formality was maintained.) Then, Professor Johnson says, "we'd walk around twenty streets together and he'd tell me what was on his mind." It was perhaps easier for Hope to talk to Johnson than to the younger and less familiar faculty members. "I never spilled the beans," Johnson says.

In 1921 a striking and brilliant young man was called to the faculty in the person of Benjamin Mays—many years later President of Morehouse. Hope had first noted him when he was a student at Orangeburg, in South Carolina. Later he went to see him while he

was a divinity student at the University of Chicago and persuaded him to come to teach at Morehouse. Mays was professor of mathematics at Morehouse for three years but found himself teaching not only mathematics but courses in psychology and philosophy. He coached the debating team and also became acting dean.

A year later Hope brought to the faculty a former Morehouse student, Nathaniel Tillman, who as an undergraduate had been associated with Benjamin Brawley for five years in the Dean's office. Tillman was a stanch admirer of the now absent Brawley. His rise was swift and sure, and he soon became registrar as well as professor of English.

In the early 1920's another young man, not connected with Morehouse, was swept into Hope's ken. This was Rufus Early Clement, who became dean of Livingstone College in 1925. The son of Bishop George C. Clement and of Emma Clarissa Williams Clement, whom Hope had known as a girl in Providence, young Clement was a quietly decisive personality. Hope and Clement were constantly running into each other at conferences and meetings, but both would have been surprised could they have looked into the future and foreseen that Hope was to be president of Morehouse's old rival, Atlanta University, and Clement himself was to succeed him in that office. Meanwhile they liked each other and Clement particularly enjoyed Hope's satiric sallies.

Hope's greatest interest on campus, however, centered always in the students—the hard-working plodders, the lazy brilliant students, and those whom he had singled out as most promising, most likely to become the leaders with whom he was ever eager to supply the race. Among these was a youngster with an unusual background: Benjamin Davis, the son of the versatile and at times vitriolic editor of the Negro newspaper, the *Atlanta Independent*. Benjamin Jefferson Davis, Sr., was a wealthy man, but he had the shrewdness to see that his son might profit by a stern environment and sent Ben, Jr., in 1914 at the age of eleven to Morehouse. The boy spent six years in the preparatory school and one in the college. He was a close friend of Edward's and was in and out of the Hope house constantly.

Benjamin Davis, Sr., and twenty other Atlanta citizens bought Hope a Dodge car, and Ben was commissioned to be the driver. He would appear at Morehouse in a Pierce-Arrow and take Hope out in the Dodge. On one occasion, Davis relates, when a tire blew out he

jumped out of the door and started running. Hope stopped him with a stern, "Where are you going?"

"To the drugstore to phone."

"What for?"

"To get someone to change that tire."

"You come back here. You fix that tire, or you'll get fired!"

So the boy toiled and sweated underneath and around the 1920 car for two hours until his face and hands and clothes were a mess and he was fairly exhausted and mad. All that time Hope sat in the car, busy with his portfolio, silent and implacable. When the new tire was finally in place, Hope had the boy drive him to his destination, hardly saying a word. But later that day, seeing him at the house, his face lighted up with amusement and, placing a hand affectionately on his shoulder he said, "Now, Ben, you've had your first experience working for somebody else."

Davis stayed at Morehouse through one year of college and then transferred to Amherst, where he graduated three years later. He subsequently went to Harvard Law School, became a practicing lawyer, and served as Angelo Herndon's chief trial attorney in the noted "Herndon Trial." After Hope's death he became a Communist member of the City Council of New York City. Hope did not always agree with Davis' theories in maturity but always retained his affection for him, regarding him as a son. Of him Davis says, "At one period of my life he had a profound influence upon me."

Another student in whom Hope saw promise was young William H. Borders, who graduated from Morehouse and became a minister in Atlanta. Borders has recorded the following reminiscence of an ordeal which parallels Ben Davis' experience: "During my sophomore year at Morehouse College I washed the windows of Dr. John Hope's office, then on the first floor of Sale Hall. I neglected my task, and the windows became dirty, and rain splattered them. After giving me sufficient time to do them, Dr. Hope came to the dining room one morning and announced in his cultured tone, 'After breakfast I want to see all men who wash windows in Sale Hall.'

"At the close of breakfast, I went to him. This is the dialogue which took place:

"Dr. Hope: 'Good morning, son.'

"Borders: 'Good morning, Dr. Hope.'

"Dr. Hope: 'So you wash windows in Sale Hall?'

"Borders: 'Yes, sir.'

"Dr. Hope: 'Walk with me over to my office.'

"Borders: 'Yes, sir, Dr. Hope.' (To myself I said, 'Those office windows are dirty, and I am in a pickle.')

"Dr. Hope: 'Son, have you read the paper this morning?'

"Borders: 'No, sir, Dr. Hope.'

"We walked silently and came to the office, it seemed to me, in a split second. He unlocked the door.

"Dr. Hope: 'Come in, son; have a seat.' He pointed to the chair in which I was to sit. My seated position forced me to face him as he sat and also the double windows at his back. He continued, 'Son, can you see out of the windows you are supposed to wash?'

"Borders: Silence—silence—silence.

"But I washed the windows inside and out all that morning until they shined."

It was about this time that an odd meeting occurred and Hope found, though he failed to catch, an unusual potential student. Hope went to Muskogee, Oklahoma, to attend a conference. Here the pastor of a church in Washington, D.C., introduced to him a young man named Roscoe Dunjee (who was to become editor of the *Black Dispatch*).

"Dunjee? Dunjee?" Hope repeated. "That name sounds familiar. Are you the son of John Dunjee?"

"Yes, I am," the young man said.

"Come over here. What kind of educational experience have you had?"

Dunjee said, "Practically none."

"Come down to Atlanta, and your education won't cost you a cent."

"You don't go around giving away college educations, do you?"

"No," Hope said, putting his arm in Dunjee's and drawing him aside. "But your father had a very special relation to me."

And so to John Dunjee's son, Hope told the story of what Dunjee had done for him.

Chapter XIV

GREATER MOREHOUSE

IN THE YEAR 1922, the new Science Building lifted a rosy face to the Georgia sunshine. Gardening that had persuaded the reluctant soil and massed the glossy leaves of holly, magnolia, oleander, and tulip had transformed the surrounding grounds. As for the students, the enrollment within a few years had more than trebled while the quality attained each year a higher level. The endowment, the timely gifts, but most of all John Hope himself had made of Morehouse what it now was, the coming Negro college of the South.

In the president's house everything went smoothly, as it had gone for years: Mrs. Hope doubly occupied with her scarcely intermittent stream of guests and, outside the Morehouse campus, with the Neighborhood Union; young John growing up under his father's watchful eye; Edward a full-fledged Morehouse upper-class man.

What of John Hope himself? It may be said of him, if of any man, that he had achieved success, firmly though he would have rejected a word for which he had so little taste. He would have admitted that his dreams of a Greater Morehouse were gradually attaining fulfillment. Yet his response to the fruitful scene about him was astonishing, even dramatic. He proposed resigning. Twice before, he had had this thought strongly in mind; but Wallace Buttrick may well have been considerably shocked by a passage in his letter of February 27th:

"You may recall that I said to you on your last visit to Atlanta that I had not said all I wanted to say. . . . Even now I hardly know how to approach the subject. . . . I told you . . . that this was my sixteenth year as President and that Dr. Sale put in just sixteen years in that position. For many months I have been wondering whether my work at Morehouse College was at an end. So heavily has this weighed on me that I have talked with my wife about it. I would not consciously overstay my time anywhere, and least of all at Morehouse College which I love and which has become almost my very

life's blood. The school is prosperous now, people believe in me, some would not like to see me go. May this not be the very time to leave?

"I see some things that I might still do for Morehouse College but as President I could not. . . . I have carried heavy cares for twenty-three years in that institution for practically twelve months in the year, except for the year in France, which was, after all, a grinding job with its perplexities and, at times, its sorrows. So it may be that I have made my contribution and would be doing the school and myself a service by leaving. There are several other things I might do to further the cause of education among my folk, as my interests are numerous and diverse; and I think a new enthusiasm might carry me for five or ten more years of good work. My health is excellent, and I think more clearly than ever, certainly more judiciously. There surely must be something else for me. What is it, I do not know. . . . I know that this letter brings you some sadness, but it is written out of a desire to do what is best. I am not given to quotation, but a line from Tennyson's 'Ulysses' keeps sounding in my ears: 'There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail.' . . . Pardon this intrusion of my problems on you and take your time about answering. In the meantime may I remain, Affectionately yours, John Hope."

It is impossible to know how unfailingly acute a psychologist Buttrick was or how he really interpreted this uncommonly interesting letter. Obviously he did not take it too seriously. In spite of the valedictory—the reluctantly valedictory—tone of Hope's phrases, he probably did not for a moment consider the idea of Morehouse without Hope. Perhaps his thought went no further than his own reply indicates—"Why, the man should have a vacation!"—for he wrote on March 1st: "I do not at all like the suggestion that you should give up the work at Morehouse College. You have done so well, and clear sailing is now in sight, that I feel that for yourself and for the work you should continue in the presidency. You ought to have a real vacation, and I shall be glad to use all my influence to make that possible."

This letter may seem to lack emphasis and argumentative force, but Buttrick, after all, was not Hope's employer. If Hope had really meant to resign, would it have been to him that he would have proposed it? Hope had turned to him rather as an intimate friend and counselor. And yet Buttrick could hardly know Hope's creative desires, the need for expansion of personality that he felt from time to time. Hope gave him a suggestion of this in a letter three years later: "I can hardly think of the Negroes of the United States without

also thinking of Negroes in Africa and everywhere else in the world. The question of education for Negroes is so much bigger than it used to be that I wonder whether I would have entered upon a career of teaching if in my younger days I had realized the significance and possibilities of it all."

It is in any case rather strange that Buttrick, sincere friend and admirer of Hope that he was, did not imaginatively perceive that what John Hope needed, whether or not he himself was conscious of it, was encouragement and reassurance, which oddly seems to have been the thing which Hope's life lacked. Overworked, lonely, sensitive—Hope, far though he was from being vain, always needed warm personal appreciation. It was not forthcoming at this time. And yet there was no further proposal to resign.

Light was thrown on this, however, two years later. In October of 1924 Dr. Du Bois, still editing the *Crisis* in New York, contributed to the *American Mercury* an article on "The Dilemma of the Negro" in the course of which he spoke warmly of Morehouse College and of Dr. Hope's work there. "Morehouse," he said, "changed from a white president to a colored president but the church which owned the school took a man of scholarship and character and unusual executive ability, it gave him increased appropriations, and he is building one of the finest institutions in the whole South, white or black. In it colored people see a colored institution with a colored faculty where their sons are getting sympathetic attention and first-class training, and they are beginning to yearn for more schools of that kind."

This was not extravagant praise. But, coming from a man whose critical judgment and friendship he valued so highly, it greatly touched Hope. The revelations in the letter he wrote Du Bois on November 15th are very moving:

"I read in the *Mercury* some weeks ago your kind words about Morehouse College and me. I have gone along here for many years about the best I could. Here and there I might have done better. Here and there I might have done worse. But on the whole, with all the agencies, circumstances, conveniences, and inconveniences, I suppose I have done about the best I could. During these years I have often wondered what some of my dearest friends were thinking about my work, and how they were valuing it. But I suppose I would allow myself to burst wide open before asking them what they thought about it. That is the way with many of us. Few of us really tell our closest friends those things which lie deepest in us, which distress us most,

or which thrill us most with joy. Those things are ever beneath the surface. They are with us. Now you come to me at the beginning of my nineteenth year as President of this school, at the beginning of my thirty-first year as a teacher of colored boys and men, and tell me that I have not made altogether a miserable failure, but on the contrary have done something worth while. I am grateful to you for this quite beyond words. . . .

"After all, the most and the best that I have got out of life has been beautiful comradeships, and the memories of these will probably cling with me out of this difficult, unsatisfactory world into some abode where I may feast and think with fewer interruptions and no clangor of alarm. Courage, the necessity of the enterprise and a certain amount of pugnacity, along with a modicum of self-respect, make me continue rather ceaselessly in the fight; but I am bound to tell you, my dear friend, that blowing one's brains out is a great sight easier than some of the things we have to do and stand. This is a much longer letter than I expected to write.

"Affectionately yours, JOHN HOPE"

This letter leaves no mystery to be solved about the suggested "resignation" of two years earlier. Hope was not a weak or dependent man. He had stood alone, by choice, almost since his infancy. But, though courageous as a thinker and unshakable as a man of principle, he required the faith of others in his actual accomplishment. He needed the many who admired and loved him to break through the ice of his exterior and tell him so. He was a very human man with the primary human needs.

An instance of this constant necessity to renew his confidence in himself is seen in a note Hope sent to his son Edward at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the spring of 1924, while he was on a brief trip to England: "You say that you do not think you 'pulled any bones' when you talked with Prof. S. You are not expected to pull bones. You got your B.A. to protect you against pulling bones. But the thing that you and your brother John need is confidence and perfect freedom from fear. Fear makes men pull bones. A few weeks ago I was given an opportunity to talk for five or ten minutes with one of the most important of the younger men in England, a man who knows Asia and Africa as well as you know Fulton County, Georgia. I feared I might pull a bone. Then there came to me what a friend recently said to me: 'You are all right. You can't fail. Just don't fear.' With

that in mind I faced that man and talked. Then I said: 'You are busy. So I shall be going.' To my surprise he then asked me to come to see him the next night. I went the next night, and when I came back to London he had me to luncheon at his rooms. If I, as old as I am, can succeed by just now making a *beginning* of not fearing, what ought you to be when you are my age? Now, I do not mean 'brass,' 'front,' or what is commonly called 'nerve.' I mean such confidence and control as allow you to give all that you have to the object in hand. That is what helps a man to give punch to his job."

This trip to England was the first of what came to be almost annual crossings to England and the Continent, each one imposed on Hope by the demand of some important cause. Vacation flights they were not, though he delighted in travel. Not only were the term and principle of the "sabbatical year" unknown in his world but, in spite of his friend Buttrick's solicitude, summer itself merely offered a space for new and ever varying work and little relaxation. His object on this occasion had been the Copec Convention, "dealing with the political, educational, and religious phases of civic life"—but not, interestingly enough, with racial questions. The convention also meant an opportunity to continue his friendship with Edward C. Carter, begun in France five years before.

Hope, as has been seen, depended upon and fostered his enduring friendships with men of both races. A new friend made at this time was Halsten J. Thorkelson, a white man and member of the General Education Board. Thorkelson has written of Hope, "He was a wonderful companion, and as we became better acquainted his delightful infectious laughter came more frequently." Hope seldom lost or forgot an old friend. Even the companions of his Worcester schooldays never were forgotten, though now that Principal Abercrombie had retired the school itself had changed to such an extent that Hope, as a Negro, no longer felt able to visit it. He wrote of this to Dr. Abercrombie, October 17, 1925: "You, my dear friend, put on his mettle a southern colored boy, who had literally lifted himself up by his boot straps out of Georgia and dumped himself into the State of Massachusetts. Now it is no longer possible at Worcester Academy for a colored boy to have such an experience, such an opportunity. Now you would say that that is un-American, and yet no other thing is done much more regularly and habitually in the United States than to slam doors in the face of Negroes. The truth of it is that it is one of the most American things in American life, the more is the pity."

Whenever he was on his way to New England, he would stop off for a chat with Starr or Swain or some other Academy friend. Sometimes one of the "old boys" got as far south as Atlanta. For several years during the war John Swain had taught at Morehouse, with considerable self-sacrifice. In 1924 Hubert Sedgwick, with whom Hope used so earnestly to debate political issues, and who was now connected with the *New York Times*, came to Atlanta to attend the National Tuberculosis Council; and Hope took him about the campus with unconcealed pride.

Hope, however, did not forget the city of Worcester so long as Dr. Abercrombie lived there. The principal had been fond of Hope from the beginning, had seen something worth following up, and had kept a close eye on him from his Worcester tower. From the time that Hope achieved an academic pinnacle, it was only natural that to this early fondness Abercrombie added a sense of pride in his own perspicacity. He liked to call Hope "my son in the faith," and Hope spoke of him as "my dear mentor." He had come to Atlanta on several ceremonial occasions, and in 1922 the two had spent a day together at the Harvard Club in Boston. Now, in the course of several years, Dr. and Mrs. Abercrombie made a succession of visits to the Hopes in Atlanta.

One of these visits, in November, 1923, came off particularly well. The two men did not have to fall back on "Do you remember?" for lack of things to talk about. A few days afterward Hope wrote to Abercrombie, in a vein in which he could not write to many correspondents: "I had a good time with you, and our conversations have left me happier and more reassured about a number of things—things of the heart and the soul as well as pressing, practical business matters which too often I would gladly push aside. I often envy the old professor in *Sartor Resartus* who could look out upon the 'vast exhalations' of the city and yet be 'alone in the clouds.' But that sort of existence is not for many colored men in this day and generation. The burden of righting things and constructing things is so great, the time necessary for the job so inadequate, that if a fellow goes up on the mount for a fresh breath of air and the transfiguration, he dare not even think of pitching any tabernacle. The things that one would like to read, the friends that one would love to hold intercourse with, all have to be sacrificed. Now I have used a word that very seldom escapes the 'barriers of my teeth'—sacrifice—for it seems to me that a consciousness of sacrifice merely indicates that the man who uses the

word with reference to himself is just to that extent not yet formed. What are even thoughts, books, and friends in comparison with the great objective? Sometimes with Hamlet, I too say, 'O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!' " If anybody was ever justified in quoting Hamlet's endlessly quoted phrase, it was John Hope.

Rarely, indeed, did Hope ever put anything of the sort into words; yet in the winter of 1923-1924 he apparently meditated much upon this aspect of his life, for on February 4th he wrote to his good friend John Brown Watson echoing the mood in which he had written to Abercrombie. Watson and his wife, Hattie Rutherford Watson, a graduate of Spelman, had left their comfortable Atlanta home to go to what Hope called the "mud flats" of Louisiana, where Watson took up the presidency of Leland College. Hope was immensely stirred by their courageous move, but he gently warned Watson: "Now the next thing is for you not to kill yourself the first year. Every man who does his work well and with enthusiasm sooner or later commits suicide. . . . My suicide has been a sort of slow poison covering nearly thirty years of service."

It was only to his intimates, however, that Hope would reveal his introspective side. People who knew him less well, though in a friendly fashion, were more apt to notice his buoyancy and humor. One old acquaintance, a Boston lawyer, William H. Lewis, received a thoroughgoing "roast" from Hope that spring, on May 9th: "After an acquaintance of thirty-six years with you, the only thing I get by correspondence from you is one of your envelopes and a dun in behalf of Monroe Trotter. Occasionally I do for Trotter what many other people do—send him a dollar or two. Trotter is so unbusinesslike with his bookkeeping that he makes his patrons the same way. The fact is, I do not know how much I owe Trotter. He says I owe him \$6.75. Trotter really does not know whether I owe him \$6.75 or \$16.75. And Lewis does not know, and Hope does not know. Now here's what I am going to do, Lewis, I am going to send a check for \$5.00 with the understanding that you and Trotter call that square. Furthermore with the understanding that you do not take the larger part of it for your legal advice in the matter because you are not giving any advice. You are just letting Trotter use one of your envelopes. . . .

"I come to Boston every year, but never see you. I called on you once at your office. It was a good-looking office, and I congratulated you in my heart on the fine front you are putting up with spacious rooms and good furniture; but the gentleman who greeted me talked with

such uncertainty about when you would be back, where I might see you, and so on that I wondered whether you were kept under close guard or not. . . . With kind regards and the hope that when I hear of you again it will be something more than a dun."

Hope always enjoyed teasing young people. A few months after the letter to Lewis, he wrote to his young friends Dr. and Mrs. C. Waymond Reeves of Atlanta a note congratulating them on the birth of Charles Waymond Reeves, Jr.: "This announcement coming today explains something a man said the other day which I could not at the time understand. He said, 'It's too bad that Auburn Avenue has to be torn up again.' I said, 'Yes, why should they tear up this fine concrete driveway?' He said, 'Well, they have got to widen it now so Charles Reeves will have room enough to drive down the Avenue.'"

Nor had Hope lost the convivial spirit of the early days of the Monday and Twelve clubs. In 1925 he was writing President Dogan of Wiley College in Texas: "I had a good time with Clarke and Watson, but you people have so much food out West! If I ever come to see you again, you must remember not to lead your brother into temptation. I think if I drank liquor at all I would be an awful liquor drinker, I think I would be a hundred-per-center."

But the serious mood in which he had written to Abercrombie and Watson was more typical of him at this time. Despite the encouragement brought by the Interracial Commission, the cares of his community weighed upon him. The year 1924 was darkened by the shadow of what seemed to John Hope nothing short of a racial catastrophe. He well knew what was involved when, early in the year, it became evident that the Standard Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, a Negro institution closely bound up with the safety and well-being of the colored population, was in a precarious condition. Month by month during this year the company drew nearer the point of actual failure. No informed person could calmly face such a disaster. Hope, joining his business friends, gave time and strength that he could not afford in the effort to stave off calamity. He worked closely with Benjamin Davis, Sr., and with R. R. Moton in this eleventh-hour struggle. On the day after Christmas he made his final effort, an appeal to the Julius Rosenwald Fund, addressing his letter to William C. Graves in Chicago:

"Mr. Graves," he wrote, "I was a very little boy in Augusta, Georgia, when the Freedmen's Bank failed, but I can remember the ter-

ribly crushing influence upon Negro men and women who had recently emerged from slavery and were trying to develop thrift. I saw them shedding tears because of their losses. I had relatives who lost money in that bank. They never again got back the inspiration or the confidence to save. . . . Last Sunday night Dr. Moton and I talked until nearly two o'clock in the morning in his home, still believing that the Standard Life could be saved, still hoping that something would bring this to pass. He has not given up. . . .

"The colored men running these organizations deserve criticism as I have already said; but if everything were known and if everything could be thought out about these enterprises and what lies back of them in the mind and heart of all us Negroes, whether we have a dollar invested or not, I believe that the organizations would be saved in order that Negroes might be saved. . . . A dozen white insurance companies might go by the board and hardly cause a ripple. Such is not the case with us. . . . I am simply endeavoring to give you my opinion about the matter that has been on my mind and heart for months. The Standard Life Insurance Company is now the great racial burden with many of us."

But the Rosenwald Fund was not able to help, nor was help found elsewhere. The Standard Life Insurance Company failed. Hope himself has reported this happening four years later, on December 17, 1928, at a National Interracial Conference. "The unfortunate happening to that insurance company," he said, "was one of the awful shocks to Negro society. As we look back at it and think of business as it is run today, we see that that company failed for lack of a very small amount of money, in a city of powerful banking institutions, with a population of over 200,000. For lack of a little timely help, that insurance organization was allowed to fall into the hands of money lenders who might almost be regarded, from their methods, as buccaneers; and all the while there stood by a group of perfectly nice people, fine business men, a Chamber of Commerce and the like, and there was an interracial commission functioning. But there they stood, and watched and waited for months and months. It seemed impossible for the Negroes to make a step to the white people or the white people to make a step to the Negroes that would result in that great organization's being righted and allowed to function."

This hopeless battle of 1924 was a terrific drain upon Hope's energies, and he felt that Morehouse had suffered. A few weeks later he reluctantly withdrew from the board of directors of the Citizens Trust

Bank in Atlanta. In resigning he said, "Probably my being quite outside the Board may make me of more value to the bank." Hope was not by nature or training a businessman, but the exigencies of his office and his racial leadership had made him an absorbed observer and adviser to Negro business.

The tragic end of the insurance company overshadowed Christmas time for the Moton and Hope families, yet just before the holiday the annual Moton ham arrived, as dependable as Moton himself. Hope wrote Moton how "proudly I carried it with my strong hands across the yard. It is in our home now. Just when we shall decide to make the sacred offering to the Hope stomachs, I do not know. I believe we shall boil it whole this year and feed it out to ourselves in thin slices. . . . As I shall probably see you at Tuskegee before you receive this letter, I will keep any further reflection for our conversation. I was never hard-boiled. Away on the inside I believe I have always been rather gentle, but even thus I believe I find myself growing more tender, less complaining and more gentle. I never hated my enemies as a rule; but now I forget them more easily than ever, and it seems to me that I hug my friends closer than ever to my heart. Among these friends are you."

Perhaps, too, in spite of the extra effort that it involved, a new honor pressed upon Hope by the Y.M.C.A. during the weeks just preceding Christmas, 1924, was felt as something less than a burden, even as a stimulus. On December 10th he had written to Edward: "I understand that I have been elected member of the Federal Board of the Y.M.C.A. and I have been put on the Committee of Thirty-three, which is a sort of *ad interim* executive committee. If that is the case, then I have a very responsible position. On this committee are two colored men, Dr. Nelson of Cincinnati and myself." Three days later he wrote: "I am leaving this afternoon for Indianapolis. . . . This is the third year that I have addressed the monster Y.M.C.A. meeting in Indianapolis. They do not call it monster because they have gigantic freaks addressing it or, so far as I have been able to observe, because the people who listen are gigantic freaks. I do not know why they call it monster unless it was like the hot-fried pies that I used to tell you about. Maybe it is just the name of the meeting."

No doubt, as he wrote to Edward, Hope's mind turned to the old Augusta of his boyhood; and it was to Augusta that his mind and heart were drawn again in the succeeding months. Not since the death

of his mother nearly a quarter of a century earlier had there been a rift in the family circle. But in February of 1925 Madison Newton died. At the time both Hope and his wife were in Philadelphia attending a series of Quaker meetings at which he spoke. His own spirit was closely akin to that of the Quakers, and he was able to write afterward that "these experiences alone would be enough happiness for a lifetime, if a man were looking only for happiness."

But the news from Augusta meant immediate abandonment of the Quaker group though the funeral was not to occur until nearly a week later, to allow time for Madison's own sister Georgia ("Sissie," she had always been called) to come from California, where she had lived since her marriage.

"Sissie passed through Atlanta last night," Hope wrote an Augusta friend. "It was the first time we had seen each other for about twenty-eight years, and really neither one of us quite knew the other. It was more pathetic than I had expected."

Yet Dean Jane Hope Lyons remembers with pleasure the reminiscences shared by the reunited brothers and sisters, how Sissie talked of "Fo" and said, "Don't you remember when 'Fo' used to bring home the turtle soup and when he would bring home game birds, all roasted, from Henson's?"

For John Hope the parting with his half-brother meant the loss of an irreplaceable companionship. They had always been brothers in the full sense. And John Hope was not one to forget that his entire achievement rested on Madison's early gift. Not only this, but he remembered the innumerable times when he had turned to his brother at crucial moments for counsel and had been able to count on his wise and sensitive response. It had seemed to him that there had never been any way fully to repay his debt. Yet Madison himself can scarcely ever have looked at this younger brother without feeling that he had been repaid many times over.

The strain of the Standard Insurance disaster, coupled with the shock of his brother's death, exerted a dangerous pressure upon John Hope. There had been justification for the reference to his health in his letter to the Citizens Trust Bank. Less than a month later, he honestly admitted his impaired condition in a letter to Mary Seymour of Hartford, Connecticut, whose husband Frederick Williams Seymour was distinguished as a Negro Son of the American Revolution. To this old friend he wrote: "Just now I am so awfully tired that I almost fear anybody can see it in my correspondence. I have no aches

or pains. I just feel as if I could knock off for the rest of my life, never striking another lick and not caring whether people called me lazy or not. Maybe I will get over it after a little rest."

No doubt he was visualizing at that moment the Seymours' pleasant home in West Hartford, almost in the country, with flowers and trees all about it, where on many a northern trip he had stopped to relax and sleep twelve hours at a time.

Now upon the intense fatigue that he described to Mrs. Seymour there followed an unexpected physical condition that put him in the hands of a surgeon and confined him for three weeks to the Spelman hospital, to which Edward addressed a note remonstrating: "Now aren't you sorry you have trained yourself to make it on five hours sleep per day? . . . Dad, I really feel sorry for you. You never did seem to have any use for sleep."

In a penciled footnote to a letter to Abercrombie in May, Hope admitted that he was about to undergo an operation for hernia. Abercrombie, writing from Haverford College on May 3rd, expressed an affectionate concern in a letter that otherwise was calculated to divert his mind with topics which would strike an answering chord. Recalling the days when "Rhetoric" was a subject commonly listed in school and college curricula, Hope's old teacher offered a reminiscence of the author of a celebrated textbook:

"A. S. Hill, he of the Rhetoric which I used to loathe in my salad, Sophomore days, used to say to us, 'Gentlemen, write when you are hot.' I recall not another scrap of his doubtless learned advice. But this explosive phrase, so uncharacteristic of him, has never been forgotten by me, but, doubtless, has often been unheeded. . . .

"Old Thomas Fuller's epigram, he of the Holy and Profane State, was, and is, very wise. 'A scholemaster's fame is posthumous. It comes, if at all, in the lives of his boys.' I have two other Epigrams from this great Elizabethan. 'A good scholemaster quickly maketh a grammar of his boys' minds, as they of their lessons!' Then this: 'A teacher who punishes nature in his boys for a fault deserves himself to be flogged!' Don't they go to the heart of schoolmastering? What fibrous English was used then! Compare with it what one hears from college men and women, the supposedly educated group."

Where Abercrombie's letters reflected the mellow academic cast of his mind, Hope's responses revealed him always reaching out beyond academic limits, as when, sometime later, he wrote: "Yes, Peary is dead. Peary carried a Negro with him to the North Pole. Somehow

I felt a little bad about that. It seemed to me that it was not so much paying a compliment to a Negro as it was not allowing any other white man to share with him the glory of North Pole discovery. I hope I am wrong.—I wish I could find out that I was wrong. I would rather feel that he had such an affection for this Negro companion of years and years that it was a case of love and duty with him that caused him to give Henson, and Henson alone, the joy of that experience. . . .

“Apropos of what you say about the Chinese, I recently spent several days at Johns Hopkins University as one of the members of the Conference on Chinese-American Relations, and it was interesting to me to hear people talk about loving the Chinese, but saying the time was not yet ripe for this, that, or the other reform. It sounded so much to me like what I had heard many of that same race of people say about the Negro—that they loved him, but the time was not ripe for such and such reform. You know I used to believe that people who talked that way were lying. I do not believe that now altogether. I think they do not see. Their rearing, their environment, their interests shut them out from great and holy visions that they will never see. . . .”

Hope's operation was successful and also afforded him a chance for much-needed rest and a series of leisurely letters. He wrote to Ted Owens on May 22nd: “Paradoxical as it may sound, I will say that my health is very good. It just happens that I had a surgical operation which is keeping me indoors for about three weeks, and I hope to return to my work at Morehouse next week. . . . You may be interested to know that notwithstanding my gift for gab and my great love for talk, if not conversation, I kept my mouth absolutely shut during the several hours that I was under the ether and told none of my business nor that of any of my friends. You will have to give your old friend credit for being able to keep his mouth shut in a great emergency.”

Following the operation, the Motons invited Hope to their summer home in Gloucester County, Virginia. He replied, addressing Mrs. Moton on May 19th: “I am lying on my back dictating this short letter to you and Moton. . . . I note in his letter that the latchstring hangs in Tuskegee and Gloucester always. I know it, and do not hesitate to pull that string, but really I do not think I will come to Gloucester this summer unless I have some sort of occupation. As I am neither a bluffer nor a common liar, I could not hire out to build any docks, because I will not be able to build docks. But if those two girls of

yours would sit still for one hour a day I would teach them Latin or History or something else for my board. In fact, if I taught those two girls for about four weeks they might get a little different insight about studying. That sounds like a whole lot of bragging, but I believe I could help them form a love for some things that may yet awhile seem only drudgery and hard grinding."

Hope did accept the Motons' invitation to Virginia, though for a brief visit only. It was characteristic of him that he could not think of even a few days' vacation without—though jokingly—suggesting an occupation. As he grew older, he hardly knew how to stop working. Yet work to him had little connection with material reward. Over and over again, as was inevitable, the question of faculty salaries at Morehouse came up. And each time that it came up he presented to the guardians of northern treasuries the same naïvely disinterested face. He was practical enough to know what his teachers deserved, what they would receive elsewhere, what could be spared them at Morehouse. And he tried to get the best possible salaries for them. But as for himself—it did not seem to matter. He did not seem to think about it.

In December of this year, when Dr. James Hardy Dillard of the Jeanes and Slater funds asked for a list of Morehouse salaries, Hope wrote, on December 3rd: "Perhaps I should make an explanation about the salary of Dr. Hubert, as you will notice that it is more than the President or Dean receives. I wanted this particular man. I knew that he was making more than \$2,500 a year, and that it would be a sacrifice to offer him less. . . . So far as I am concerned, I have no objection to a man getting more salary than the President receives. I do wish, however, that I could have the salaries of other men not only increased but materially increased. Nothing but the loyalty of many of these teachers to Morehouse College is causing them to remain, because I do know that a number of them could receive larger salaries elsewhere." At the time this letter was written, Professor Charles Dubois Hubert was receiving a \$2,500 salary, Hope himself only \$2,250.

This almost complete lack of self-interest was one form of Hope's idealism. An equally familiar form of it, a more positive form, was the essence of his theory (and practice) of teaching: Morehouse men might study Greek, or they might not. They might go in for advanced Mathematics or they might not. That did not matter. The important thing was that they could not leave this college without some under-

standing and without some permanent stamp of their president's high-minded view of human relations.

One of a hundred instances of this is his reply to a letter sent him (under date of January 4, 1926) by his fellow archon (of the Boule Society) M. O. Bousfield. Bousfield, who was then acting president of the Liberty Life Insurance Company of Illinois, had the idea of training young college graduates to work for his company. "Pitting men of different schools against each other," he wrote, "backed up with an element of school loyalty, ought to make them work. All of this is based on the fact that white men make millions of dollars out of insurance work, and I sincerely believe that somewhere there are colored men who can make thousands."

But this was not John Hope's way of training young men, whether one had in view their own characters or the ultimate good of the race. Greatly interested in promoting Negro business as he was, he replied immediately: "I think your plan in the main is good. . . . There is one expression which I think I understand, but there is a possibility of its not being helpful. You say, 'pitting men of different schools against each other.' One trouble with our colored schools is that there is that feeling of being pitted against each other rather too much, I fear. What we are really needing now is a finer idea of cooperation." However, as Hope wrote Du Bois in another connection, "I am not so guileless as some think." And Morehouse students who entered life under his direction found that his approach was far from being a disadvantage.

During the year 1925-1926, and from that time on, Hope had in his office an assistant of sterling character—a young woman able, versatile, and charming. In 1925 Edward Hope had introduced his father to a young New England colored woman, Constance Crocker, a graduate of Boston University. She had been a little awed by the courteous but stern-faced Dr. Hope, and when he asked her to come to work for him in Atlanta, it seemed very far from Boston. But finally she was persuaded. Now in May of 1926 Hope called Miss Crocker into his office.

It seemed that he had received a letter which in its brief postscript had casually mentioned the death of Dr. Wallace Buttrick. Hope had been profoundly shocked by the news, for which he had been unprepared. With tears in his eyes, he unburdened himself to Miss Crocker, telling her of his many years of close friendship with this white northerner. A whole era with its battles and reconciliations

that she had been too young to know unfolded itself before her. Hope seemed shattered. She realized that Buttrick had been one of his most beloved friends.

In the summer of 1926 Hope made with his wife the most far-flung and impressive European trip that he had yet undertaken. The occasion was a Y.M.C.A. meeting to be held in Helsingfors, Finland. They sailed with friends on the *Drottningholm*, landed at Göteborg, Sweden, and proceeded to Stockholm, where the party was entertained by the royal family of Sweden, who had a great interest in the international Y.M.C.A. activities. From Sweden they crossed the Baltic (staying up until eleven-thirty to see the sunset) to Helsingfors.

To this remarkable conference, the most momentous adventure so far undertaken by the World's Alliance of the Y.M.C.A., there came 1,560 delegates from forty-six different countries. It was unique because of the entrance of boyhood into the meetings and the inquiry into the mind of youth in the changing world. Boys of all ages were sent from twenty-six nations, and the older ones, of seventeen and eighteen, were admitted as full members of the conference. On its first day Dr. Channing Tobias made one of the leading addresses, on "Negro Youth."

A week later, when the meetings had concluded, the delegates crossed to Esthonia, thence to Latvia and to Poland. Here travel arrangements were in the hands of a Y.M.C.A. secretary for Poland. Although there was no race prejudice among the members of the party, all traveling peacefully together up to this time, they were now divided into two groups. The white people and the Hopes were given "Pullman" accommodations while the other colored representatives were put in another, less comfortable car. This, Hope couldn't tolerate; so he and Mrs. Hope of course went into the other, the "Jim Crow" car.

Their route took them to Czechoslovakia, then to Vienna, to Munich, and on to Switzerland, visiting Lucerne, Interlaken, and Geneva. Finally they arrived in Paris, the place in all Europe that John Hope liked best. Here they ran across Alain Locke, who knew his Paris well enough to be a particularly agreeable companion.

From France Hope turned to Belgium, where at Le Zoute, in September, there was held a conference on African affairs, which had a stronger hold upon him even than the discussions at Helsingfors. Here he made a vigorous plea to colonial governments that had been blocking the work of American Negroes in Africa.

At the end of September Hope returned to the family circle in America, which had again been suddenly altered by death. In July his sister Grace had died, leaving her husband and her sixteen-year-old son alone in the old Augusta homestead. With each death in the family John Hope felt that a part of him had been lost. He wrote of his sister Grace a few years later: "We all loved one another, but it seemed that we unconsciously agreed that Grace was to be especially loved by all of us. Grace in appearance, living, and character was *perfectly beautiful*."

Soon after Mrs. Birnie's death, her husband and son closed the old home. A year later James Hope Birnie—a worthy heir of his name—came to live with his uncle in Atlanta, until he graduated from Morehouse.

Sadly meditating on the changes in his family, Hope wrote on Christmas Eve of 1926 to Dr. George Dwelle, ninety-three years old, who had in earlier years been pastor of Springfield Church in Augusta:

"Just as a token of my very high regard for you, I am asking you to take this little gift to purchase three or four good cigars—if there are any such things in the world as good cigars. I don't use them myself, but when I see you smoke, it seems to me I see a soul floating out in space, leaving earth and time and care.

"Whenever I see you, of course my mind reverts to my mother and aunts and uncles, all of whom were your dear friends, and every one of whom has now crossed the river. The old house on Ellis Street is now without a single member of my family; after all these years of effort, time has finally closed the old home."

Later Hope was to write in an unaddressed note: "Then two years ago the most loved sister died. The home was dismantled, and I have been left so desolate that I have not even been to the home town since my sister died."

With Madison and Grace gone, and Georgia, Leth, Tom, and Anna living at all points of the compass, Hope and his sister Jane Hope Lyons, who, though the mother of four children, had served with him on the Morehouse staff since 1918, found their relationship intensified. They were alike in their reserved spirit, their strong aesthetic sense, and their Scottish features. To Mrs. Lyons, Hope could always turn in those carefully concealed moments of melancholy which assailed him, knowing that he would find a rare understanding. A multitude of Morehouse and Spelman students, also, knew her counsel. Mrs. Lyons became dean of Spelman in 1932, and her close relationship with her brother continued until his death.

In the year 1927 a new era began for Morehouse's sister college, Spelman, and the change in atmosphere and tempo were to have a vital effect upon the future of Morehouse itself. In that year Spelman's president, Miss Lucy Hale Tapley, an indomitable Maine woman, retired after thirty-seven years of unselfish service as teacher and executive. Under her the school had grown from a small seminary into an important teacher-training institution. But there was a natural desire that she should be succeeded by a considerably younger educator.

Though as a matter of course everybody knew that the search for a new president was going on, the significance of the moment does not seem to have been perceived when in the spring of 1927 Dr. Eben Sage, of the General Education Board, accompanied by a young northern white woman, Miss Florence M. Read, made a tour of various southern colleges, including Spelman. Miss Read was a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, had been secretary to President William Trufant Foster of Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and had served in overseas work during the war. Hope had seen her briefly in France and remembered her. She was now executive secretary of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. Though it was not disclosed that she was inspecting Spelman, she looked it over pretty thoroughly. In the course of her visit she talked with Dr. Hope in his office and again at his home on a Sunday afternoon. In the course of this second conversation, Hope turned to Miss Read and said, "I wish you would come to Spelman." An inquiring look passed between Miss Read and Dr. Sage, and she replied, "I may hold you to that implied support!" She then revealed the real purpose of her visit to Atlanta—a fact that was still to be held in confidence.

Although Miss Read paid a second visit to Atlanta before the matter was settled, the knowledge already gained that she would have as wise and unusual a colleague as Dr. Hope in working with the race to which she was still a stranger may well have influenced her decision. In fact, it was Hope who persuaded her to take office in September, rather than wait until the following year. Announcement of her appointment was made in June. Although Spelman was already a leading southern school for Negro girls, it was understood that Miss Read meant to make Spelman a college of ranking importance.

That summer Hope was scheduled to make another swift trip to Europe, sailing on the *Arabic* on July 16th for the Geneva meeting of

the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A. of which he was a member. Before he left Atlanta a letter to Miss Read demonstrated that a bond of friendship had been established between them:

"I do not wonder that your friends are sympathetic with you in your choice of Spelman College. People like courage and unselfishness even though they themselves may not have either."

After discussing various official matters, he continued: "If I do leave the country next week, I shall do so with a good deal not done at Morehouse. But it will be my effort nevertheless to forget it all for a few weeks as I am, may I confess it, just about tired to death—no aches, no pains, just insufferably tired. One day I said to a toiling Frenchman: 'Beaucoup travail.' He replied: 'Oui, Monsieur. Beaucoup. Toujours, toujours.' I have often thought of the emphasis—almost fatalistic emphasis—that he put in the 'toujours.' My poor widowed mother with her eight young children used to have her moments of despair, and I have often heard her say, 'Constant dripping will wear out a stone,' implying, then how much more for me is the wearing. My poor mother! I now know that she was not quite correct. For we may recuperate. May I say that I have had some sort of renewing in recent weeks at the thought of your coming to Spelman. It means so much to our girls and people are talking about your coming."

Miss Read was puzzled at this emphasis on tiredness by a man who seemed to her an incarnation of energy and zest for life.

Another aspect of Hope's mind was vividly revealed a few weeks later, when he wrote to Miss Read from Geneva: "The Negro Problem is the most embarrassing single human problem that the world faces today—not that there is anything in it so inherently difficult, but that we in the United States have worked ourselves up on both sides to a place where it seems insuperable; and Americans have such force and aggression that they are making a problem out of the Negro in places where hitherto there has been no problem."

He returned from France at the end of August refreshed, as always, by European contacts. He found that during his absence Constance Crocker had been married to the Morehouse professor Samuel M. Nabrit (later dean of the new Atlanta University graduate school) but that she was remaining staunchly at her post as presidential secretary. As the years passed, Hope came to depend increasingly upon her great efficiency and personal loyalty.

The new school year began with a new impetus. Hope's long prophesied design for cooperation was taking an unconscious spurt. With Miss Read's advent, a harnessing together of the powers of

Morehouse and Spelman, long held static through Miss Tapley's cautiousness and conservatism, seemed a growing possibility. As for Atlanta University, its precarious situation had remained unchanged since the war years, and it had as yet failed to achieve its contemplated reorganization. In 1922 President Ware had resigned, ill with tuberculosis, and Professor Myron W. Adams with the greatest reluctance was carrying on in his place. Adams and Hope had succeeded in an interchange of certain professors and courses, but the two presidents had been unable to envision any sound basis for further cooperation that would not involve destroying one or the other of the two schools.

By the fall of 1927 Hope was once again feeling his way toward a redesigning of Negro Atlanta as a great educational center. On October 21st he wrote to Wickliffe Rose, who had become president of the General Education Board, succeeding Dr. Buttrick: "My impression is that Atlanta . . . is strategic from the point of view of geography and of Negro population. To my mind, Atlanta is unquestionably well situated to become a great, if not the great, educational center for Negroes. It is practically the last rampart between the South and the North so far as the movement of young Colored people in the interest of their education is concerned. . . . As I think this Atlanta situation over, with all the just, unfavorable criticisms that we may make of the city in its attitude toward Negroes, it strikes me as being a community less hampered by retarding tradition than some other cities that are regarded as being more favorably disposed to Negroes. . . . I am trying to be conservative in expression, but am downright enthusiastic about the possibilities in such a plan for valuable educational expansion here in Atlanta."

As yet no mechanism for the expansion and interlinking of the Negro schools of Atlanta into a cohesive center had been found. But Hope himself had already supplied a motive force. Ever since 1922 he had been campaigning strenuously for the so far unachieved addition of a library to Morehouse's growing resources. Books, which one would suppose to be the primary vehicle of learning, and shelves to put them on, seemed to be harder to acquire than plumbing, laboratories, or facilities for athletics. But Hope did not cease to cry this need year after year to those who had ears to hear. Soon his outcry, aided and abetted by the imaginative and sympathetic Halsten J. Thorkelson of the General Education Board, was to produce vaster results than he had anticipated.

Meanwhile he rejoiced in the freshening air of freedom and

progress that blew from the Spelman campus. One morning in the week before his prophetic letter to Wickliffe Rose, he had been showing the Morehouse campus to Sir Gordon Guggisberg, governor of the African Gold Coast, and ended by escorting the Englishman to the Spelman president's house. The governor had been invited to lunch at Miss Read's with his Atlanta host—young southern-born Clark Foreman. Miss Read turned to Dr. Hope and asked him if he would join them. Foreman seconded her. In that moment a veil was lifted, a curtain was drawn aside, and Hope saw a brighter day for Spelman. Never before had he or any other Negro been entertained as a guest with a white Southerner at the Spelman president's house. Graciously he excused himself; he had another appointment.

But it was with a quickened spirit that he wrote Miss Read on October 22nd: "I think for one brief instant last week I saw you to the very innermost recesses of your soul. It was when you went out and ordered an extra plate. I did not hear your command, but when you returned your face had the flushed repose of a warrior sure that he could win. When you asked me to dine, your very soul flung defiance at prejudice, snobbery, and a vicious outworn aristocracy. I think the god Thor smiled approval at his daughter. In a brief moment Clark Foreman became principalities and powers. You wrestled with them, and a new chapter was written in the history of Spelman College. And this is the chapter: President Read wrought her own independence. The girls will feel her spirit though she may never say a word, and they will grow into the stature of their teacher. 'The fame of a teacher is posthumous.'"

“WALKING IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN”

AT THE MIDDLE point of time between the two greatest wars that the world has ever known, in the spring of 1928, Hope joined a pilgrimage whose central aim was to prevent all future conflict. An international meeting was held in Jerusalem and was attended by delegates from many nations. Hope and Alexander were among those delegates. They sailed on the 25th of February aboard the White Star liner *Adriatic*. The ensuing weeks both at sea and on shore served to increase their friendship. “Hope was the ideal traveling companion,” Alexander reports, “considerate, profoundly religious and yet urbane and humorous, a true cosmopolitan, he was at his best when journeying. He loved to travel. His bags were always packed. His orderliness was revealed especially in staterooms and hotels. His things were always in beautiful shape.”

He was the only Negro in the party on the *Adriatic*, and it might be supposed that in a group bound on so idealistic an errand there would be no trace of race prejudice. This, however, was not the case, and Hope was made to feel it almost immediately. One of the delegates was a southern clergyman, Bishop X, who, either because of uncertainty as to his own social standing or because of fear lest some parishioner might hear of his indiscrimination, felt impelled to draw the color line. During the first hours at sea he sought the advice of Alexander as a fellow southerner on how to protect himself against social contact with Hope. Alexander replied that he must rely on his own conscience and inspiration. Applying this wise advice, according to his own lights, the Bishop on that evening, the first at sea, patiently waited until the whole ship's company was seated in the dining room and then had himself seated as far as possible from Hope's table. His course was to prove unwise.

Among the ship's company, not of the conference group, were the artist Charles Dana Gibson and his wife. Mrs. Gibson was told who Hope was, and asked to have him introduced. Within a day or two

she asked him to sit with her and her husband at table, and throughout the voyage she took frequent walks with him on deck. Her action amazed and fairly dazed the careful Bishop X. That a Langhorne, a Virginian aristocrat, so far above him in his own caste consciousness, should conduct herself in such a way toppled a large load of bricks onto his straw pile. At the end of three days, finding himself the most unpopular and Hope the most popular man on board, he reversed his judgment and besieged his former victim with attentions, which Hope endured with Christian fortitude, meeting the unexpected advances with patient civility. The pin prick was only one added to thousands he had already experienced, and it did not disturb him; besides, he was by this time firmly established in the social life of the party. His genial companionship and quiet wit enlivened the dinner table, and with Dr. Endicott, moderator of the United Church of Canada, he engaged in table talk that drew an admiring audience.

Hope's thoughts were now turned eagerly toward his seafaring and the great scenes to which the ship was bearing him. "I am thrilled," he wrote to Miss Read on the first day out, "with the idea of getting a glimpse of Alexandria and the sea over which crossed the world's ambitions for centuries. Rome, Carthage, Athens, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Constantinople. What memories! Am I to cruise through Gibraltar and the Dardanelles where Caesar went, where even within the last ten years the armies of the world went? Is this a dream, or am I really going to enter that sea of wars, romance, poetry, religion?"

His hours at sea, however, were not all given to reverie. It may be said that the conference actually began among the delegates aboard ship. There were daily discussions of the subjects which were to be handled at Jerusalem. A few days later Hope told Miss Read: "This morning I led the discussion. The subject was the Negro Problem in the United States. A number of people spoke favorably of the way I handled the discussion, but a man never knows how he is getting along. There were a good many Southerners in the audience, but I did not let that bother me. Why should I do so on the Atlantic Ocean if I do not in the city of Atlanta? . . . 'Fear not them that may kill the body.' Of course the inevitable intermarriage question came up, and I told them that I had expected it even earlier than it finally arrived. Among those present were Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and his wife, who is a confirmed Virginian and a sister of Lady Astor. They both spoke to me afterwards and were very flattering in what they said."

On the following night, having reached Funchal, Madeira, he writes: "I have seen a really new sort of place. . . . The coast stretches along about thirty miles, green, dotted with homes glittering white in the sun; rain while the sun shines with resulting rainbows, so many, so beautiful and enduring as I have never seen the like of anywhere. More than a hundred fifty thousand people live in this island community. These people are industrious, apparently happy, with a beautiful friendliness and courtesy. I happened in the city park while a midday band concert was in progress . . . rendering almost the entire opera *Carmen*. The people . . . were much more attentive and more quiet than I have seen people at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City. . . . Perhaps the definition of civilization would be this: what each separate people considers it to be, which is no definition at all. Black and white I saw today moving with each other as if there were no thought of color or race. These Portuguese on this volcanic island, after pounding and raking this lava until it is wonderfully fertile, have at the same time worked out a human relationship that would permit them to say: Civilization is human relationships in terms of peace, equality, and friendship."

Beautiful as he found Madeira, it was not so thrilling as the idea of the next shore line that he should see. From his young manhood he had longed to visit Africa, and this longing had been intensified by the conference on African affairs at Le Zoute in 1926. The journey to Jerusalem might have seemed to offer such an opportunity; but the cruise for which the American delegates had been booked touched only the northernmost parts of the African continent, and he was not able to spare time or money for an independent expedition. Yet, if he could not journey to the Negro heart of Africa, which was what interested him most, he could at least look upon its borders; and for two days after leaving Funchal he expressed an increasing excitement at seeing, opposite Gibraltar, the dark mysterious peaks of the Atlas. They neared the port at early morning. Alexander woke at first light of dawn to find that Hope was not in the stateroom. Being the younger man, he had insisted on Hope's occupying the lower berth; and Hope's exit had thus been the more easily made. Now Alexander was puzzled and lay wondering. It was full day before Hope returned. His eyes were shining. There was a new light in them. He seemed to have difficulty in collecting his voice. Then he said slowly, "I have seen Africa." Sixteen years earlier his eyes had first beheld the hills of Scotland, but hardly with as deep emotion.

The vessel's next port of call yielded a fresh excitement which moved him almost as much as his first view of the continent. "I spent one day in Algiers," he said later in a speech. "I shall never forget how thrilled I was on that bright sunshine day to ride along the shores of northern Africa. . . . We did not go into Africa in the sense that we think of Africa—in the midst of our own people in the interior—but just the thought of setting foot on African territory was thrilling." But with regard to the city itself he wrote: "What gripped me in Algiers was the condition of the people. It is my first meeting with Islam, and it is tragic."

Proof that tragedy had no continental boundaries was supplied two days later in Europe at Monaco. His account, written to eighteen-year-old John, Jr., is arresting in its vividness:

"We landed at the famous Monte Carlo. I might with equal accuracy say the notorious Monte Carlo. First we took a ride said to be the most beautiful in the world, the upper and lower Corniche Drive from Monte Carlo to Nice. I have never seen its equal in grandeur and beauty. You would be riding along a fringe of olive trees looking out on sea and headlands where stand ruins of Rome and even Phoenicia, then at a slight turn of the road you would see mountains in the distance, snow-capped. We stopped at Nice for luncheon, then came back by the lower drive. . . .

"Last night after dinner I donned my Tuxedo, and three of us took the tender and went across the bay to see the Casino at night. . . . Almost at once, even the stranger seems to get the sense of silence, quiet, a disposition not to disturb the tense drama going on silently in the minds of hundreds of silent sitting people bent on 'what! The adventure (high or low) of making one franc bring five or seventeen or thirty as the case may be. Get the best of what! Of a cold, inexorable system whereby in the long run this silent, sitting, quivering, excited, hopeful, hopeless, desperate group of people with one overmastering passion pays this tiny principality millions of francs, supporting a principedom with its grabbing population. Get the best of what! In gambling there is no best. . . . The stroll continues, the silence occasionally broken by one of these expressionless table attendants who say a sort of chanting word, which starts the ball to rotating, and another word when the weary ball rests in its little accidental stall. The silent watchers see him rake in the clinking disks (or chips). For some of these silent watchers this means they lose. For a few it means win. For all, in the long run, it means loss—loss

irretrievable of those beautiful hopes and finer feelings that go to make life large, wholesome, and worth the trouble of living.

"I will not attempt to tell you of all the people, the young men, the young women, the middle-aged, or the old—except one fat, expressionless old woman who attracted me at the first table I visited. She hardly seemed to be *looking* anywhere. Silently, still, looking but not looking, playing not like a human being of flesh and blood and heart but an automaton, exactly the same motion. She did not lay or throw her disks. Those disks seemed to hop out of lifeless fat fingers that might have belonged to a huge, fat, dark-Italian old-woman doll. I left her and her table full of rainbow-chasers. No, not rainbow-chasers. There is beauty in chasing a rainbow. Even if the pot of gold is never found, there is zest and sweat and joy out of running along an endless prism. But this thing is silent, still, unrelieved, selfish, ugly; and the fine clothes and refined quiet do not relieve for me this sordid, psychical ugliness.

"I left this table and roamed about the great hall from table to table looking for all this wonderful 'kick' and color that sloppy novel writers try to give us about Monte Carlo. I did not find it. But half an hour before closing time—for this casino closes on the hour of twelve—I saw a tall, lank, old white-haired woman standing, fumbling her cloth-bag, taking counsel with her silent, quaking self. Poor old woman! Yes, I will even say poor old lady! I would gladly have led her away and tried to see whether the touch of one whom she could imagine a son might warm in her flat body an emotion of unselfish devotion. She was finally overmastered by her one remaining passion, thrill. She fumbled once more in her bag, drew out a bill and bought a few disks. She did not sit. It looked like her last act of an evening, as a mother might kiss her baby for the last time, say good night to her husband, or tuck her youngsters under the cover. She stood, then tremblingly laid one of those disks in one of the squares. I turned away before the man in the center droned out again that the ball would whirl. She—poor soul—will continue to fumble in her bag to draw forth franc-notes with which to buy magic disks which will turn into heaps and heaps of gold that she may show to herself and her acquaintances about this soulless hall of departed spirits. And one day Nature, weary of seeing the old woman doddering about in this endless drama, will touch her gently. She will crumple up and slump and fall. The old bag will leave her hand, not full of heaps of gold, but empty as all bags must sooner or later become if they remain long enough at Monte Carlo."

Of the scenes that he visited during the succeeding days—Naples and Pompeii—Hope recorded little; but as he approached Greece his excitement rose again. "I sit listening," he wrote to Miss Read, "to the 'waves shrieking about the keel,' as Homer would say. . . . Greece to me has been a paradise that I would rather see than any other place on earth. . . . Athens! the hope of a lifetime! For just a little moment to set foot on ground so hallowed—it is too much joy for one mortal."

His desire was to be realized in fuller measure than he had hoped for. Among the delegates on board were Mr. and Mrs. Harper Sibley of Rochester, New York. Mrs. Sibley's fellow passengers were provided a sensation when, at the port of Athens, she was met by an important official, a commodore of the Greek Navy, whom she knew. This officer invited her to be his guest on a sight-seeing tour and other entertainment in Athens throughout the ship's stay and extended his invitation to two additional guests of Mrs. Sibley's choosing. Hope was selected, to the good-natured envy of his fellow voyagers, and the glories of Athens were thus spread before him under conditions never attained by the average tourist. Mrs. Sibley recalls that in their journey about the city she and her other guest, Patty Speer, daughter of Robert E. Speer, kept besieging their host with questions concerning the various classic grandeurs—temples, ancient sites, treasures of museums. Frequently the commodore was unable to satisfy their curiosity; but in each case Hope, being applied to, modestly supplied the information; histories, classical allusions, and even architectural dimensions and proportions of public buildings, he found easy to recall from his well stored scholarship.

Among even earlier and more fabulous scenes he sailed on the following day when, rounding the coast of Troy, he entered the Hellespont. It was like a home-coming to one of the oldest countries of his mind, which "from my boyhood," he wrote, "I have scanned with my mind's eyes"; and these waters were peopled with his familiars, Jason, Medea, Theseus, Heracles, Orpheus. He could remember the Argonauts returning over this very course, bearing the Golden Fleece, and he could recall, too, that then as now, in spite of their triumph, all was not well on earth, that in their ears echoed another sound than joy. He could remember that on their quest they had passed Mount Caucasus and heard the groans of Prometheus and the dreadful wing-flapping of the feeding eagle as it moved upon his liver. Nor was there in that memory all the sorrow the Argonauts had found and brought; and because of that, by strange circumstance, Hope's own thread of

destiny was woven and mingled with their story. For it was they who had sown the dragon's teeth which had sprung up armed men; and here, after embattled ages, he was sailing their selfsame course, bound on another quest which, if successful, would destroy the bitter fruits of that same evil sowing and bring an end of wars.

There was perhaps no one on board who better appreciated that "daylight passage of the Dardanelles" announced in the ship's itinerary, but he neither remained nor wished to remain in the world of the imagination, however rich in wisdom it was, and he responded with alert interest to various aspects of modernity which he found in Constantinople upon reaching it that evening.

A decade had passed since Kemal Pasha, like a giant genie of the Arabian Nights, had begun to sweep his transforming hand over the city, and Hope noted the miracle in a letter to Miss Read: "Constantinople—where the crumbling walls of Emperor Constantine meet the most modern buildings, where your whizzing automobile passes herds of camels and donkeys, where old men and women with their old-time clothes and old-time views (I suppose) behold a procession of the new day—youth, quite new and different—pass before them. I feel queer sometimes when I watch these contrasts. It almost never occurs to me that I belong to the old. These youngsters seem to be my company, my equals. It was offensive to me in Algiers last week to see women with their faces covered, slaving for men. It seemed perfectly natural to me today to have as guide a young woman not over twenty-two years of age dressed in western costume, sporting a cane and discussing the rights of women." In a talk given later in Atlanta he added: "She let me know repeatedly that she was a feminist and a newspaper reporter, and that she wanted to go to America and learn the latest things and take them back to Turkey."

Three days later at dawn the party reached Haifa. Hope spent the day ashore, returning to the ship before it sailed at evening. Once more aboard that night, he wrote: "Today I have been in Palestine. I have ridden through a beautiful section of the Plain of Esdraelon, have visited Nazareth, crossed the river Kishon and been in sight of Mount Carmel. You know I make no pretensions about my beliefs, but . . . today as I went into Nazareth it was much as I might for the first time visit the old-town place of a friend whom I had loved for many years. It was a comfort to be sure that this is the place. . . . To stand by the town-spring and know that there met the women ages ago and talked their daily gossip while they filled their empty jars was to rouse

emotions. Here lived the boy who today is destined to rule the world." These words were a fitting prologue for Hope's further pilgrimage to the Jerusalem scene, although it was several days before he reached the site of the great world drama in which that boy was the central figure.

Meantime he had the satisfaction of stepping ashore the next morning on the continent of his dreams. Though it was not the deep Africa of his inmost racial loyalties, Alexandria's rich cultural associations laid hold of his eager interest during his few hours there. He wanted to see the site of the library, and he remembered the great figures who had made the city glorious—Euclid, Apelles, St. Mark, Plotinus—citizens not only of Alexandria but of his own mind. He did not leave them behind when he went to look on a more ancient world from the vantage point of Cairo. In the glories of the museum, the Pyramids of Giza, at Memphis and in the surrounding countryside, his interest was absorbed not only by the past but by the present, and at least one aspect of the objects of his attention was reported by him in a commencement address the following year. "Last spring," he said, "I saw the Pyramids. And a man told me how the stones were floated over during the high water, the flood time, and how hard those men worked with primitive mechanical arrangements to make the Pyramids, and he thought it was cruel. And then we looked at those beautiful farms, and we saw those people working, descendants, I suppose, of that same crowd that built the Pyramids. And I asked him about the arrangement concerning the land—how they paid for it and that sort of thing, something about their profits, and I found that they were being gouged just a different way but with the same spirit."

His closest companion in these visitations on land as at sea was, of course, Will Alexander; but they were now to be temporarily parted. The southern clergyman, Bishop X, who was stopping at their hotel, suddenly became ill and sent for Alexander, who, finding him in extreme pain, moved to call a doctor. He was stayed by the bishop. "Over here," gasped the writhing man, "the races are increasingly mixed. The man might be a Negro, and I will not have a Negro."

"Leave it to me," said Alexander, and hurried down to consult the hotel manager, who proposed a particular practitioner. Not venturing to ask the candidate's race, Alexander tried to discover it by asking where the doctor had received his training.

"In Switzerland," answered the manager.

"Good," said Alexander. "Please call him." And he returned to

the Bishop's apartment, which he carefully darkened in the hope that the doctor's race might be indistinguishable in case he was of the wrong color. It was a precaution that might have served, for the Swiss-trained physician on arrival proved not to be entirely Negroid. He was a mulatto; but by that time the patient, fairly color-blind with suffering, if indeed he did recognize the man's race, gave up his principles and submitted.

The next day his illness became a problem to the two friends. He was unable for the present to continue his journey to Jerusalem. Someone should stay and look after him. It would have been a sacrifice and service of which Hope was particularly capable, but it was obvious that this would not be to Dr. X's taste. The decision was made that Alexander, whose broad and kindly sympathies had, from the beginning of X's unpopularity on shipboard, led him to take pity on the poor man, should remain with him—an attention performed with such efficiency that three days later the sick man was sufficiently recovered to be taken to Jerusalem.

The eve of Hope's departure was attended by an episode which shows that he did not accept every assault of life with unresisting calm. Before parting, the two friends gave up their shared apartment, Alexander to take one nearer Dr. X and Hope to have his luggage removed by a hotel porter in whose charge he left it with the express information that he would presently claim it in order to take the next train to Jerusalem. He and Alexander then went out to inspect the Sphinx and to observe a detail of its Negroid appearance which they had been discussing. On their return to the hotel, Hope sought out the porter and asked for his luggage. The request met with no response. Hope repeated it more carefully, but with the same result. Patiently, he explained that he wanted his bags, his luggage, the things which he had left with the man not two hours before. With a careless shrug the porter conveyed the information that he understood no English. It was too much. Train time was approaching. Nature came to the rescue. Hope looked him in the eye. "You damned rascal!" he said. "You get me my bags." Within a minute the man produced them. He had lost the game.

Hope went on to Palestine, a journey quickening in interest as he passed through scene after scene of the chronicled land. Stirred even at sight of the station sign "Jerusalem," in English, Hebrew, and Arabic characters, he began his fortnight's stay among sights which

kindled his imagination to new clarity concerning the need and value of the International Missionary Council's purpose. He was lodged, with a majority of the delegates, on the Mount of Olives in barracks buildings erected and used for military purposes during World War I. Near by was the building in which the Council met. Built by Germans before the First World War, it was a part of their efforts to penetrate the Near East, of which the German Emperor presented another example when in 1898 he had a portion of the wall of Jerusalem near the Jaffa Gate torn down to give him entrance to the city, mounted on a white Arab horse and clad in the armor of the crusading conqueror of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon. To such grandiose and egoistic scenes a marked contrast was given by the simple, altruistic proceedings of the Council. The building was a huge fabric and, despite the spring outside, was distressingly cold from the winter's refrigeration. This did not serve to prevent a steadfast full attendance. The variety of races and nationalities represented by delegates from India, the South Sea islands, Japan, South America, Eastern Europe, Egypt, China, and Central Africa, many of them wearing native costumes, wrought the assembly into an impressive, almost a glowing spectacle. Nor did the chill air succeed in cooling the delegates' ardor in dealing with any of the subjects submitted to them, which included such realistic difficulties as Industrial Problems Rural and Urban, Economic Exploitation and Injustice, War, and Racial Relationships—the last under the co-leadership of Hope.

From the vantage point of today there was something vastly tragic about this gathering of two hundred and forty men and women from fifty countries of a world then lately rocked by a titanic war and still seething with explosive dangers. For they came not only with an enlightened knowledge and a sad consciousness of world conditions but dedicated to the purpose of reconciliation, of peaceful solution. And yet we now know that they met in an hour only halfway between that first war and another far more terrible and bequeathing still greater dangers. And the tragedy of the failure to stem the mountainous and adverse world-tides is not the only aspect in which the meeting may be seen. For those men and women were led to the assembly by a vision which would save the world if it were fully applied, and no member of the Council more completely realized it than Hope.

The Council's procedure was to present each subject by an introductory address. Then followed open discussion for several hours, after which the subject was referred to a large representative group

which had noted the trend of the discussion and the formal papers which had been prepared in various countries and circulated months in advance for deliberate study by the delegates. Careful attention was given also to various national groups who set forth points that needed emphasis in the message. The committee gave days to its work of reviewing discussion and listening to those who wished a special hearing. Every effort was made to know and voice the opinions of the entire Council. The committee then brought to the Council the typed message, which was read, discussed, and placed in the hands of every delegate for a careful reading before adoption. Frequently a report was altered after it was brought to a plenary session of the Council, and finally every approved report or message was given to each delegate to be presented to the group which he or she represented.

When one considers the nationalistic, racial, and linguistic differences represented in such a gathering, it is marvelous that, after free discussion, findings on almost every subject were approved, with seldom a dissenting vote. By this very concord the Council manifested the spirit and mirrored the ideal which they were offering the world as a solution of its difficulties. All of which emphasizes the need for such fellowship and interchange of thought as are possible in international meetings alone.

It is obvious, too, that there were equal opportunities for understanding and constructive thinking in personal and more social contacts outside the formal meetings of the assembly. The mere natural beauty of the scene brought Hope a need for others to share it. Day after day, as he sat or strolled in the garden of that sunny slope, his charmed sight, searching eastward thirty miles and down four thousand feet, down two hundred fathoms below ocean tides, found, gemming the sunk horizon, that starred sapphire the Dead Sea, or, soaring upward to the skies beyond, it lighted on Nebo from whose peak the Lord to the dying Moses

Showed all the land of Gilead, unto Dan;
Judah sea-fringed; Manasseh and Ephraim;
And Jericho palmy, to where Zoar lay;
And in a valley of Moab buried him,
Over against Beth-Peor, but no man
Knows of his sepulchre unto this day.*

* William Watson, sestet of sonnet "Gordon," in *Collected Poems*. New York, John Lane, 1899.

In the luminous hours of such visions, Hope established a number of new human relationships—one, an acquaintance made with an African chief, Sirwano W. Kulubya, a representative from Uganda. In parting, Hope gave to this chief a letter of introduction to be used by some chosen student in Uganda in coming to Morehouse, an episode which was to have a strange and remarkable sequel, a year later.

A friendship, too, flowered between Hope and an English economist, Harold Grimshaw, chief of the African Labor Section of the International Labor Office at Geneva, who had been called by the Council as a consultant. One evening Hope, Max Yergan (who had come to Jerusalem from South Africa), Grimshaw, and R. H. Tawney, another British economist, had dinner together. Grimshaw, a world-observer of keen vision and an able champion of the underprivileged, radiated also the selfless simplicity of a latter-day St. Francis. Yergan had met him in Africa and had known the high character of his work there.

These social interludes, however, were never prolonged enough to break the steadfast routine of work within the Council, the concentrated toil of which was truly a "grind" as Hope had surmised in a letter from Turkey: "No doubt Jerusalem with its two weeks grind will crush out of me much that I should like to bring back." The labor of his first week bore especially hard on him, for in addition to his attendance on other sessions he was preparing for his Racial Relationships program, which was scheduled for Saturday, the seventh day of the Council. He had come to Jerusalem not only as a representative of the Negro race, but as a member of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. In the pamphlet which he had been asked to prepare on his subject, he began with a succinct and vivid history of the Negro emerging from slavery and led swiftly up to a plea for the general adoption of the methods of the Interracial Commission. In these pages he is a very different figure from the "hopeless John Hope" disillusioned by the First World War and its racial consequences. His early confidence in Negro-white relationships has been renewed. When on March 31st members of the Council at Jerusalem met to discuss interracial problems, it was not illogical that Hope should be the first to speak.

The audience that day was kaleidoscopic in color and background. In it were Professor Jabavu, eminent Negro teacher from South Africa; Professor Bocobo from the Philippines; a Japanese bishop; a white bishop of Singapore; a woman social worker from India; a woman dean

of a Korean college; Harold Grimshaw; Basil Mathews, the English author; and many others, dark and light, including Hope's American associates Max Yergan and W. W. Alexander. In the midst of this group, characterized by the intensity of its feeling, Hope appeared at first to be quiet-spoken; but in the end he let his extemporaneous words ring out with personal emotion.

"So much," he said, "has been heard already of difficulties due to the lack of a square deal, so much of downright sorrow throughout the world that I hesitate to bring forward the difficulties of my own race. Personally I am not now much concerned with race prejudice in America or in the entire world. To me, personally, whatever race prejudice can do it has done already. But I am tremendously concerned about what is going to happen to the people who will come after me. My interest, as nearly personal as may be, is in my two sons, and I have a very great interest in the children of my two sons—children not yet born. And I have, furthermore, keen interest in the race problem for the effect it will inevitably have upon all people alike, upon the victims and upon those who do the victimizing. I am not blaming the people in America today for what has happened. The white people of today had nothing more to do with bringing Negro slaves from Africa than I had. As a matter of fact, I am not interested in blaming people at all. But if I were to blame people, it would be for things that are being done now. . . . The problem cannot rightly be attributed to any one single phenomenon. Nowadays people spend far too much time in explaining how the Negro came to be where he is, whereas time might better be given to efforts to extricate the Negro from where he is and the white people from where they are."

In the discussions which followed, the representatives from various countries spoke of racial injustice as they had known it, ranging from economic oppression in the Philippines to the "color bar" in South Africa. Grimshaw said of the latter: "I would remind the Council that what you have heard from Max Yergan and Mr. Jabavu is not typical, in that it came from men from whose hearts all bitterness has been removed. But in the hearts of millions of others it has not been removed. . . . The Color Bar Act in South Africa is a response to an existing situation, and perhaps has stereotyped and hardened it, but the color bar existed before the Act came into force. There is, in fact, a color bar, possibly not formulated in set terms but none the less effective, in almost all cases where advanced and primitive peoples come into contact. Another aspect of race relationships merits some thought.

If you take primitive peoples of the Pacific islands as examples, you find that mere contact with the white man, without conscious intention on his part, has destroyed the social organization of the people and their religion. . . . According to scientific evidence, some of these people are dying out, not from the causes of war, or disease or labor pressure, but simply because their religion, their social organization, and everything that gave point to life is destroyed, and they have nothing left to live for. . . . Before entering into relations with these peoples at all we should be careful to understand them."

As Hope had put it with regard to his own people: "The long line of injustice is due to withholding from the Negro his right to exercise and develop his own personality."

For hours these questions were threshed back and forth. It then remained for the Council to make a declaration of its racial policy. Basil Mathews has written: "The Council's Statement was shaped after very tense discussion for many hours far into the night by a Committee on which Dr. Hope and I worked to do most of the first framing. I was Secretary there of the group on Race Relations, and Dr. Hope fought most valiantly to put teeth into the resolution on race. His whole work as I saw it then was both constructive and creative."

Thanks to Hope, the resolution had "teeth." It forcefully upheld the right of all races to vote without discrimination because of race or color, follow the professions, profit by the natural resources of their lands and share equally in the "common life of the community"; it warned against immigration laws based on racial discrimination, and enjoined all countries not to yield "to the temptation of adopting shortsighted measures which impede such redistribution of population as may be in the best interests of the world as a whole"; it emphasized the fact that children are born without race prejudice, and that this fact should be cultivated by schools, books, films, and the press; finally it pointed out that Christian ethics "if carried into practice in all relationships would solve the problem and rid the world of this stupendous menace" of racial animosity.

Dr. Hope made a strong impression upon the meeting. One member wrote of his "luminous" comments, another of his "radiant personality." John R. Mott, chairman of the Council, was quoted as saying that Hope's was one of the great contributions that spring in Jerusalem. Phineas Fogg, the London journalist, who attended the conference under his own name, Hubert W. Peet, wrote about Hope the following year: "One of the formative influences at the great

Meeting in Jerusalem last year was Dr. John Hope of Morehouse College, Georgia. I had met him in London some years previously, when he told me about the work of Negro education at Morehouse, but I did not realize until during those memorable discussions on the Mount of Olives what a power the man was. And all this power lay in his restraint. Speaking as a Negro (though he has white blood in his veins) he pleaded the Negro cause in terms of quiet yet irrefutable reasonableness which could not be withstood."

At the morning session on the following Wednesday Hope again served as leader of the Council. It was repeatedly said of him that no one throughout the two weeks was more serviceable to the Council, both by his talks and in the Council's general work. But richly as he contributed, he received still more of refreshed spirit and of vision from his experience. "So much on this trip has sunk into my life, my heart and soul," he wrote, "that I can never tell anybody. I will not think it out well. The only way I can ever tell it will be casually, without plan. But I am richer. . . . Think of sitting as I did this morning, hearing profound discussions on Christianity and knowing that just outside, across the ravine, Jesus had borne his cross. . . . Maybe, after all, I will believe that he bore it for me."

During that second week, Holy Week, his emotions were profoundly stirred by the consciousness of his surroundings; but on the other hand his unerring sensitivity and taste preserved him from any betrayal to sentimentality. He reacted strongly to whatever possessed spiritual reality among the scenes surrounding him; but whatever failed to manifest that spirit was not real to him, and he was indifferent to it. Alexander gives a striking example of this. He was lodged at the American Colony with Bishop X, who still required his care, and on Good Friday he invited Hope down for dinner, after which they strolled out to the commercialized Golgotha and Gethsemane, and, going down into the hollow of this, sat there talking. Hope was unmoved. Yet two days later at the Easter and last session of the Council he revealed his inner conviction in a final talk to the Council: "I have been here upon a mountain sufficiently high to look over the whole world, to see what others are thinking and doing and suffering. I have been educated here. I have now reasons to believe that . . . among all the 'cures' recommended to society and to my people in particular . . . Jesus Christ alone is adequate."

But there were other scenes which were still to touch his heart within the next week. On Easter Monday he left Jerusalem. Dr. Fred

Goodsell, a conference member, had business with an exiled Turkish senator at Amman. Lured by the possibility of a motor trip through the country, the two friends, Hope and Alexander, joined Dr. Goodsell and two women delegates whom they had met at the Council in hiring a car for three days and made a wide circular course to Haifa and back to Jerusalem. "Hope," reports Dr. Goodsell, "was a distinct addition to the party. His quiet yet keen powers of observation, his sparkling humor, his warm interest in people, and his unfailing courtesy and consideration for his companions were qualities we all noted. He was a good traveler and a genial comrade. It was particularly interesting to me to note his comments on Palestinian geography and people—scenes upon which he was looking for the first time. He was particularly observant of the flowers and birds, April being the most beautiful month of the year there."

Winding down through the wilderness, crossing the Jordan, and climbing nearly five thousand feet, they swept eastward through the rich green wheat and barley fields to Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordan (the ancient land of Gilead). To one of Hope's classical associations, the place was doubly interesting because of its western as well as its Judaistic history. It was there that David managed the death of Uriah by orders to put him "in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die," so that he might marry Uriah's wife Bathsheba. There, too, the Greco-Romans left well preserved memorials, a temple, baths, porticoes and a theatre seating six thousand people, naming the city Philadelphia. Nor was Hope's interest in that theatre lessened when he learned of the film company, which, using it for a picture, dressed a thousand of the local citizens in Roman togas only to have them disappear after the show, their wages unclaimed but, evidently fired by the glorious possibilities of a Roman holiday, taking the clothes with them.

Amman was not to yield Hope his richest sight of classical antiquities. On the following day the travelers reached the most complete Greco-Roman city extant, Gerasa (Jerash), which especially interested him as a magnificent example of inspired city planning. Still surrounded by flourishing gardens, with a life-giving stream still running brightly through its center, past temples, theatres, courts, fountains, altars, and dwellings, to leave by a beautiful waterfall, with the value of each building displayed not only by its own design but by its careful placing in relation to all others, the harmonies of Gerasa were further preserved from any discordances of less lovely fabrics—such as its

triumphal arch, its stadium, and its vast tank for naval spectacles—which were all placed at some distance outside the eight-foot thick walls. Years of struggle against odds in the design and placing of buildings on the Morehouse campus heightened Hope's appreciation of the glories of Gerasa.

Yet, lighted as his imagination was by the city's beauty, another and a more transfigured scene awaited him that evening when the party, retracing its path through Gilead, again crossed the Jordan and reached Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Here, however, it was not man-made memorials but the natural scene that touched his spirit and reminded him of other realities which have outlasted the grandeur that was Rome.

In the last year of his life, he told a group of students an incident of those next few hours: "It was a beautiful moonlight night. I was in a boat with friends on the Sea of Galilee. We were all, after a while, rather quiet. And finally one person said, 'Do you believe that Christ really walked, really walked on the water?' To tell the truth, the question concerned me very little. My faith had become so established that I believed that if he'd wanted to he could have, and historically it didn't matter much to me whether he did or not. The getting into the life of a human being and making him over is the far bigger thing, and to my mind a greater miracle than physically walking on the water."

For Hope, capable of such a reflection, the Galilean shore of today had nothing comparable to offer, and after a visit to the shore fronts of Capernaum and Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalene, he and his companions continued toward Jerusalem by way of Haifa. This journey afforded him a further impressive experience of which he later gave an account. The route lay through the plain of Esdraelon, and they visited the sites of the two citadels which for ages had commanded it: Megiddo, guarding the country's northern frontier, and Beisan (Beth-shean), along the opposite heights, defending the south and the eastward pass into Trans-Jordan.

On both sites the excavators had been at work, laying bare cultural layers almost geological in depth and variety of their successive strata. Under Crusaders' bastion floors were the tiles of Moslem walls, and beneath them Byzantine mosaics piled on Roman pavements that overlaid Greek architraves resting on weapons of invaders from the Black Sea, Homer's "mare-milkers"; and under those the pylons, seals, and superscriptions of Egyptian kings.—One of these, the son of a

Negro princess, the Pharaoh Necho, passing through Syria in pursuit of Ashurbanipal, King of Nineveh, had despite his friendly remonstrance been attacked by King Josiah and, forced to make a stand there at Megiddo, had utterly crushed the Judean army; it was he who began the building of the canal now issuing at Suez. And now beneath Egyptian shards lay the carved tusks, neoliths, and charcoals of the late stone age, and under all the blurred flints of the troglodytes who lived perhaps before the use of fire. Deeply impressed by these disclosures, Hope was later to reveal what they suggested to him.

Veiled to him and his companions under those fateful Syrian skies, there was a further aspect of their passage through that defile, an omen overwhelmingly tragic whose meaning can better be read by the light of today. For that plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel remains the archetype of all earth's crucial battlefields, the Armageddon of the Patmos vision, and that little group so lately met to overcome it with reason was now, even on its homeward way, confronted with this gigantic symbol, the bloody field itself, unrolled like a giant scroll before them, a vast and secret Apocalyptic sign of what they and their world would soon again pass through; another war, and how many more before their immortal cause should triumph? It was well that they did not know.

Returning to Jerusalem, Hope and Alexander set out again for Cairo, a journey somewhat varied by a Swiss couple who discoursed on the subject of American travelers much to their discredit. Among the many faults listed, it was claimed: "Americans don't know how to travel, especially as to tips. They always give too little or too much." Making no attempt at a rebuttal of the charges, the two Americans listened till the train reached the Suez Canal, where there was much confusion in transferring the passengers to the ferry and then from the ferry to the waiting train for Cairo. As they were about to land and make their way through the disorderly station platform, Hope said to Alexander, "You go and get the seats, and I'll see to the baggage and the tips." They were soon comfortably settled in the train, but outside on the platform all was not well. Sounds of angry voices increased in volume as the Swiss couple entered the train engaged in a yelling brawl with their enraged porter. Hope was not only amused but distinctly pleased by the denouement, a reaction which revealed an interesting facet of his psychology; his extreme sensitivity to criticisms or insults directed toward Americans as Americans—whether

himself or his countrymen. It was as though he had suffered all he could endure of indignities because of his race, and to have his very nationality attacked was the last insupportable straw.

There had been a similar occurrence on the previous day. "During our first stay in Jerusalem," Alexander reports, "there was a very unpleasant young Englishman, a delegate to the conference, who was put on a committee with Hope and me. He was a raw, unfledged undergraduate and was constantly saying nasty things about Americans, referring expressly to their bad manners. Hope resented this more than I did. At the end of two weeks of such comments he said, 'I don't think I can stand that much longer.' On our return to Jerusalem we met the same sophomoric ass. Hope said, 'I'm not going to let him get by with that. Now I'm going to tell him what a fool he's making of himself.' But I managed to get the Englishman off."

All such encounters were forgotten in the sunshine of the return to Cairo. In particular it afforded Hope a further opportunity of seeing at the museum and elsewhere, relics and records of Egypt's Nubian kings, especially those of the Negro dynasty of Pharaohs, the Twenty-fifth, a subject that had interested him ever since he had studied Herodotus at Brown University. He had been stirred by the account of the dynasty's founder, the Nubian king Shabako who descended with an overwhelming army of Negroes from above the cataracts, seized disintegrating Egypt firmly in his grasp, was crowned Pharaoh, and restored order. There in the Cairo Museum could be seen the strongly Negroid features of Shabako's bust and the beautiful alabaster statue of the Pharaoh's sister, Princess Amenerdais. Without disbelieving the biblical account which attributed the overwhelming defeat of the army of Sennacherib, King of Nineveh, to the prayer of King Hezekiah and the miracle of the prophet Isaiah, Hope also trusted the further testimony of Herodotus that Shabako's grandson Tirhaka and his formidable army performed the actual military operation, a claim supported by the account of Tirhaka's later conquests of all North Africa as far as Gibraltar after he became Pharaoh. Hope, of course, treasured tales of Negro champions, even those of warlike prowess; but his deeper interest was naturally enlisted by cultural triumphs, such as the abolition of capital punishment by Shabako as recounted by Herodotus, his vast restoration and building, the temples and chapels erected by the Princess Amenerdais at Thebes, of which she was the ecclesiastical ruler, and the dynasty's irrigation extensions, flood protection, and canal building as recorded by Diodorus Siculus.

Thrilling as these reminders of a mighty past were to him there by the Nile, Hope's own present was too fleeting to be long detained. Sailing from Alexandria, he disembarked at Brindisi, leaving Alexander to continue to Venice. After a brief visit to Rome, he set out for his beloved Paris. Recording his thoughts en route, he disclosed the meditative character of his mind, its habit of inward contemplation, similar to Amiel's, in the *Journals*. He wrote:

"Now, I am in Turin, Italy. I would never have imagined this for my trip. I was hungry. I had three hours. I walked out on the Boulevard—a small edition of Boul-Mich. My good déjeuner has been eaten. My coffee, which is too black and strong for my liking, is being sipped to give excuse for my sitting here. The orchestra will play within a few minutes, I hope. If it does—no matter what it plays—it will sweeten my loneliness, pull out all the stops of my heart, and make me alive and vibrant. I wonder how other men feel when they reach my years, with a heart and purpose that would carry them many years further but with common sense enough to know that their life is more behind them than ahead. . . .

"I was in the Roman Forum yesterday, late afternoon. It was so quiet that the few people still remaining in the midst of that tragic heap talked in subdued voice or said nothing. I was tired. I was lonely (as I am most of the time). I had been to St. Peter's in the midst of ecclesiastic splendor. . . . I had ridden through and through again, Rome. I was side by side with people whose presence made me more lonely than I could have been in a primeval pine forest with its sighing, sighing breezes. I walked and I sat among and amidst the Sullas, the Pompeys, Caesars, Ciceros, and Antonys. The later Constantine and Severus and Titus were there. Tremendous tragedy: What was their purpose? What idea of life had they gathered? Had they failed or succeeded? Shall we study them from the values of life in their day or values in our day? Do we know our values after all as well as we do their values? We know that they got a kick and thrill out of their crushed and hopeless adversaries in chains. We know that these wretches were the triumphal *pièce de résistance* for the callous Roman populace, and that beyond the last arch, waited for them the prison and death. Have we changed? Who rules today, Jesus Christ who ruined the Roman Empire or the resurgent views of present-day thought that may be Caesarian rather than Christian?

"I have seen Italy in its martial display. The woman and girl of the palace or the street love the uniform and give themselves to it today

as truly as a Magdalene or a Cleopatra would have done centuries ago.

"What then was the tragedy in the midst of which I sat yesterday evening? Not perhaps simply that there had been a civilization that in splendor could erect that neighboring building—the Colosseum—to sate people with fights of men and beasts? Not that only. It would have thrilled me to think that that had passed and men were an evolution upward ever—but there gripped me a chilling fear that in the larger outlines civilization might have to repeat itself horribly. From Caesar to Mussolini. What is in store for us—especially when I, a pacifist, love a fight and a fighting hero? At bottom we love Jesus because, in a certain sort, he reveals the spirit that makes a fight possible. Even Paul, when put to it for a description of the best that he had lived and done, said, 'I have fought a good fight.'

"It is two o'clock. The café fills with old and young—the military giving a liberal number. I must leave and see the river Po. Italy—so old! Yet this age is youth compared with mounds that I have seen; and in all the gripping, swaying significance, is the human being! What is the kinship between Pharaoh's farmers and the fellahin whom I have seen toiling in the delta of the Nile? And are they not all blood brothers, spirit brothers of the plodding Negro of the Louisiana bottoms? Exploitation! ! ! Must we keep Jesus constantly and forever bleeding?

"I go out to catch the air. For the present I am of the leisure class that has brewed and spawned the hell of all the ages; and to that extent I am tremendously displeased with myself.

"Evening. I have passed Italy—passed the customs. I am in France. For the first time in two months I have a sort of sense of home. I know the money and the French people and can do something with their language. The awful barrier of language is passed in a sense. I can at least say 'Bon jour' and 'Au revoir' to the man who sits beside me. But I am looking back at the last thing I wrote in the Turin café. I was displeased with myself because—for the time being—I had joined the leisure class. It is not exactly leisure. It is the stiff collar, and what, going for ages with ruffles, frills, and stiff collars, we call culture. I grow skeptical about culture, and begin to wonder whether that last farmer, whom I saw working just before dark settled down upon us in the French Alps, is the man of culture rather than I. He knows his own job much more unmistakably than I know mine after a long life of preparation. He has contentment, and I have not. He loves that

little Alpine scrap of soil so well that he will live for it and die for it. He does not worry. I do. He has a love for nature and beauty that exercises itself without having to get the bolstering of some book poet. He and his overalls and his ox and his plow and beautiful little plot of earth are all one. In that complex unit there comes the fullest human expression, satisfaction, and love. Stiff collars seldom produce a philosophy, but the average overalls is a philosopher. . . .

"I am going to bed baffled, because I do not know this world, human values and realities. What, after all, are values? What do people mean by imponderables? Are they just ideas that feed our minds when our backs are warm, our stomachs comfortably filled, and we are giving our mind some harmless exercise? Are they just something that a terrible loss, a horrible need, a passion unexpectedly revealed may sweep up in a minute as the flames lick up the savings of a lifetime? What, I repeat, are values and imponderables? I go to bed with all this unanswered. I may at least thank God even though I may not be any too sure what I should thank him for. To all those I love, to all who love me, a good night and God bless you. For others I would wish nothing less good."

Shadowed and tragically prophetic as some of these night reflections were—written in the early days of Mussolini's reign of power and before the advent of Hitler—the next day brought a brighter world, for he was in Paris. He had only three days for his present stay, but he still had before him the prospect of his homeward voyage with Alexander. He was always happy on a ship, and on this voyage a pleasant, unforeseen incident was to occur. He met again Dr. H. C. Tucker, dean of American clergymen in Brazil, whom he had previously seen at the Council in Jerusalem. They fell to talking, as fathers will, about their respective sons. Throughout the journey to Jerusalem, Edward had been constantly upon his father's mind. Having received his M.S. the year before, Edward had been working in the New York Department of Public Works; but his father wished to see him in a position that would make better use of his marked abilities. In spite of his brilliant record, Edward Hope had found before him an inevitable stumbling block: He was a Negro. Now Hope mentioned to Tucker his son's inability to find a job in his specialty, hydroelectric engineering. They also discussed the greater opportunities for the Negro which were characteristic of South America. Dr. Tucker then spoke of engineering developments conducted by the Electric Bond & Share Company in Brazil and offered to introduce Edward to

an officer of the company in New York. The upshot was that Dr. Tucker kept his promise and Edward Hope left New York in July to take up work in Brazil, where he stayed for three years. His father later remarked, with sardonic satisfaction, "I had to go clear to Jerusalem to find a job for my son."

Landing in New York, Hope parted from Alexander, went to his hotel, asked for his mail, and received several letters. One was from Constance Crocker. He opened it and stared at blazing tracteries of horror. The letter contained news for him, college news, news concerning one of his own Morehouse students, a poor boy who, to eke out his college expenses, had a paper delivery route. Following the custom of calling on his patrons to collect his usual bill, he had visited the store of one of them and on leaving had reached the doorway when without a word the white proprietor pulled out a revolver and shot him in the back, killing him. The murderer, although no one had asked him for an explanation of his deed, vouchsafed one: the lad had asked for the money without removing his hat. Such was the first item of the Morehouse news for John Hope, but that was not all. There was more to come. Several days had passed since the murder, and nothing had been done about it, not a move from duly constituted authorities, not a word from public forums. No one really cared. The victim was obscure, had no background. The whole matter had been ignored. That was the final news with which the letter seared John Hope's eyes and heart. He caught the first train for Atlanta and, chafing at the maddening slowness of the express train, wrote en route the following reply to Constance Crocker:

"If all goes well, I shall in three hours be home again. Home. . . . To think that while I was away holding up the Atlanta Plan of Interracial Cooperation my own student should be killed without my community—my home—giving a tinker's damn about a nigger college boy being killed, *wantonly* killed, because it does not matter if you kill a mere nigger, for after all, white supremacy must be upheld. Lady, I have seen lizards as the only living thing amid the ruins of supremacies that had to be upheld. I shall never cease thanking you for arming me to face my family, my school, my town, my home, as I can now face it knowing that the lad is dead. The shock of hearing it today for the first time would be too great even for me who am considerable of a shock absorber."

Plunging immediately upon his return into an investigation of the

murder, his emotions were still further intensified. Every facet of the crime increased its enormity to him. Later he confessed that on the following morning, when he went into Morehouse chapel to meet his students, he did not know what he would do, in what spirit he would lead them. For he could have led them. Their hearts were burning as his was, and the hearts of all the race in Atlanta. It needed but a few breaths of the fiery gales that were sweeping his spirit to inflame them and start a conflagration. Weighed down by the agony of it, he entered the chapel. He mounted the platform. A hymn was begun. The boys sang it gloriously. A passage from the New Testament was read, the words of Jesus. College announcements were read. Again the boys lifted their lovely voices in song. It was time for John Hope to speak. He rose and stood before them. He looked at them. They looked at him. There was a little silence. When he spoke it was not of death but of life, life as it might be lived, of aspiration, of ideals. Not a word about the murder, but they saw that he was deeply moved. That was all. The meeting was over.

Miss Read says of this episode: "One might say that his conversion back there in Augusta in his youth was the critical turning point in his life; but the fact was that he was being 'converted' at crises all through his life in the sense of having to make the decision of being a Christian, that is, whether to love or hate upon being confronted with race prejudice and injustice. This murder afforded a marked instance. The continued apathy of the public as the days dragged by caused Dr. Hope to 'die daily,' renewing the necessity for making the great decision."

The very ideality of the Jerusalem meeting, the uplifting power of its selfless and altruistic aims, the exaltation of spirit received from its promise, all the radiance he had shared there on the heights of Olivet intensified the impact of the tragedy that darkened his return. Having ascended so high toward the heavens of aspiration and hope for mankind, his plunge into that black aspect of its actual condition was all the more abysmal. But having once mastered, at that first meeting, the fire that gnawed his heart he continued to hold it under control. By the light of its hell he peered inward and groped for an answer as to man's progress. The meditative habit characteristic of his spirit was never more active than during those first days after his return. At the end of a week he revealed at a meeting of the Morehouse Alumni Association some of the impressions he had received from the contrasted experiences of his travels and his home-coming.

"Ill as my attempts at speaking may be," he began, "there are circumstances tonight that make it more difficult for me to speak than is usually the case. . . . The hour is late, and I do not wish to trespass longer on your good graces, yet I suppose I ought to say a few words about my recent experiences. I have had an exceedingly interesting trip and one that gathers in importance as I get back from it and think it over. I was interested tonight when my old student Wesley Dobbs quoted a line from 'Ulysses': 'I am a part of all that I have met.' I think 'Ulysses' is one of the greatest poems in any language. Here are three lines that follow those Mr. Dobbs quoted:

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

". . . As I have looked upon the scenes that I have been wishing from boyhood to see, the whole human question has become more and more of a mystery to me, a question that more and more I would like to look into, I would like to comprehend. I rode across the Jordan into Transjordan and there I saw two great cities, great at one time, now Roman ruins. . . . And I thought how strange it all was, that I should be walking the very pavements that Roman governors walked east of Palestine, two thousand years ago. And yet a few days afterwards I came to Megiddo and I went up on top of that mound and I looked into excavations that talked not simply of Romans and of Greeks but talked of Egyptian Pharaohs that had conquered and conquered centuries and centuries before the Greeks and Romans ever thought of being masters of the world. It gives us pause when we think of that sort of thing. And when I think of the convention that I attended, where people were discussing the great questions of our day, discussing the religion that we believe in and the religion that other people believe in and trying to decide how to make our religion so impressive that all peoples will believe it and follow it, the whole thing seems so modern and yet, as I look back on those ruins and into the depths of that excavated mound, I cannot help but raise the question, 'How far have human beings gone?'

"I walked one day through the Museum at Athens. I saw the jewelry and other things that had been gathered from the tombs of the kings at Mycenae. . . . Said I, 'Can anything in jewelry in the whole world of any epoch be more beautiful than this?' I went one

day, in Cairo, and saw that wonderful collection that has been taken from the tomb of Tutankhamen. I wonder whether there are any artisans or any artists in the world today that can make anything quite so beautiful as those things that have been taken from that tomb.

"I wonder what is the difference between then and now. I saw the pyramids where people toiled and toiled and toiled, unrequited, in slavery, crushed, with no hope whatever except that they might roll stone upon stone and build and build for people who had no love for them, for people who made them do under the lash. I looked across the same fields that had been plowed by farmers centuries and centuries ago. The same fields are being plowed today in very much the same way; the boats are going up and down the river carrying very much the same produce that was carried centuries ago, and the same spirit prevailing; namely, this, that the man at the top get all he can out of the man at the bottom. And I wondered whether there was any change. . . .

"But somehow I believe in students. As men and women go, I think that students are more honest than the average, and if the world is to be redeemed at all I should say it depends to a large degree upon students. But I am bound to say, my friends, . . . and I hope you will not regard it as pessimistic . . . I am bound to say that within the last few days, when I thought of things that are happening the world over, happening in this country, things that happened yesterday in Atlanta . . . pardon me if I raise the question whether the students the world over, the thinking men and women the world over, are going to do the things that we know must be done. . . .

"As far as Negro students are concerned, I have no doubt that the men and women who are passing off the stage today are leaving problems unsettled which in their complexity and their proportions will make the difficulties of the coming generation far greater than those that we have experienced. Nearly all the things worth while to Negroes in this country have been smitten. There has remained to Negroes one thing, and I have sometimes, in my desire to have Negroes become sufficiently restless so that they would see the condition they were in, I have sometimes almost wished that that one thing might be attacked. And the attack is coming. We have faced the denial of all sorts of rights. Our personality has been embarrassed. But the boast of this country and especially of the South, has been this; that Negroes have always been given a full stomach. And now the full stomach has become a question. It is being jeopardized, and to-

night I doubt not there are well dressed Negroes in this town who haven't had enough to eat today.

"Now, when you think about that, there comes upon the educated Negro a moral obligation to lead not only an intelligent life but a highly thought-out purposeful unselfish life whereby he may do two things: marshal his own people to understand their condition so that they will begin intelligently to work their way out; and this other thing, to be able to impress the entire world with the condition of the Negro in such a way that the entire world will recognize this: that there is a brotherhood that knows no creed nor color and a great mass of brothers has been trampled upon, embarrassed, and held back. It occurs to me that the future of Negroes lies not with the great mass, but rather with the attitude of heart and soul of the educated Negroes in the United States. And when I think of that, all thought of money, all thought of individual preferment, all thought of ease practically leaves my thinking, and I am just wondering what the hard-working, educated, thoughtful Negro man and woman, this country over, will be doing during the next fifty years to bring to pass a better attitude toward this group. For it occurs to me that the great test of brotherhood the world over is to be settled in the United States by what is to be the attitude of the majority of this country to this Negro minority. And as I think of it the obligation to get that thing straightened out is not entirely upon the white people. The obligation is upon Negroes so to understand our case, understand it with such emotion, that we will be able to project our life, our thinking, our striving in such a marvelous degree that the rest of the world cannot but understand us and come to our terms. It seems to me that in some broad outline like that the educator of Negroes will have to tackle this question of education. . . .

"I do not believe that in the whole history of mankind we have ever reached a more impressive epoch than today. It's a question whether the world is going to choose the best and go a step further in the cause of righteousness, or whether with all that we've done it will sink back into an abyss so thorough, so consuming, and so deadening that people centuries hence will look upon us as I looked upon the mound of Armageddon, where the life of the mound was not thinking men and women in their various supremacies, but nothing left except the smooth, sliding lizard to indicate life at all.

"Am I hopeful? Exceedingly hopeful—in these two factors; the thinking and the honesty and the high unselfish purpose of student

life the world over, and with reference to our problem, especially of Negro student life and of him with whom for two weeks it seemed to me I almost walked in person as I stayed up on the Mount of Olives and looked across the ravine where he had walked, as I lingered by the brook Kedron where he crossed to go up to his Gethsemane (and who of us has not had to go to his Gethsemane?). . . . Through him is peace on earth, life immortal."

Chapter XVI

"I MEAN TO LIFT UP A STANDARD"

CAN I NOT FLING this horror off me again?" With this remembered line from Tennyson's "Lucretius" voicing his mood, Hope once more took up the daily and nightly weight of his usual life. The future stretched before him, its horizon filled with the familiar shapes of clouds which even his farseeing and hopeful eyes had grown tired of trying to pierce. As he had noted in his speech before the Alumni Association, hard times, bitter antagonisms, ever-recurring injustices lay inevitably ahead for his Negro fellow citizens. As for himself, with his sixtieth birthday near at hand, he felt a mild rebellion of both body and spirit against his never-ceasing struggle for the college.

During this year he wrote to a friend: "Would you guess that much of my life has been repression? I wonder whether there may yet be time and opportunity and (on my own part) a will to express myself. At times I think I have drunk life to the very bottom, and again I think I still, thirsting, gaze at the brimming cup. Life. What is it? Whatever it is, I think I would love it and seize it. For joy or grief—whatever it is and holds, I think I desire it." And again: "I have gone almost through life not doing that which was nearest to me. If I had not been able to dream, I would have died of an inane life. For instance, I love the outdoors and the woods, yet all my life I have been imprisoned in one town or another. I love the water, the sea. I love people whom I can trust so perfectly that I dare say anything to them. I love peace. I hate contest, argument, and combat. Yet I have lived in the midst of it. I love neither logic nor mathematics, yet I have constantly to work out problems. You asked me in a letter whether the Y.M.C.A. crowd knows me on neutral subjects. No, only business."

Hope longed steadfastly to take part in some larger activity for his race, but he refused to contemplate such a thing until he had set the child of his heart, Morehouse, firmly on the path to economic

security. Then in May, 1928, a rift came in the cloudy future when the General Education Board voted to grant a generous increase in endowment for Morehouse, contingent upon Hope's collecting a like amount to match the gift. Hope was enormously relieved and elated. At last he could see his way to securing for the college the firm basis he had long hoped for. At last he could see himself retiring into those broader interracial and intercontinental activities that so strongly appealed to him. Above all, stirred by the glimpses seen on his journey to Jerusalem, he saw himself going to Africa, studying Africa, gaining fresh energy and perspective through Africa. Of the unexpected turn of events which was to occur within the next few months, he seems to have had no inkling so far as his own career was concerned, although it involved the very visions which he had cherished for twenty-five years.

In June, 1928, Hope received his third honorary LL.D. In that year the Baptist World Alliance met in Toronto, and Baptists from foreign countries were honored by McMaster University in a convocation at Yorkminster. Two white compatriots of Hope were also given degrees, but they insisted that he make the responding address for the Americans. Writing to Constance Crocker on the train after the ceremony, Hope betrayed a gentle pleasure in the occasion: "Thank you for your congratulations. I am sure that you will like my flaming hood."

McMaster University had an unusual interest for John Hope at this time. Many years before, during the 1880's, it had participated in a movement which led to the federation of various Toronto colleges with the University of Toronto. In the early days of Hope's teaching career, he had obtained first-hand knowledge of this movement through his friend Dr. MacVicar who had been chancellor of McMaster during its formative period. Eventually, though Methodist, High and Low Church Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Catholic schools had joined in the famous "Toronto Merger," the Baptists had remained aloof, being unwilling to surrender the teaching of a considerable proportion of their undergraduate courses to the central university, in accordance with the plan of federation. At the time of Hope's visit to Toronto in 1928, McMaster University was on the point of moving away from the city of Toronto and in the throes of a campaign for funds. Hope inevitably contrasted the Toronto situation with its parallel in Atlanta. What might have been the history of the Baptist college had it joined forces with the others? Toronto University was

clearly a noteworthy system with its many professional schools and its liberal arts colleges each retaining the right to give its own denominational theological degrees. On the other hand, the future now was particularly bright for McMaster University, which by its new move proposed to become a strong regional institution.

As he contemplated these changes, Hope's vision of a great Negro university—an educational beacon for all Negro America but especially designed to serve Georgia and the other states of the far South—renewed itself in his mind. On the one hand he considered the problem of Atlanta University and Dr. Adams, whose resignation was already before the trustees. Atlanta University, desperate because of its financial condition, had recently appointed a committee to approach the other Atlanta schools with regard to cooperative measures. At this very moment, Atlanta University, Morehouse, and Spelman were for the first time holding a joint summer session. But the picture was extremely complex. Atlanta University had appealed to the General Education Board for endowment and had been refused. Morehouse had made a similar appeal and had been successful, although the gift hinged entirely upon Hope's own ability to collect \$300,000 to match an equal sum offered by the Board. Hope had recently applied to the American Baptist Home Mission Society to finance his campaign. The answer was hanging fire, leaving him uncertain, though he suspected that it would be in the negative as indeed it finally was. Hope, therefore, had reason to be concerned lest an attempt to assist Atlanta University should jeopardize the fate of Morehouse. The Atlanta trustees, for their part, were fearful of the disapproval of their own alumni. One trustee wrote, "My, it makes my heart sink when I see what a wrangle we may be in for!"

On the other hand, both Hope and Adams had wind, unofficially, of a plan which might alter the somber prospect. The General Education Board was believed to be contemplating action which might serve all six of the Negro colleges of the city. Not only did Hope and Adams and Miss Read know of this, but by early August the whole Negro community surrounding Morehouse and Spelman suspected that something was going to happen. The Board had tried to make quiet negotiations toward purchasing land between the two colleges, but rumor and speculation and the magic word "Rockefeller" spread like wildfire. As one Spelman witness put it: "Real estate values rose rapidly around here! If the report proved true, the people wanted to be sure to make as much money on the deal as possible. On the

other hand, they were afraid that it was a trap by which white people could get possession of property on which they might want to put up a factory or some other undesirable building."

In this emergency Trevor Arnett, now president of the Board, wrote to John Hope. The note was terse, but it held great things for such educational enthusiasts as Hope, Adams, and Miss Read: "There is a possibility that the General Education Board might be willing to provide the funds necessary for the construction, equipment, and maintenance of a library for the Negro colleges of Atlanta, Georgia, providing a site can be procured convenient to the students of the colleges concerned."

Hope was called upon to serve in a characteristic role as mediator between the alarmed community and the real estate agents. Meanwhile he plunged energetically into his Morehouse campaign. He placed on Albert Dent, one of his recent graduates, the burden of the campaign. Dent, an Atlanta boy of simple background, was another in the long line of "Hope's kids," following John W. Davis and Mordecai Johnson, in whom the president had sensed unusual latent possibilities. Hope regarded these youngsters with the enthusiasm of an architect or a sculptor. With Dent he again made no mistake; the young man was later to become president of Dillard University in New Orleans. Now, in September 1928, Hope began to acquaint Dent with his new work. Not only had the Baptist society been unable to give money to carry on the campaign, but for the time being it would not permit the college to ask for funds in any northern city. Hope and Dent entered on the campaign with no support except their own determination.

In September, also, Hope and Miss Read discussed with H. J. Thorkelson the common anxieties of the Atlanta colleges. Hope, reflecting the difficulties of his campaign and his knowledge that no successor to Dr. Adams of Atlanta University had yet been found, was pessimistic. Miss Read had serious doubts. But ever since scholarly Brawley had written of the pitifully empty shelves to which he was forced to send his students, books had been the crying need of the colleges. When, later in the autumn, Trevor Arnett suggested to Miss Read that the presidents of all the Negro colleges in Atlanta meet to discuss a joint library, her call met with an eager response. The presidents quickly agreed to welcome a central library, but the delicate question of general cooperation was tacitly left in abeyance.

The well which John Hope had begun to dig twenty-five years

before had not quite sprung into fountain-play. He would have smiled had he realized how soon its life-giving springs would soar upward and outward through Atlanta. But this happy issue was too quietly engendered for the preoccupied Hope to be aware of it. He went about with the common future of the Negro colleges of Atlanta an increasing weight upon his mind. Shortly after the library meeting, he wrote to Dr. Dillard: "A man sooner or later becomes what he is tied up to, and I have been tied to this [Negro] problem in a way that the average colored boy even of today is not, for I lived as a little child during troublous days in Augusta, Georgia, and before I was four years old was listening to adult conversation with reference to the Negro's affairs." In his next letter he added: "Much that I face is baffling. Some people might think that the world problems, the race problems, the money problems, were the things that were most disturbing to me. But they are not. I accept them as a part of my day's business. They come in my vocation. What baffle are the soul questions, questions of inner life. It is not sufficient for me to say that I do not know everything, so why think about anything; just do the day's work. I cannot limit life in that way. I cannot limit my thinking thus, nor my hopes thus. I would have certainties quite beyond the things of today."

John Hope had labored for more than twenty years to bring into being a Morehouse spirit, an indefinable quality that had stamped even its less gifted graduates with character. Atlanta University, too, had developed an idealistic spirit and untrammelled democracy of its own. Similarly Spelman had its own indescribable identity and quality, advancing particularly under Miss Read's leadership. What would happen should these different living entities be mingled together? What would be lost? What gained? John Hope of 1928, the experienced, balanced, reflective mediator, was at once the same and different from the impetuous prophet of 1904. "I would have certainties quite beyond the things of today."

In December, 1928, a large interracial conference was held in Washington and by appropriate coincidence served as background for a signal shift in Hope's life. The conference had been long in planning, was focused upon race problems in the light of social research, and was sponsored by a wide range of participants. Hope was a member of the executive committee, of which Mary Van Kleeck was chairman and Charles Spurgeon Johnson research secretary. The con-

ference opened on Sunday December 16th, and on Monday evening Hope spoke before the large meeting in the auditorium of the Howard University Medical School. His topic, "Educational Achievements and Needs," gave him a chance to present some of his favorite theories. In spite of the size of the audience his speech had an intimate quality, as though all were seated about a council table. (He once said to Mrs. John Brown Watson, "No matter how hard I speak, nobody every says I made an address.")

Hope spoke, as many times before, of having had to leave school at thirteen and of his former feeling that he had "lost five years." "It is only in recent years that I have come to think that possibly that five years when I was not going to a formal school was about as educative as any five years of my life." He construed similarly that, even though Negroes had had little formal schooling before 1863, they had long before begun to acquire a culture of their own: they had composed music and poetry, re-created a religion to suit their imaginative needs, contributed to crafts, and in particular developed a marked sense of social responsibility, "a sort of 'hangover' from antebellum days." He spoke of this sense of social responsibility as having been inculcated further by the Yankee schoolteachers in the postwar South, employing virtually new pedagogic principles. "And so," he said, "there is bound up in the mind and life of the average educated Negro even until this time, with all of the temptations for him to become otherwise—there is bound up in his life even yet a feeling that he must do something, must accomplish something for somebody else."

Then, turning to the educational needs of Negroes, he spoke of the need for better public schools: "I should say that the Negro boy in my town is receiving a relatively poorer education at the expense of the county than we received when I was a boy." He spoke of the need for better medical education: "When I think of pretty nearly fifty Negro physicians in my own city having practically no clinical opportunity at all, it is simply amazing that my doctor has kept me alive for all these years. I don't know whether my doctor has done it or my constitution. . . ." He spoke of the need for better ministers: "I was talking to a friend of mine today, and he said that his beliefs had narrowed down to the place where his confession of faith was the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People."

In particular Hope pleaded that "we ought to consider in the Negro college some sort of technique for the minority, that minority

being Negroes. . . . Is it not possible for teachers and students to sit down and think together and plan out some method whereby Negroes may more nearly get their dues, so that Negroes may more perfectly function in society than they are today functioning?"

In conclusion he spoke of interracial relations. "I am wondering whether in these organizations where white and colored people come together to see about better interests of Negroes, it is not too much a one-sided thing. It may be that we have got to go a little deeper and think about the best interests of both races. Is it not possible for us in our schools to consider questions like that?"

When Hope ended by saying, "I think that is all I want to say tonight," there were cries of "Go on, go on." But he had shot his bolt and was a little tired. The ideals which he had been projecting faded from his mind, and he was back in the world of campaigns and train schedules. Although the conference was continuing, he had to return to Atlanta before it was over.

On the following evening, three men sat about a dinner table in Washington and discussed the Atlanta prospect. They were Will W. Alexander, Jackson Davis, and Beardsley Ruml, then director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The downright Davis said to Alexander: "We're tired of giving out little dots of money first to one college, then to another, in Atlanta. There ought to be some way to bring them together." Ruml turned to Alexander: "Alexander, you ought to do this."

This was the familiar dilemma. Alexander and his fellow trustees of Atlanta University had been tackling this very obstacle from every conceivable angle for months without success. The hardheaded appeal for action and the responsibility it personally thrust upon him merely brought him once again against the blank wall. But Alexander's anxiety to "do something" proved finally to be dynamite.

The next morning, walking with Clark Foreman, he talked over the problem. Foreman at the time was only twenty-six years old, but was already known as a resolute interracial leader. A southern liberal—grandson of the editor Evan P. Howell, employer of Henry W. Grady and Joel Chandler Harris—he has been called by a contemporary, "a fiery gadfly who helps by stinging." Foreman was thoroughly familiar with the Atlanta scene. He said, without hesitation, "Why not elect John Hope as president of Atlanta University and then take the necessary steps to merge the institutions."

Like the generality of mankind when faced with the discovery of

new natural laws, one wonders that no one had thought of this solution before. In spite of and perhaps because of the old rivalries between Atlanta University and Morehouse, it was not only logical but almost inevitable. Alexander was greatly struck by the proposal. He made haste to speak to John Hope's old friend and admirer James Weldon Johnson, an Atlanta University trustee and one of its most famous alumni, who was attending the interracial conference. Johnson reflected a moment. "John Hope can do it," he said. He promised to approach the alumni who, he feared, would be recalcitrant, and to get in touch with Dean Sage, long a trustee of the university and a close friend and classmate of the late Ed Ware. What Hope's reaction would be was as yet unknown; he was on his way back to Atlanta.

Alexander, himself returning to Atlanta shortly afterward, immediately told his friend of the new proposal. Hope was stunned. Those visions which he had cherished since his earliest years in Atlanta seemed suddenly to fix themselves, like rainbows turned to substance on solid earth. A great university shaped itself in his imagination. The future of the race was beckoning to him as never before. Then all at once he felt unconscionably old and tired, and unequal to the task. The great opportunity was coming too late. Now like Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress* he longed to lose his burden and enter into the Celestial City unfettered. But it could not be done. And here was Alexander telling him that he was the key, the only key, to unlock the future which loomed for Negro Atlanta as he had himself so often foreseen it.

Meanwhile his Scotch cautiousness rose to protect him by presenting difficulties. The suggestion that he be made president of Atlanta University was too new to be immediately considered. It would have to be discussed, threshed out, voted upon by the colleges concerned, and might easily be rejected. And then there was Morehouse. He could not leave Morehouse before the endowment was completed and the college firmly fixed for all time. Yet, in spite of his determination to wait and see, he was filled with emotion—elation at the thought of new accomplishments for and by his race, along with a small pang in the back of his mind: "If I do it, I'll never see Africa."

While he was considering the matter Alexander talked with Dr. Adams, who had worked side by side with Hope for thirty years, had watched him become a figure of international eminence and a leader of colored Atlanta. Adams was wholeheartedly willing to surrender to Hope the delicate responsibility of fulfilling the merger.

In New York, James Weldon Johnson had already been talking with Dean Sage, who of all those interested in the proposed experiment was perhaps most concerned with its architectonic aspects. Sage, a New York lawyer with a quietly forceful personality, had in 1924, as president of the old Presbyterian Hospital, announced plans for the construction of "the greatest medical center in the world." The Columbia University Medical School and various clinics and hospitals combined with the Presbyterian Hospital; new buildings were erected on a site which had once been a baseball field in uptown Manhattan. Edward S. Harkness, the philanthropist, a friend and classmate of Sage at Yale, was a strong backer of the venture. In the spring of 1928, the doors of the Medical Center had been opened, and now in the following winter its chief exponent was on the alert for new fields of activity. In November Anson Phelps Stokes had written to Trevor Arnett that Sage was "willing to take off his coat and work hard for Atlanta in case Morehouse and Spelman will join in a real merger."

Dean Sage had been, therefore, instantly impressed by Johnson's support of John Hope and saw in him the human link that was overwhelmingly necessary at this moment. A few days later Sage talked with Arnett, and his enthusiasm rose to a high pitch. He said that he was "ready to go out and raise a million dollars," and he felt that he would "have no difficulty in obtaining the million dollars." Although he did not mention it at the time, he felt that Ed Ware's classmate Harkness could be enlisted to bring to pass the long fostered hope for Atlanta University. Meanwhile Arnett was able to give Sage no assurance of help from his board. Time-honored custom of the General Education Board forbade such encouragement and placed entire responsibility upon the schools themselves, maintaining that initiative should come from within.

Throughout January and February of 1929, John Hope, although he was not yet fully committed to his personal share in the plan, meditated and labored upon a design for the union of the three schools. In this he was aided and seconded by Miss Read and Dr. Adams. The blueprint which was evolved is attributable not to any one person, although Hope's vision and determination played a major part; it was in reality an accretion of time and educational history—as indeed all inventions are the products of time and history. The Toronto Plan was in the background; the studies and conclusions of the General Education Board, the hopes of Atlanta University, count-

less suggestions from many sources were in the background. As far back as January, 1928, Dr. Merrill J. Holmes, a prominent Methodist educator, had written to Dr. Dillard discussing the Atlanta situation in general and Clark University in particular and had made suggestions that are in some respects strikingly similar to the final outcome. It was one more instance of the way in which theories are duplicated simultaneously in different places. Hope's unique contribution was not academic but spiritual. How, he asked himself, can these Atlanta schools best serve not only the Negro race but all races, not only America but the world? The plan as it came into being, bit by bit through the years, was impregnated with Hope's humanism.

That John Hope was enthusiastic as he looked into the future at this time is seen in a letter at the end of January to Edward in Brazil: "Just be patient, old man, and work hard. Do not be disappointed or discouraged if everything does not come your way in six months. *Everything* has not come your Dad's way—and he's been waiting for sixty years. But I must say that within the last twelve months a number of things have come my way that I hardly ventured to expect. So hold on. Life is a great game if you don't weaken."

The end of February, 1929, set another milestone in John Hope's long career. On the 25th there gathered together in Miss Read's office a group of those trustees and presidents vitally concerned with the future of Atlanta University, Morehouse, and Spelman. At this meeting, which had constantly before its collective mind the reassuring idea that John Hope might be persuaded to lead the experiment, the seeds were sown for the contemplated merger.

The clear and vivid minutes taken down by Miss Read give the drift of the meeting. Dr. Adams, perhaps dreading that some form of dissolution would be forced upon his school, proposed that the colleges maintain their status quo but introduce a fourth element, a "university college," selected from the most talented of the upper-class men and leading the way ultimately to the formation of a graduate school some time in the future. This suggestion was finally put to one side as being beset with difficulties.

Dr. Hope spoke with greater daring and assuredness. This meeting, he said, was of momentous importance, coming at a "fateful hour" in the history of Negro education in Atlanta with circumstances favoring cooperation that might not occur again for a hundred years. He drew, with irresistible fervor, a picture of a great university center for Negroes with graduate schools and professional schools of law,

of business, of medicine. He foresaw a graduate school of liberal arts in the immediate present.

Stimulated by Hope's vision, those assembled swiftly passed with unanimous consent a series of resolutions notable for their selflessness, idealism, and practical acumen. They voted to preserve the name of Atlanta University not only for a projected graduate school but also as a symbolic designation for the whole growing system of independent colleges which Hope had envisioned. Atlanta University unselfishly determined to cut herself off from her own blood and sinew, the undergraduate body, and to devote herself to the founding of a graduate school "on a high plane." Morehouse and Spelman in turn agreed, with marked self-sacrifice, to deny themselves the possibility of ever going beyond the bachelor's degree, with the view that Atlanta should shelter their students when they passed into the graduate fields. With foresight it was resolved that there should be a close interweaving of consultation between the presidents of the colleges and the president of the university on major matters. As a basis for this new structure, the trustees of Atlanta offered to form a new "university board" on which there should be places for an equal number of members nominated by each of the three schools. Finally upon this new board was laid, with impressive emphasis, the responsibility for the expansion and development of the university system.

The meeting, which had convened at ten in the morning, remained in session until eight at night and resumed the following morning. By this time only a few details remained to be settled. Among other things, the members agreed that the term "consolidation" should be avoided, and that they preferred such terms as "association, affiliation, federation, or coordination." In this manner what was to be known as the Atlanta University Affiliation was born. Its existence had yet to be confirmed by contract and ratified by the trustees of the three schools, but the members of the "momentous" meeting of February 25 and 26, 1929, were able to depart with a feeling of a difficult and venturesome plan well laid.

Throughout March, the plan was mulled over and weighed with scrupulous care by all concerned. A formal contract was drawn up, based largely upon the resolutions at the February meeting but containing three new elements of importance: no financial campaign should be made without mutual understanding among the colleges; no new colleges should be admitted to the affiliation without the approval of all three original schools, and finally, should Morehouse or

Spelman decide to withdraw from the agreement, it might do so after giving one year's notice of its determination. Both the independence and the integrity of action of the three affiliated schools were assured.

On the 1st of April, 1929, at a moment of great hope for the future, the Contract of Affiliation was signed by Myron W. Adams, John Hope, and Florence M. Read. Thereupon the board of trustees of Atlanta University (a number of whom had resigned to make way for the new members) was reorganized in harmony with the contract. Its first act was unanimously to elect John Hope president of the new Atlanta University.

John Hope, ever self-communing and deliberate, asked time to think it over. In his memorandum on the affiliation dictated in 1934, he states: "I do not, as I look back at it, consider that this request on my part was perfunctory. I had to think it out from as many points of view as I could, and I had also to consider it with my wife. . . . The fact that I was sixty years of age raised considerable doubt in my mind as to whether I should undertake such a job. . . . My wife felt very much the same way, and I think that she was much more anxious about my physical condition than I myself was. After talking the matter over with several friends of the three institutions and with my family, I decided to accept the presidency of Atlanta University, with the understanding that I would be allowed to keep the presidency of Morehouse College until the endowment was raised for Morehouse and it was put on a good basis. . . . No promise had been made to Atlanta University, Spelman, or Morehouse as to additional funds, if this affiliation should take place. But common sense and faith seemed to me to indicate that the affiliation would be a success, and that Morehouse's chances for actual life and development depended upon her coming in. I could feel the criticism that might come to Morehouse and Spelman and to Atlanta University. Facing all of that, it seemed to me that it was the only thing to do, and that if this affiliation did not occur it would be a definite and permanent backset to higher education for Negroes in one of the most important centers for Negroes in the United States—important for its geographical situation, important as almost the center of the biggest Negro group in America. . . . I say conscientiously that ambition, personal, selfish ambition, had no influence or effect in my decision. . . . It is my conviction that neither Spelman College nor Morehouse College would have gone into this affiliation if they had not had the understanding that the man chosen for the presidency of Atlanta

University to start that movement off would be known to them and would be a man in whom they could have confidence quite beyond any written or legal understanding. . . . So far as Atlanta University is concerned, I had been its almost next-door neighbor for more than thirty years. Atlanta University and Morehouse College had been aggressive and at times bitter competitors. I had not been a partisan. In all cases I had tried to be fair, but I had felt that I must look after the interests of Morehouse College. I was therefore well known to Atlanta University people, and I therefore felt that I would face serious opposition from many of the alumni and from some of the faculty of Atlanta University if I accepted the presidency. But, even thus, I felt that because of the circumstances I was the man that could come nearer harmonizing things for all three schools than any other man that might have been appointed at that time. It was not a question of my natural ability, it was not a question of my scholarship. It was this other question of what man will come nearest to bringing together these three institutions which had for years been in physically close proximity and to a large extent inharmonious. I therefore undertook the task."

Hope was to take office on the 1st of July. He looked forward to the new work with a sense of dedication, as can be seen from his memorandum. Privately he said to Mrs. Andrews of MacVicar Hospital at Spelman: "I'm being asked to undertake this at an age when most men retire. I'm going to do it. But it's going to kill me."

While the affiliation was being heralded across the country as a unique achievement, the alumni of the three schools received the spreading news with mixed emotions, as Hope had foreseen. The majority of Morehouse graduates were either doubtful or vociferously opposed, but their personal devotion to John Hope gradually reconciled them to the idea. Among themselves they said: "John Hope wants us to do this. He believes that it is the right thing to do."

The reaction at Atlanta University was inevitably even more pronounced. Many of the students and faculty were up in arms. Many of the alumni were violent in their antagonism and, with a sense of dispossession, made fantastic proposals such as to move the stained glass from the chapel, the pictures from the walls, the clock from the tower. They even talked about moving Asa Ware's grave.

Clark University and Morris Brown College were also in a state of disconcertion though for other reasons. When the affiliation was announced, they felt left out, ignored, cold-shouldered. It was diffi-

cult for their constituents to realize that the affiliation was a course so fraught with perils that those who piloted it had had no room in their minds at the moment for the inclusion of the other Atlanta colleges. It was well known, however, that Hope and his associates had in their long view the time when all the Negro schools of Atlanta should be united in common purpose. Nevertheless, as he told Registrar Whittaker of Atlanta, "Our neighbors are in the dumps."

Throughout the onslaught of criticism, Hope moved single-minded and clear of purpose. He often repeated, "One hundred years from now we'll be thinking about ourselves quite differently because of this experiment." His faith swiftly received confirmation in the action of the General Education Board. In its May meeting it made a grant toward the expenses to be incurred in the redesigning of the university. The Julius Rosenwald Fund also began to contribute to the new venture.

In his personal life the affiliation meant changes in outlook for which Hope had to prepare himself with inner fortitude. He wrote to Edward: "It is perfectly lovely of you to wish me in South America. Your mother and I have talked considerably about that, and I wish that she might come even if I do not. The truth is, this new arrangement has knocked your Dad's personal hopes and plans into a cocked hat, for I intended after raising the endowment to get away for at least six months and visit Africa. That has been my wish for the past five years. I thought I saw its fulfillment right over the fence—and here goes this new thing flopping down into my lap. *C'est la vie!*"

Hope also realized that in preparation for his new work he would have to attend to his rebellious body. His friend Moton had recently written, after congratulating him on the merger: "Now I hope you will take a 'fool's' advice and see to it that you are put in good physical condition as soon as possible. Your own campaign and your new duties will draw tremendously upon your reserve, and neither you nor I are as young as we used to be—though we try sometimes to make people think we are."

Moton, to stave off any reluctance on Hope's part, himself wrote to the Mayo Clinic in his behalf: "This letter will introduce Dr. John Hope, President of Morehouse College in Atlanta, Ga. Pres. Hope is one of the most useful men in the South today, not only along lines of education but lines of interracial cooperation and good will. He has devoted his life for more than thirty years to work among our people.

He has done so with a very small salary from the beginning and has made many other real personal sacrifices for the cause. Dr. Hope has not been very well for two or three years. He had an operation in Atlanta, but it would appear that it has to be repeated. His friends, and I among them, feel that such a useful citizen should have the best that medical science affords; and especially I do not believe that there is any better than may be had in the Mayo Clinic. . . . Now, I am asking you, as a personal favor, to give him every consideration that you would give me, and I am sure you would be glad to do so."

Hope responded to Moton: "I want to thank you most heartily for interceding to get me to the Mayo people, and I am going there. Of course, Moton, there is a bare possibility that a man might have sense enough even to be president of a university, that he himself must build up, and yet be such a plumb fool that he does not look after his own physical condition. I am not saying that I have sense enough to build up a university, but I am saying that I am too big a fool to look after my personal interests. I think you hit that off just right in your second paragraph and said it as gently and kindly as you could. Genie is egregiously disgusted with me. I can tell it every time I come home and every time I depart from home. It isn't fair to her or the boys. But here I keep on working and deferring and postponing and procrastinating!"

The examinations at the Mayo Clinic, for which he went to Rochester, Minnesota, at the end of May, brought to the surface much of Hope's latent melancholy. He admired and had confidence in the Clinic, but he was worried about himself; and still more was he depressed by the other patients around him. He wrote to Miss Read:

"I have moved literally among hundreds during the past two days—all sick or thinking so, all of us so bent on knowing our own condition that we have left home and occupation to come here. Amid this clinic arrangement, so perfect that it emphasizes the tragedy, you cease to be Jones or Hope and become a number. . . . Tonight we sit about in various hotels waiting tomorrow to be told something. I know what I will be told: that much is the matter, that there is some chance, that I have waited too long, that I may go ahead and do the best I can, that it may be that I will have more working months or years than tests indicate. . . . But I think that is not worrying me so much as why all this? and the fact that, in spite of all science may do, there will still remain sickness and death; and I ask 'Why either?' . . .

"With me, nothing seems fixed. . . . I think that I have several times said to you that I could sometimes almost hear the Corybantes. . . . If I had the mind to formulate my confused thinking into a philosophy, or a soul that would lift me transcendently above all these doubts, appearances, and limitations, I would be helpful, inspiring, and happy; but as it is I see humanity, and the plan for humanity, so imperfectly that I wonder what it is all about—this coming into the world, struggling to stay, fighting fortune and disease, and finally yielding to the inevitable. Why not yield to the inevitable at the beginning rather than the end?"

A few days later, after a favorable diagnosis, but with the admonition to return for a serious operation in June, Hope returned to Atlanta. Here, when he addressed the graduating classes of Morehouse and Spelman, the Mayo Clinic was still uppermost in his mind. He told them: "I visited a clinic lately. It was a well ordered place—the most perfectly ordered clinic I ever saw, and I have seen a great many hospitals. . . . I saw hundreds of people waiting their turn. I saw young men and young women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, I saw a little baby crying and screaming at the sight of its own blood, and I saw very, very old men and old women still clinging to life, clinging, clinging. Trying to find out if there was any hope at all, to prolong this existence here. As painful and unsatisfactory and disagreeable as it is, may I stay here a little longer?"

He went on to ask the question which he had put to himself while he was at the Clinic: "Why should there be only a narrow program of seventy years for men and women who can think eons?" And then to the students he gave this answer: "I'm thinking about the cultural influences which we might learn so to throw about and among people in general that life might seem worth living if it were only temporal. And then I'm thinking of this larger thing, a study of the soul of man, so that we might reach out in our imagination and our thinking so far that we'll lose fear, that we'll not care about pain, that poverty will not distress us, that we may dare think and dare live, knowing that this little seventy years is not the do-all and the end-all."

In this manner John Hope was able to transform the self-searching of his own mind into terms that would be a challenge to the young people who came under his aegis.

On the 12th of June, Hope, accompanied by Mrs. Hope, returned to the Mayo Clinic for the operation. It was entirely successful, but his convalescence was slow. On June 30th he wrote to Miss Read, who

was officiating for him in Atlanta: "You may never know what you did for me by your visit. I tried to tell you the night you were leaving; and I think you did a great deal for Genie too. I am not worrying about anything. It is too bad to dump my cares of university and college on you, but that is exactly and sincerely what I have done. . . . I am sitting up today. This is really my fourth day up. . . . Do not fear that I am rushing matters. I am taking things leisurely and shall continue to do so for months to come. Please take good care of yourself as you gallantly administer two institutions of learning and watch affectionately over a third."

On July 4th, Miss Read wrote to Hope: "I have just returned from Atlanta University. I believe it's not a bad thing, on the whole, to have this interregnum! There is nothing you need have on your mind until you get here. It's all peaceful so far—peaceful though perhaps not wholly painless."

Hope's own office was in the skillful hands of Constance Crocker Nabrit, to whom he had recently written, "Do you know that I accepted this onerous position largely because I expected you to assume large responsibility," thus characteristically laying upon this younger person a task that would, as he put it, require her to "extend" herself.

For the first time in years Hope was taking a rest. A little later he wrote to Alain Locke: "My only chance to get a rest is when some doctor pitches me into a hospital and orders that I get cut up. As long as something terrible is not happening to me, I do not find time to rest. I sometimes wonder what you Negroes who get so much time for rest are going to do with a heaven job. When you get up there there will be no new satisfaction in the rest. But why have such anxiety as that when the chances are you will not get up there? Up? How medieval must my religion look to you! Yet I do not believe I really do localize my heaven. In fact, it is in so many places and includes so many different sorts of people that I actually believe that I could put you in it on a pinch."

While in the hospital, Hope was looking forward to a summer trip to Geneva, where the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A. was to be in session. Locke, who was to spend the summer in Europe, had promised to meet him there, writing in May: "Will you be at the Beau-Séjour? If so, I'll come and stay there—although I do prefer just a saunter across the bridge after the concert and coffee and liqueur at the Café du Nord. I must convert you to it, not the liqueur of course. The music is wonderful, and it is eleven-thirty or eleven-forty-

five before the program is over—rather late for rural Beau-Séjour. And I suppose you remember what taxicabs cost in Geneva."

Hope had replied: "I wonder whether the Café du Nord would furnish me with anything quite so good as Weber's Welsh rabbit in Paris? But I would not mind. With you in front of me, giving out the last word on the most important matters in the world and the latest gossip on people from the gutter up to the Prince of Wales, what would it matter how the dish tasted? Alain Locke, in all his glory, three thousand miles away from the race problem, out of which he gets renown, bed and board, and which he can shake off at a moment's notice! How I envy you! A glass of wine or a nip of liqueur sends you floating above things mundane."

It was pleasant for him, in spite of illness, to have before him the prospect of a trip abroad. W. W. Alexander has said of him: "Paris and Europe were his great morale builders. He flowered in Paris. I'd almost expect to see him dancing in the parks with the children." Hope himself had written of the great city: "Paris, dear Paris—that part that means so much to me, Paris of the ancient Parisie whom Caesar's Lieutenant Labienus defeated by using his wooden tower which stood a long stone's throw from Notre Dame, Paris of Henry IV, Paris still when the bells sounded the Bartholomew's massacre, Paris when Louis XVI was crushed more by his wife than by his people, Paris of the tumbrils gaily, solemnly, sordidly riding their victims to the Place de la Concorde—this Paris I love, this haunting, appealing, shudder-creating Paris."

This trip of 1929 also had an unusual aspect. In view of his new salary as president of Atlanta University, Hope had been urged to indulge himself, that is as far as old habits would allow him to do so. On July 25th, he sailed for France on board the *Mauretania*. He was still far from being his natural self; even his handwriting in his letters from the steamer shows an uncertainty that never appeared before or after. He had been shaken by the hospital experience, but he soon began to respond as usual to the stimulus of the ocean voyage. Becoming, after a few days, disgusted with "the Second Cabin crowd"—"I think," he wrote Mrs. Hope, "a similar number of our people with a like amount of money and liquor would do no worse"—he went below to investigate Third Class. Here an incident occurred, a "singular circumstance," which was to become something of a legend. In Third Cabin he found a group of children who were going to Moscow. Among them was a colored boy. Hope did not want to appear to single

out the colored boy, so he chatted with the whole group. Another colored boy appeared on the scene, and Hope, questioning him, found that he was returning to Uganda. Hope said, "I met one of your chiefs last year at Jerusalem, and I told him I'd take one of his countrymen at Morehouse College if he would let me know." The boy inquired, unexpectedly, "What is your name?"

"Hope."

"Dr. John Hope?"

"Why, yes!" Hope replied with surprise.

The boy then told his tale. His name was Balamu Mukasa. He was a native of Uganda and had been studying at King's College, there. Some time before, Sirwano W. Kulubya had given him a letter of introduction to Dr. John Hope. The boy took ship but, arriving in New York, was so homesick, so terrified by the strange land, that instead of going to Morehouse, he went back to the boat for its return voyage. And now here was Dr. John Hope, the one man he had ever heard of in the United States, standing before him on the deck.

Both the younger and the older man were overcome by the coincidence. The next day Hope began to set wheels in motion so that the boy from Uganda might return to the United States in the fall. He also wrote to his wife: "Do you believe in special Divine intervention? If that boy comes to Morehouse, it will be the direct result of my sauntering out of the Second Class into the Third for a deck stroll. The difference between your own husband going or not going to college was about as accidental as that."

Balamu Mukasa did return to the United States and remained for seven years, receiving a B.A. at Morehouse and an M.A. at Yale University, where he was Fellow in Race Relations. He then returned to Africa as a teacher. His engaging personality added a distinct flavor to Morehouse College during the years he was there.

Hope, arriving in Paris on July 31, 1929, had three days before he must leave for Geneva. Following his instructions to indulge himself, he went to the Hotel Scribe, but found himself not a little uncomfortable in the midst of its elegant trappings. On his first evening, as he wrote his wife, "Just as I was going out by my lonely self to dinner, I walked into Locke coming into the hotel to see me. It changed a dull evening into one of real pleasure. With him was Claude McKay, whom I was meeting for the first time. We went at my suggestion to Poccardi for dinner. But McKay left us for another engagement. After dinner Locke and I went to Moulin Rouge, where 'Black Birds' are

holding forth and giving a really very high-class show of its kind to the city of Paris. After the show we went to Weber's and, as a sort of rite and ceremony, closed the night with a Welsh rabbit which was as good as ever."

Locke noted that Hope had a real gourmet's appreciation and understanding of culinary delicacies, and, remembering the Spartan fare that had been characteristic of his table in the early days at Morehouse, he was a little puzzled. Hope said nothing of his own early background and the tastes he had acquired from his father and his father's table.

The gayety of this Parisian evening might seem to suggest that Hope was fully recuperated, but a letter written the following day to Mrs. Hope belies this:

"I can go just so long—an hour or two—and I must be, for me, rather slow about it. If anybody was with me I should become nervous and anxious, especially if it were someone that I thought ought to be seeing, learning, and enjoying things. You do not realize what short walks we took in Rochester. Any little place for me is now a rather long distance. I must ride, and I must not stand for a long time. I must sit and occasionally lie down. Nobody is telling me to do this—my body and my own sense tell me. So I am free in mind when I am alone."

Yet it is worth noting that that very morning Hope had risen early, ridden fifty-five miles by train, and was sitting in Chartres Cathedral as he wrote to his wife. He had long wanted to visit Chartres and had sacrificed one of his three days in Paris to get there. "I do not regret coming. Stone and glass worked into the holiness of beauty, if I may twist the Psalmist. Then I am in a mood today to love and bow down and worship. . . . Devotion is something that we Protestants frequently miss. This morning I feel like kneeling. But a certain sort of shamefacedness grips me such as when you would kiss in public or embrace in public but restrain yourself. . . . Old as I am and steeped as I am in conservativeness and conventionality, I feel sometimes as if I could just scream and run away from what we call civilization. Whether by thinking or feeling our way out, we should know; and get the emotional as well as the intellectual benefits of knowing."

On August 3rd, Hope arrived in Geneva and went to the Hotel Beau-Séjour, not, however, meeting Alain Locke, as previously planned, since he had already seen him in Paris. He at once became involved in a round of "committees and meetings and conversations" and, on the social side, in teas and boat rides. "How stimulating it is," he

wrote his wife, "to talk with these men from all parts of the world! . . . I say sometimes that I get no opportunity to go off to study, but in other ways I have singular opportunity. For instance, a walk this afternoon with a professor of the University of Prague was informing and stimulating. A walk yesterday with Basil Mathews, who is a good friend of mine. . . . By the way, the dear old Prince Bernadotte of Sweden, the Swedish King's brother, is here. You will recall that family at the afternoon at the King's palace. The prince, his wife, and one of his daughters are here at meeting. That is he is attending the meeting as a delegate. I have been at the same table with them several times, and they are truly democratic people."

Two days before his departure on August 10th for a journey through Germany and Denmark, to sail from England on the 24th, he wrote early on a rainy morning to Constance Crocker Nabrit: "I have had a busy five days here, but have got so used to the lovely spot that I hate to leave on Saturday. When you come to Europe, as come you must and will, see Geneva and come up the long hill to Beau-Séjour to see this lovely spot amidst the chestnut trees, the grass, the flowers and rushing Rhone roaring in the neighborhood (this alliteration is absolutely accidental and I am not at all proud of it). . . . It seems a long way to come for this meeting, but it is worth while, I think, that I came. No other representative of our group is here from Africa or America. . . . A number of questions have come up, and it is just as well that I am on the scene." Then his thoughts turned toward Atlanta. "Have you got used to the big offices and the loneliness of A.U.? If it is difficult for you after a few years at M.C., what must it be for me who have spent a lifetime in that dear spot? It is truly as Charles Lamb says, like tearing up the Penates by the roots."

At ten o'clock that night Hope added a remarkable postscript, revealing an emotional peak in that period of many months which had meant so much to him. That morning, as one of four representatives from the conference, he had gone to the funeral of his friend the English economist, Harold A. Grimshaw. He wrote:

"Well, Constance Crocker, I attended this morning one of the most touching funerals I have ever witnessed. Grimshaw was one of the ablest and bravest men of this generation. His knowledge of the labor question, his knowledge of forced labor the world over, made him a man to be feared by governments and corporations. He knew Africa better than missionaries or governments so far as labor is concerned. He literally gave his life for those millions too weak to have their own

voice. This morning a little group assembled in the mortuary chapel at the cemetery. They looked like the office force and close personal friends. His wife was sitting between two sorrowing friends. The priest read out of the book; John Mott and a representative from the International Labor Office spoke briefly. There was no music. We filed out of the little chapel and stood near the hearse as the coffin was placed in it. No carriages, no autos. The little groups of us walked behind the hearse a long way through the cemetery to the open grave. No bricking, no cementing—just a dirt grave that we dig (as a rule) for the very poor. The coffin—a meager little thing of cheap wood, not even with handles—was placed upon cross sticks and carried to the grave by hired bearers. A few words of commitment by the priest, and the great Grimshaw—great in mind and soul, beautiful in spirit and modest to shyness but with the bravery of the bravest Britisher—was left in the sodden, soggy earth to go back most quickly and surely to the dust whence he had come. But to God whence also he had come, I think he had already returned. I believe that Grimshaw would have approved of that funeral. How flat and futile seemed to me the pomp and expense of the average funeral as I witnessed *this* one! Dear Little Lady, if you are about when they are planning for me, do not let them do expensive things and lying things, but make it brief and honest; make it simple. Do not let the halting be too long. People should do their work and not spend too much time with the dead."

Chapter XVII

“UNDISCOVERED SHORES AND SUNSET ISLES”

HOPE'S HEART held high festival at Brown in October, 1929. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, an old acquaintance, was installed as tenth president of the university, and Hope took part in the ceremony. Numbers of his classmates were present, and as always on such occasions he was the center of the group. Newly arriving members would follow their greeting of each other with "Let's go over and hear what John has to say." Hope, as he grew older, experienced toward his alma mater an increasing attachment that had in it a Negro's allegiance to the symbols of equality and justice as well as personal tenderness. He wrote to his wife:

"I might have written you a beautiful letter if I could have written in the midst of scenes, among the elms on the stately front campus, in the midst of young life, listening to the old college bell sounding the same sounds, looking at the old college pump, looking up at old Hope College until I found the windows of old Room 45 to which you addressed the first letter that you ever wrote me—it was all so mellow and almost aromatic of a long-ago that (thank God!) still survives in my memory and my heart. . . . I wonder how it would have been if I had never met you. I am absolutely sure that I should never have had the success that I have had or risen to positions that have come to me. . . . Genie, Brown University is a fine institution. I was more impressed with it on this return visit than ever; and I think that I would like for John to have a degree from it. . . . I have made some fine contacts on this trip. . . . All the men who knew of me greeted me so heartily, and President Barbour, at the reception, really halted the line to say an extra word. The academic procession yesterday afternoon was the longest and most beautiful that I have ever seen. More than a hundred colleges were represented, dozens of preparatory schools, to say nothing of organizations. The afternoon was clear with

a glorious sun. My dear little wife, I felt ennobled to be in that course; and I realized anew the power and the satisfaction of learning. I might go on much further in this way. Tears come to my eyes as I think of myself and my people. But this will suffice."

Returning to Atlanta, John Hope sat at his desk with the year unrolling before him as stimulating and provocative as the blank page is to the writer or the empty canvas to the artist. The image of a university was slowly taking form in his mind. This slowness was characteristically cultivated and cherished by him. He knew that it would take months to bring about the psychological transformation from old to new A.U. and to find the right men to aid him in building the university; it would take years to reconstruct the intertwining life of college and community into that ideal relationship which he had so long envisioned.

A personal problem arose at this time in a plea from Max Yergan that Hope come to South Africa for a Y.M.C.A. conference in the following spring. So great was the temptation to join his life with Africa that, even in the face of his new job in Atlanta, he could not resist toying with the thought of the African adventure. Then after careful consideration of his crowded calendar and his limited strength he gave up the longed-for odyssey. Again Africa seemed to be slipping beyond his outstretched hands.

Meanwhile transitions at Atlanta University were evolving smoothly. Sixteen graduate students were enrolled in "undergraduate-graduate" courses presented by the faculties of the three schools. The old Atlanta University undergraduates were taking many of their classes at Morehouse and Spelman, and were not complaining about it even when it meant tramping through rain and mud. As Hope watched them moving back and forth, he brooded on their future and sketched his thoughts in a memorandum:

"About sixty-two years ago there was a generous and united movement on the part of people who were interested in the emancipation of slaves to see to it that those slaves secured an education so that they might support themselves and render service to others in greater need. This experiment in Negro education has gone on uninterruptedly during all these years, with the result that thousands of Negroes have received a good education while millions have been indirectly and beneficently affected. Some of the experiments in Negro education have been so far-reaching in their influence as to make some changes in the trend of education in the United States and in other parts of the

world. The element of service—the utilitarian spirit, an unselfish interest in the welfare of others—has been made almost into a program of education, while the industrial or manual side has become unquestioned as one of the factors in education. . . .

“One thing to be noted is that Negroes are rapidly taking the place of white people as teachers of Negroes. This has taken place altogether in public schools and in state colleges for Negroes and is becoming more and more the case in the private institutions of learning for Negroes. Negroes are having to depend more and more for direction and leadership in all fields upon their own people. . . . Negroes as leaders must think actively and with wide reach. In their own lives there must be an expression of that which they think and teach. They must maintain and enlarge that spirit of unselfishness which they have been taught, and they must acquire large moral responsibility for all issues in their private life and their public life.

“It seems to me, therefore, absolutely necessary at the outset that in planning for the building up of a university for Negroes we must have in mind those means that will produce this kind of educated man and woman among Negroes. It is not that I am thinking of leadership as it may be seen by loud demonstration, but rather that constant, quiet, inexorable influence for better things as this can be brought to pass by men and women who think well, who live well, having the constant concern for better human well-being.

“In thinking of the University, in planning for the University, the question arises: What is the condition of Negroes, what are their needs, and how may a university, while properly safeguarding academic tradition and requirement, best administer to these conditions and needs? When I say conditions, I would have in mind everything relating to Negroes—their high rate of illiteracy as well as the poor academic situation of those who have had some school advantages. I would consider the economic welfare, the health, and the delinquency and crime that may grow out of these poor conditions and maladjustments. I would think of the meager culture of Negroes and their unfortunate isolation that makes them depend almost entirely upon themselves for gain, for improvement, and guidance generally.

“Atlanta University assuredly has to be thought of in terms of the year 1930-1931. It also has to be thought of in terms of five years hence, of ten years, twenty-five years, fifty years. What is arranged and carried out for the year 1930-1931 may have a definite and far-reaching influence on what will be done fifty years hence, so that whatever I may

recommend to be immediately done must be in terms of future as well as present well-being."

Hope solidified into concrete form elements from his memorandum and embodied them in the university proposal of January 3, 1930. He planned a graduate school of liberal arts, a library school, a school of business administration, a graduate school of social work through affiliation with that offspring of Morehouse, the Atlanta School of Social Work, and a department of music and fine arts. In a still longer view, he foresaw a law school, a medical school, a school of dentistry, a research library, a school of physical education, a theological school to be brought into being through affiliation, and, the mainspring of the plan, the general affiliation with the other colleges of Atlanta. Some of these dreams were fulfilled in Hope's lifetime, some after his death, and some still cast their spotlights upon the distant future. But in every case, knowing Atlanta as he did, and Negro Atlanta in particular, he would not have called his plans dreams, but necessities; no matter how much time and thought it might take to produce them, the need for them was constant.

It was in the light of the service that John Hope was rendering the Negro race as both seer and doer that on February 9, 1930, he received the Harmon Award for distinguished achievement in the field of education. On that afternoon more than a thousand people, white and black, met in Sisters Chapel on the Spelman Campus to witness the presentation of the medal by Hope's associate on the Interracial Commission, Dr. Plato Durham, white southerner educated at Yale and Oxford, and professor at Emory University. Durham gave Hope a splendid encomium:

"In him, more than in any other man, I have come to sense that tragedy where the inalienable right of personality that is raceless and timeless is thwarted by conventional limitations and prejudices, by the accidents and incidents of history. . . . That Dr. Hope is what he is today; that he does stand an easy and free citizen in the kingdom of culture; that he is a man so intellectually keen and equipped that I have often gone to him for advice in this total community—that he does have within himself those qualities is proof of a struggle, of a heroism, of an indomitable purpose that we all know and yet of which few of us speak. . . . To live in this community for thirty-one years, to stand for what is true, to demand for his people fair dealing and justice, to speak without bitterness and yet without reservation, and still to be an honored citizen of this community and stand here the object of a

national award, is proof of a wisdom to which my words can add nothing. . . . And therefore, both to a distinguished leader of his people and to a man who as much in other sections of this nation as in Atlanta is honored and known among the princes of the spirit, to a man who is one of that all too small company in whom this nation sees the prophecy of a newer and greater order, to him—and above it all—to my friend and associate whom I have never seen waver or quibble or afraid . . . I take great pleasure in handing this medal.”

The poignancy of the occasion was heightened by the fact that Professor Durham died suddenly the following morning, so that almost the last words he had spoken were in tribute to Hope. Some days later Hope spoke in Emory University Chapel in tribute to Durham.

The memory of another warm relationship with a white friend was evoked at this time. Hope had received a reunion invitation from Worcester Academy. He wrote to Erastus Starr: “Your manifesto of March 28 has been received and read with much interest. I have been so busy since 1890 that I had not taken the time to subtract 1890 from 1930. You know I never was much at arithmetic anyhow and frequently went to you and Charlie Ellis for assistance. Now you have had to tell me that I have been out of Worcester Academy nearly forty years. Why ever did you do it, Erastus? I have been kidding myself that I was a young man. Now you tell me that I am a liar—that I am sixty-one years old and gray as a rat, that I have two sons, one of whom is twenty-eight years old. There is one thing I will say in my favor—I can eat three meals a day with relish and don’t have to walk with a cane. What about your own old self?”

At this time Hope was at work on yet another university plan in this year of many plans. This proposal, dated April 1st, was boldly named “The Six Year Plan.” It contained substantially the same elements as had been predicated in Hope’s memorandum and in his proposal of January 3rd, but included also an architectural redesigning of the three campuses to encompass the new library, a president’s house, a joint administration building, and two graduate dormitories. It declared the intention of the three schools “during this period to develop enough unity and solidarity of both purpose and machinery to make it feasible to invite the affiliation of other colleges.” It gave the scholarly ambition of Atlanta University “in the case of the Master’s degree and later of the Doctor of Philosophy, without reference to the shortcomings of our colleges in culture and scholarship, to insist on the highest requirements from the beginning” and to award from the start

a Master's degree representing "graduate work equivalent in quality and quantity to Master's degrees in colleges and universities of highest standing in the United States." Thus John Hope flung his wager to the educational world, that a Negro university in the deep South could equal in achievement any university in this free and ostensibly unthwarted land.

The first concrete response to the university plans was the official offer from the General Education Board of a library for the use of the colleges of Atlanta. A press release announcing the gift was given out by the University on June 5th, and an article appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* on that day. A flurry of disappointment at Clark University and Morris Brown College resulted: they had not been mentioned in the newspaper announcement. As a matter of fact the press release had expressed the hope "that other institutions at a greater distance [from the Library] may share in its use"; but perhaps this point had not been sufficiently emphasized, and it was not quoted in the newspaper. Later in the summer Jackson Davis reported that there was an "air of envious aloofness at Morris Brown and Clark," and he advocated rapprochement on the part of Atlanta University "while the situation is still flexible."

The late spring and early summer of 1930 brought sorrow and concern in the personal life of John Hope. The first shock came in May, when his beloved sister Anna, who had been for years a worker in the Cincinnati Y.W.C.A., went to New York to be examined for alarming physical symptoms. Money was needed for her hospitalization and treatment, and her only resource was the old homestead in Augusta, which had descended to her as the unmarried member of the family. John, moved chiefly by his sister's need but partly by tender feeling for the old home, offered to become its owner.

In the face of death, the closely woven family group of Augusta days, now widely scattered, again drew together. On May 30th, John wrote to Jane: "I have gone just as far as I could today with the purchase of the house. . . . I am going ahead, doing my work in Atlanta as best I can, but Anna's illness and possible early death hang like an awful shadow over me. . . . In case of Anna's death you and Tom, who are nearest, should make arrangements. . . . Some word ought to be got to Sissie even though she will probably not come. . . . You are probably keeping Leth in touch."

Early on the morning of June 4th, Atlanta's commencement day,

he received a telegram from Jane: "Anna passed away this morning." Channing Tobias, who was commencement speaker, still remembers the "rare quality" he displayed on that day. "He went through the exercises in such a way that no one could tell that his sister had died that morning."

This commencement day was difficult for John Hope in a less personal sense, also. It was the last ceremony to be conducted at the old Atlanta University. Following it, the faculty was to be dissolved, and the remaining undergraduates were to join the student bodies of Morehouse and Spelman. The atmosphere was tense. Dr. Tobias, fully aware of the pressure, made a plea for the great opportunity offered by the affiliation, and Hope was pleased. When the festivities were over the two friends drove to Augusta, and Tobias, always a favorite of the Hope sisters, conducted the service for Anna's burial.

Hope, saddened by his sister's death, was disheartened too by the dilapidation and decay which had overtaken the Ellis Street homestead of which he was now the owner.

An even more severe shock during this shadowed period was not directly personal. The event occurred in Atlanta while Hope was out of town but was indelibly driven into his consciousness. Dennis Hubert, a Morehouse student who had been a driver for him—son of the Reverend G. J. Hubert and grandson of Zachary—one Sunday afternoon in June told his mother he was going to the playground. He had been at the playground, which adjoined a colored public school, only a few minutes when seven white men drove up in an automobile. Six got out of the car and approached young Hubert. One man said, "Is this the one?" and started to shake him. Hubert protested, "What do you mean, sir?" A second man said: "Don't beat him up. Kill him." Then one of the group pulled his gun and shot the boy in the back of the head. He never regained consciousness, and his father, coming from church, found him dead.

The Huberts, known throughout white and colored Georgia, were, as Miss Read wrote to Dr. Hope, "not a helpless family," and public opinion in Atlanta was aroused as it had not been by the murder of the newspaper boy two years before. The Huberts secured the services of William Schley Howard, criminal lawyer and former congressman. A member of the telephone company who had been near the playground at the time of the murder rounded up witnesses and took them to the police station to identify the criminals. The court trial brought out two conflicting "explanations" of the crime. The defense asserted

that the wife of one of the assailants had received an insulting proposal from the Hubert boy while she was walking in the wood across from the playground. The witnesses for the prosecution described a scene in which a white man, escorting two drunken white women out of the wood, where they had no legitimate reason to be, was told by an onlooker, "You better take them women home," whereupon he became enraged and returned with a gang to wreak vengeance on the colored district.

The sordid truth was not lost upon the court and the public. The man who had fired the shot eventually received a sentence of twelve to fifteen years; the others involved received shorter terms. Justice, in a limited sense, had been done; but it could not soften the bitter spirits of the murdered boy's family nor heal the wound in the heart of his college president, John Hope.

The crime had its sinister concomitants. A week after the murder, arson was committed upon the Hubert home in the middle of the night, the house burning to the ground and the family narrowly escaping with their lives.

Two white men drove to the home of Professor Charles Hubert, cousin of the minister, thinking him to be the father of the murdered boy. One of them tried to force entrance and drag Hubert and his young son to the car, but Hubert—"Colossal" Hubert, the students called him—held him off. The would-be rioters heard the angry stirring of the colored neighbors, and fled.

One evening a car drove past Spelman campus, and the white riders hurled stones and shattered the lamps on the porch of Sisters Chapel.

Tear bombs were thrown into a Negro church where funds were being collected for the prosecution of the murderers. Threatening letters were received by various individuals.

Following these demonstrations, the *Atlanta Constitution* denounced the spirit that was abroad in a heated editorial, "Shaming the City": "Especially must not be tolerated any secret or open crusade against Negro citizens who are justly seeking public security against such murders as that perpetrated upon young Hubert. The gangsters of Chicago are not more dangerous than those Atlanta men who set upon him and killed him while in the peace of the state. The red communists who are threatening the peace and perpetuity of government in this country and state are not nearly so much to be dreaded. . . . The state is right now to pay the penalty of the rapid migration of her Negro population, caused largely by their fear that

they cannot obtain due protection of the laws. For those reasons Georgia has gone backward in population and lost at least one of her representatives in Congress. . . . The Hubert homicide will make itself a test case of the right of all persons, white and black, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the sovereign state of Georgia."

It was happenings such as this crime that caused John Hope to "die daily," as his colleague Florence Read has said. In this instance he was not tortured by public apathy, as in the case of the newspaper boy; but his affection for the Huberts (both father and son had been at Morehouse under his presidency) and the unreasoning malignity that lay behind the murder made it doubly difficult to bear. Must Morehouse students, must all the colored youth of Atlanta, of Georgia, forever go about in terror of their lives?

The disasters of this year continued to weigh upon Hope but he found comfort in his elder son, who, far off in Brazil, realized his burdens and wanted to share them. On August 7th he wrote to Edward:

"It has been a hard year so far as unexpected expense was concerned. Your Aunt Anna's illness and death were very expensive in what I had to give outright. Then, to help still further, I bought the house so that she might have the ready cash. I felt at first some sentiment in keeping in the family the little old house in which we were all born and reared. I suppose that was an added reason why I bought it; but it is now a tumble-down affair which will call for hundreds of dollars to get in condition. Then, again, it is people that make homes and even houses. How many, many thatched buildings were occupied by the Scottish people! But we journey three thousand miles across the sea to look at the one thatched cottage in Ayrshire where Bobby Burns lived. When I pass by this house now, it hardly seems to belong to me because everything and everybody in that house that made it appeal to me have gone. Yet I have dreams of fixing it up and using it just as a harbor for any first, second, or third generation of Hopes that might want to sit there in quiet for a while. . . .

"I should say that John's second year of study [he went to the Graduate School at Brown in the fall of 1930] would be the one that you could be saving for, if there is to be a second year. I do not know how he is going to pan out. He is a bright chap with a sunny disposition and a willingness to plug when it is necessary. I think all he needs is to get a fine objective and a noble purpose. . . . If John could

become an authority on economics and could use this knowledge and philosophy in a constructive way for the welfare of his people whether in America or Africa, I would say that we had done a great job. You probably think your Dad is walking on the clouds, but he isn't; his feet are firmly planted on the ground. But I do dare hope, I do dare believe that great minds supported by an impelling heart can change society."

John Hope, Jr., has fulfilled his father's ambitions, holding posts in recent years as professor of economics and serving on President Roosevelt's Fair Employment Practice Committee.

Filled with thoughts of his own and other Negro families harshly divided by death, Hope realized perhaps more clearly than ever before the strength of the emotions that bind together a family, particularly a Negro family. Being alone in Atlanta during August, he wrote movingly to his wife: "When I came into the house this evening, I felt amidst its calm and quiet a comfort and beauty that seemed to pervade and enwrap me. It was not a lonely house. . . . I think I can excel you in getting new joys out of old experiences. I do not have to be doing things all the time. The things that have already been done have such a significance to me that they are life for me quite as much as the things I do anew. After my beautiful evening reflections I now know that a man does not have to be lonely. He can fill his silent present with voices and people, with the loved ones that have come into his life, who have taken possession of his soul never to depart."

In the middle of August Hope went to Chicago for the Negro Baptist Convention and also paid an overnight visit to Trevor Arnett at his home in Grand Beach, Michigan. In the air of the Great Lakes, the two men had much conversation, projecting the future Atlanta University. Hope suggested that James Gamble Rogers, friend of Harkness and architect of Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital Medical Center and of the Yale University Library, be asked to design the new Atlanta library, so that Harkness' tentative interest in the university plan might be further stimulated. They discussed, too, the complexities that both linked and separated Atlanta University, Clark University, and Morris Brown College. Following his visit Hope wrote to Arnett:

"It was good of you and Mrs. Arnett to have me come out to see that beautiful community stretching over so many more miles than I had thought of; to see the dunes, which interested me as I got a

glimpse of them from the train once or twice; and to have my first experience of climbing one. Then your own lovely home, with its charming surroundings, comfort, beauty and ease. It was the nearest thing to a relaxation I have had this summer.

"Our conversations on Thursday evening and Friday morning continue to be helpful to me. The best I can say for myself with reference to what I have done for the three affiliated institutions is that it is the result of such thinking as I have had time to do—nothing prolonged, consecutive, away from the crowd and bustle, but in the very midst of things. It does not suit me, but I am glad that it is as good as it is. Now I think I must, within the next two or three months, find two weeks away from everything so as to get a good square look at the University idea and purpose and, I may say, at my own self. I may have told you that Dr. John E. White, a former distinguished pastor of the Second Baptist Church in this city, resigned this prosperous pastorate to go to a smaller city. When asked why he was leaving, he said that he had some writing to do before he got too old, and he found no time for it in Atlanta. 'Then,' said he, 'I have not had time to pray in Atlanta.' In my own life I do not think it has been as bad as that. I do not blame Atlanta for my failure to write or pray. But I do hope that there are some other places in the world where writing and praying are less difficult. This is not said, however, in criticism. My thirty-one years in this city have been rich for me. . . . Atlanta is a great city, so great in its possibilities, and I know of no place in the world that I would prefer to Atlanta as a place in which to live."

Early in September, John Hope secured his "two weeks away from everything" on a brief, but for him luxurious, ocean trip to Bermuda. Then, returning to New York, he spent several days in the Y.M.C.A. General Board and Foreign Work meetings and hastened back to Atlanta to inaugurate the first year of the full-fledged university.

It was in a quiet way thrilling to him to witness the launching of his cherished theories for the graduate training of Negro teachers and Negro businessmen as well as to see vistas of opportunity for creative minds in other fields. All together, forty-two graduate students enrolled in the university, participating in twenty-one graduate courses and fifty-seven senior-graduate courses, and being taught by six professors from Atlanta, seven from Morehouse, and ten from Spelman who interwove their forces with remarkable harmoniousness.

There was one graduate student in whom John Hope had special interest during this autumn of 1930; but he, as it happened, was not

in Atlanta. John Hope, Jr., had gone to Brown University, fulfilling another of his father's dreams. On October 26th, the father wrote from the railway station in Providence: "I am sitting here waiting for our son John. What a strange feeling comes over me, waiting for the second generation of 'Brown men'! It will seem almost sacred to me to be trudging up the Hill to Brown this morning with my son by my side. Perhaps he will not want to trudge. Perhaps he will say: 'Dad, let's take a taxi.' Suppose we wait to see what he will say."

The sequel to the meeting in the railway station appears in the letter John, Jr., wrote to his father the following week: "Yesterday was a gray day but today is a perfect day, just such a day as we had last Sunday when you were here. Maybe that is not a fair comparison to make as I might have been under an illusion as to the beauty of the day because of the visitor it brought, but be that as it may I still hold that it was beautiful. Furthermore, I was proud of the way you took that hill. I know much younger men that don't take it near so well. No, not myself. You may not believe me but I am considered a fast walker here thanks to your tireless teachings from early childhood. Do you remember how you used to make me walk fast all of the time telling me that when I was in New York everybody would be passing me on the street if I didn't? You didn't know that I remembered that far back, did you?"

Hope and his younger son found each other most companionable. Whereas gentle and serious Edward called up the more sober aspects of his father's personality, John stimulated his gayer moments. At Christmas when John, Jr., asked advice about going to visit his Uncle Tom in New Jersey, his father replied with humor: "I think it would be all right to go to Camden for a few days if you wished to go. In other words, old man, use your noodle. If you do not care to take a chance on going to Camden, you could invest thirty-five cents in a long distance telephone call. . . . Whenever I call those people I do it very early in the morning before they get out of bed or very late at night after they have got home."

But the father's tender, anxious side was also revealed that winter when he wrote to John, Jr., "I do not want you to skimp on things that are necessary. . . . I was sorry that I did not have a chance to go with you to your boarding house to see just what brand of grub you are getting. As a rule a fellow does not get any too much of the right sort at five dollars a week for fourteen meals, so you may tell your friends that I am still skeptical and that I am going to walk in on you

some day to see just how far it goes beyond 'oatmeal for two' or 'griddle cakes for two.'" He then gave a touching account of his Brown classmate Trimble's illness and death from lack of proper food and clothes. Even among his former classmates and associates in Providence, he spoke of his anxiety lest his son should not wear enough clothes or eat enough food.

A lively interchange of opinions also appears in the correspondence between father and son, and the former evinced his concern with the economic trends of the period. "My only advice to you is to keep on remembering that economics is human. All of these things you are studying have to do with human beings. They are for human beings. It is a serious thing when, within ten minutes' walk of Morehouse College, you have hundreds of hungry people, dozens starving. I mention Morehouse because that is one of the most prosperous Negro sections in Atlanta. It is an interesting thing when a white man, with a wife and children living across town on Washington Street, comes 'way over to Morehouse College to ask me for work and is thankful when I can give him twenty-five cents to get bread for his wife and children today. What is economics for if it is not to help society to make such adjustments that the wheat which is almost bursting out of granaries but is being withheld from the mouths of men, women, and children shall have an equable distribution? What is the matter when sheep and cotton are waiting to be made into clothes and naked people cannot get money to set the spindles going? And then your father sits down last night to a dinner where there is so much to eat that even his voracious appetite could not empty his plate! I want you to be erudite. I am glad that you are studious, and each time I meet you I notice that you are becoming better and better acquainted with the subject. But for the love of humanity, try to keep human, my boy."

Hope was nervously observing the financial depression of the early 1930's. Negroes, the least secure of the nation's social units, had been the first to be affected. Atlanta students could not get jobs, could not pay their bills. Hunger and despair had settled on the Negro community and were creeping toward the white. To him this meant above all one great danger, the threat of failure to the Morehouse endowment campaign. He thought with disappointment of the prosperity under which the campaign had begun, when it had seemed certain to him that no more than two years was needed for its completion. He thought of the initial delay. He was not responsible for the delay,

but the campaign had become for him a matter of conscience. Morehouse was like a child to him, closer in many ways than family or friends or any other college could be. He could not fail it now.

The plans for the new Atlanta University, on the other hand, were unfolding themselves easily. James Gamble Rogers had been secured as architect for the library, and Kendall Weisiger of the Southern Bell Telephone Company was elected chairman of the building committee. Early in January, 1931, a large conference was called in Atlanta to discuss the purpose of the library. As in the similar meeting in 1928, the six Negro colleges of Atlanta were represented; but on this occasion Trevor Arnett and other members of the General Education Board journeyed south to participate. Among the latter was David H. Stevens, director of education and vice-president of the Board. The 1931 meeting, as compared with its earlier counterpart, was distinguished by the eagerness with which all ideas of intercollegiate cooperation were seized upon. Hope, as chairman, set the keynote by inquiring whether the Library might not be considered as a "first step in cooperation," and whether further steps might not be made by exchange of teachers or "any arrangement that would put all the resources of all the colleges at the door of every other college and make the resources in books and teachers function to the highest power." The response to his suggestion made it evident that the colleges of Atlanta were like bees around a hive when the fruitful nature of the Atlanta system was to be considered. As to the central library, Stevens voiced the opinion of the meeting when he advised the bringing in of a technical expert—advice which culminated later in the appointment of Charlotte Templeton, president of the Southeastern Library Association, as director of the new Atlanta library.

After this January meeting Hope, going to New York on university business, spent "a delightful evening" in David Stevens' home. Mrs. Stevens had inherited an interest in the Atlanta schools from her mother, who had taught at Clark many years before and had had a lifelong friendship with her colleague there, Professor William H. Crogman. Hope found an admirer, too, in Stevens' little daughter, who wrote of him later in a school composition which she called "A New Kind of Family Album": "He is of about medium height, stately, with a soft voice. His tan face looked as if it had been burned while he was playing golf, and if I had not known he was president of Atlanta University I should never have suspected that he was colored. His keen blue eyes, gray hair, and thin lips all helped to deceive me."

This friendly contact cemented the bond of acquaintance between Hope and Stevens.

Another friendship that ripened in the atmosphere of the affiliation was that with Dean Sage, president of the new Atlanta University board of trustees, who never failed to invite Hope to his luncheon club or home when they were together in New York, and who frequently visited at the president's residence in Atlanta on his trips South.

Also on the heels of the Atlanta meeting came the heartening news that Edward S. Harkness had pledged \$1,000,000 to Atlanta University, and an anonymous friend of the university had agreed to underwrite an additional \$500,000, so that Atlanta, with \$1,500,000 coming to its treasury, might claim an equal sum out of the appropriation conditionally voted by the General Education Board.

Hope now felt free to turn his attention to the problems of the less fortunate Morehouse College. His friends and associates, seeing the strain under which he labored in his dual job, were urging him to resign the Morehouse presidency. He had intended to remain at Morehouse for only two years following the affiliation, and he now began to feel that it was an impossible situation to occupy both presidencies; that it was "detrimental to Morehouse College and to Atlanta University." In June he would round out a quarter of a century as president of Morehouse. There seemed to be something mathematically fitting about his departure after twenty-five years. As spring approached, he submitted his resignation.

Hope went forth from Morehouse, and Dean Archer inevitably stepped into his place; but, as he wrote in his memorandum of 1934, "In relinquishing the presidency of Morehouse College I nevertheless felt and maintained a moral obligation to complete the endowment of Morehouse as far as it lay within my power." In the bright light of 1929, he had looked forward to the winning of the endowment before his twenty-five years as president were over. Now in the dark spring of 1931, not even the full quota of pledges had been reached. After he had handed in his resignation from Morehouse, he wrote to Constance Nabrit: "As I look forward for the next three months, I see nothing for us but the most grueling work. I am sure that I will stand it, for I must—I must see the campaign through. But after that, my devoted friend, I do not know how it will be. I am sure that you will watch over me and make my days as useful as they can be. After July 1, if anything is left of me, we will then do a big

and a new work. I am so happy that you are remaining to help me—not me simply but the great adventure. . . . I must be spared for the next few months from people, except those whom I must see for the good of the three schools. Otherwise, very few. I think I shall become irascible. When I do, just help me, little friend. I have said all this to nobody else in the world. I do so much wish to accomplish my task and leave Morehouse protected.”

In the end, almost to Hope’s surprise, the campaign was seemingly won—at least on paper—although it took the united effort and generous underwriting of several of Morehouse’s friends, including himself, to bring about the outcome. After it was over, he felt that for the first time in three years he might relax slightly. In this mood he wrote, in his own hand, to Trevor Arnett: “When the armistice came in the Great War, I was in a little French village. Some minutes after the guns became silent, the French peasants came cautiously out of their houses and very quietly asked if the war had finished. I was amazed at their lack of demonstration. But late that afternoon those same peasants with bands and banners were marching and hurraing. It had taken them those hours to realize that the war had ended. I think that I have now sufficiently recovered from my nervousness or numbness to realize that at last the Morehouse campaign has finished at least its first stage.”

In the meantime Commencement had come and gone, and with it Hope’s presidency of Morehouse passed into history. It was twenty-five years since that day when Morehouse students, hearing that their John Hope was to be tried out as acting president, determined that nothing they did should mar his chances of long tenure. Many changes had taken place since that time. The bare red hill had grown green and beautiful. The students themselves had altered from a loosely united crowd of shy, awkward men, some no longer young, all hesitant in the shadow of rioting Atlanta, to a compact body of steady-eyed youngsters, with confidence unshaken even by the murder of their college mates, and eager to take Negro Atlanta and Negro America into their creative hands. John Hope himself had changed, outwardly at least. He was no longer the stern-visaged, high-strung “fire-eater” to whom his wife would say, “Jack, don’t be so savage at table,” but a genial, gracious, white-haired almost symbolic figure. Yet inwardly he had changed little from the militant John Hope who had walked barefoot at dawn through Harpers Ferry with Du Bois and the others of the Niagara Movement in 1906. It was to this inner

personality, the fighting leader, that on the 1st of June, 1931, two hundred eminent Negroes, assembled on the Spelman campus, gave the ringing toast: "John Hope, Citizen of Atlanta."

John Hope was tired. He grew impatient if his weariness was called to his attention by his family or his friends, and yet he had confessed it to Constance Nabrit, and he had admitted it to his students when he said in a talk: "It's an awful feeling, young gentlemen, after a day's work, it's an awful thing to have a feeling as if you've just been squeezed of everything you have." And yet at this time he was more enthusiastically absorbed in his visions of the future than ever. Immediately after his resignation from Morehouse he wrote: "Yesterday, I felt like Odysseus leaving Ithaca for that great journey seeking undiscovered shores and sunset isles. How wonderful to have health and faith for the journey!"

Moreover, Hope, like his classic hero, "could not rest from travel" actually or metaphorically. In the summer of 1931 he was on his way again, bound for Ireland. He landed at Queenstown (Cobh, as it was now called) and took the train to Cork. Had he been the vigorous self of his earlier years he would, no doubt, have gone on to the rural "congested districts" to examine this aspect of the Irish people and compare it, as Frederick Douglass had done a hundred years before, with the condition of the American Negro. Like Douglass, he was enlisted in the "cause of humanity the world over," regardless of color. But on the summer trip of 1931, he did not plan for more than the ordinary tourist's routine.

After three days at Killarney, Hope proceeded to Limerick and by the fast train to Dublin. From that city he wrote to his wife: "I like the Irish people, kindly, vivacious, shyly humorous with no disposition to take advantage of you. . . . I do not think that I was ever in a large city anywhere that has such a homogeneous population—almost all are Irish. I like to talk to them. But I did see one young woman today who looked quite as if she might be one of us, and I almost spoke to her. Just to think, I have not seen one of our people since I left New York. There was one man on the ship whom I watched for several days and finally discovered that he was a foreigner."

Dublin attracted him, and he stayed there several days longer than he had intended. One reason for the extended stay was an invitation to the Abbey Theatre, and he told Constance Nabrit: "I am terribly enthusiastic about seeing the Irish Players, about whom I knew much

before I came here. . . . I love the theatre, Constance, I have from childhood." To his wife he added: "The Abbey Theatre was very interesting to me and revealed anew how much Negroes in America could do on the stage if Negroes would write some plays. And we can."

Hope finally drew away from Dublin and crossed the Irish Sea to England. In London he met Howard Thurman (a graduate of Morehouse and a professor there), who had been traveling in Scotland. The two men saw each other daily, went to the theatre, discussed racial problems. The trip, however, would not have been complete for Hope without a glance at Paris. He invited Max Yergan, then in England, to meet him there, and they spent several days together. Hope had a special desire to drive through the Bois de Boulogne and this they did, having dinner together afterwards. On Sunday they went to Versailles on a crowded train. Hope accidentally stepped twice on a Frenchman's foot. The Frenchman, however, stepped rather deliberately three times on his foot. "He's one up on me," was Hope's dry comment.

Another fellow American whom Hope made a point of seeing at this time was Hale Woodruff, the Negro painter, who was studying in Paris and was beginning to be widely known. He persuaded Woodruff to come to teach at Atlanta University, starting in the fall of 1931. This marked the commencement of a lively friendship, during which Woodruff once gave him a painting—a rather modernistic one—only to ask him some time later to exchange it for a newly painted one, explaining that he was not satisfied with the earlier picture. Hope met the proposal of the young perfectionist with his old teasing spirit: "No, Woodruff, I've put a great deal of thought and study into that picture. It's taken me two years to tell the top from the bottom, and I'm not going to give it up and start on a new one."

Hope rounded out his summer vacation with a visit to Lyons to see old friends of the war days. Then, refreshed as always by European contacts, he returned to the heavier atmosphere of Atlanta. But the air was lightened this autumn by the arrival of Edward Hope from South America. It was a satisfaction to see the poised and experienced man who had grown out of the boy with the—to the father—inexplicable mechanical bent. In Brazil Edward had developed into a position of large responsibility. His company had begun an extensive hydrographic investigation and finally had brought two hundred stations into operation under his supervision; and the work came to an end only because of the economic depression. Then Edward, taking a

leaf from his father's book, traveled through Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru before returning to North America. The reunion in the old home on the Morehouse campus was an especially tender one for the Hope family because they were soon to move to the new house under construction for the president of Atlanta University.

The new president's residence was the first fruit of the Harkness gift to Atlanta; an administration building and dormitories were to follow. Meanwhile the changes were heralded by the laying of the library cornerstone on the 1st of November. By this time plans for a campus whose dignity should be symbolic of the high aims of the new Negro university were clearly in view. As Hope and his associates had walked from time to time on the site of the library and looked forth toward Beaver Slide and the city of Atlanta, their eyes had fallen on that portion of the Morehouse campus where old Quarles Hall then stood. This seemed to be the ideal site for the administration building which would unite under one roof the already closely inter-related offices of the three schools. But would Morehouse and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, which owned the land, cede it for the purpose? Hope, filled as always with the spirit of sacrifice and seeing in his mind a beautiful campus allying the three schools, urged that this be done. There was some heartburning among Morehouse alumni; but where John Hope led they loyally followed, and in November, 1931, the desired land was deeded to Atlanta University.

No sooner had these negotiations been set afoot in the fall of 1931, than an even knottier problem thrust itself upon Hope's attention. Although he had left the Morehouse presidency, many of its burdens remained with him. The heaviest, and the one closest to his heart, was the Morehouse campaign. He had been so relieved at the completion of the pledging, toward which he had labored during the late spring of 1931, that it was with a jolt that he realized Morehouse would be unable to pay the accumulated expenses of its own campaign. In fact, the financial depression with the small registration of students had obliged the college to withdraw money from the campaign collections to cover campaign debts, endangering its ability to claim the new endowment. Originally, of course, it had been Hope's desire that the Home Mission Society should finance the campaign; but it had been unable to do so. Since then Morehouse had struggled along attempting to stretch its current budget—never really adequate for its usual needs—to cover this unusual drain. It was like the legendary

pelican tearing its breast to feed its young. Finally, in January, 1932, the Northern Baptists came honorably to the rescue, donating somewhat more than the amount of the loan Hope had requested three years before. To him this was a victorious conclusion to a hard fight, and the depth of his personal tie to Morehouse is seen in the fact that he and his sons together contributed \$2,000 to the campaign, calling the sum "The Lugenia Frances Fund."

Another gift to Atlanta University in this January had great meaning for Hope. The Carnegie Corporation, recognizing the vision behind his unique plans for training Negro men of business, endowed a professorship in the department of business administration, a position allotted to the pioneering Jesse B. Blayton.

Three months later the curtain rose on the completed library. If a dramatic artist had arranged the whole affiliation, he could not have chosen a better prologue than the dedication of that building. Though its walls were standing through the winter, the students had not realized the beauty of the fabric which now, unveiled of scaffolding at the height of spring, suddenly flowered before them. During the week before the ceremony "groups of students trekked excitedly from the several campuses to enter the high pillared doorway with a more sober tread." Within the hallway they found displays of native African art and of American Negro achievements in literature, in music, and in painting. From it the visitors "ascended a beautiful gray marble stairway to the main reading room, the crowning wonder of the building. . . . But the greatest glory of all lay in the fact that—like wonderland though the place might seem—the library was an inspired dream no longer but an actuality, the most real object anywhere about. The joy, experienced in those first days, of returning to the building again and again, finding it unchanged . . . was all but intoxicating. One felt the library too great a gift for the present community alone: its splendor proclaimed it 'not for a day but for all time.' "

Since few of the students had ever been in so fine a building as this which they now realized belonged to them, the enthusiasm of this report in the *Spelman Messenger* seems not unreasonably fervid.

An equal intensity characterized the opening ceremonies which began in Sisters' Chapel at an evening convocation; the audience rose to a pinnacle of joyful celebration as they lifted up their voices in the glorious old spiritual "Go Tell It on the Mountain" and sent it to the stars.

The official dedication on the following day opened appropriately

with the chords of the Doxology, after which President Cox of Emory University read a passage from the Bible to which the audience responded with the magnificent spirituals "I'm Going Down to the River Jordan" and "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." Hope, presiding, introduced the two speakers, Senator Walcott of Connecticut and James Weldon Johnson, and after their addresses presented the key of the new library to Dean Sage as president of the board of trustees of Atlanta University. The architect, James Gamble Rogers, was then introduced, and the applause "was like thunder in its volume." He spoke briefly in a "choice clipped sentence" saying: "Whatever inspiration is manifest in the planning of the building was received a year ago from the students of the affiliation themselves." The great occasion closed with the singing of the Negro National Anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing," written by James Weldon Johnson and his brother Rosamond Johnson.

Throughout the climactic hours of these ceremonials, the quiet figure of Hope might not have seemed especially prominent to an uninitiated observer. And yet the whole scene was mainly the result of his vision and his imaginative energy. The years of struggle, the disappointments, the heartbreaks, and at last the success were all his. It was as though he too were the architect of that building, and had quarried and trimmed and set every one of its stones.

Honors, too, were crowding on John Hope. The Interracial Commission insisted that he become its president, and as the first colored man so singled out he felt that he must accept for the sake of the race, although the meetings, which he never failed to attend, would take time and energy which he hardly had to spare. Yet another distinction, now becoming an old story to him, was the conferring upon him of the degree of doctor of laws, this time by Bates College in the State of Maine.

Overshadowing all such academic experiences, however, was his plan for a visit to Soviet Russia during the summer of 1932. It may seem paradoxical that John Hope, preoccupied with the founding of a school for Negro businessmen, should have had simultaneously a burning desire to see Russia; but his mind was wide open to all manifestations of human society, and he looked for signs of progress everywhere. His interest in the training of Negroes for American business did not blind him to the fact that changes were in store for capitalistic procedure. He was interested in his friend Du Bois' advocacy of the cooperative movement. He was interested in Russia's vast industrial

as well as cultural developments. So far as the situation in his own Negro community was concerned, he was only, in his instinctively Fabian manner, making the best use of the materials that came to hand. Now his enthusiasm for the Russian journey overflowed for all to witness. He wrote to Ruth Evans, Arnett's secretary, "I am expecting to have such a pleasant summer that I wonder whether it is just a dream."

Meanwhile Hope's friends and family continued to be anxious about his physical condition. Moton urged him to come to Capahosic and rest. He replied: "I know of no place in the world that I would rather be than on the river with you for a few days, but it looks impossible at this time. . . . I often think of your injunction to take it easy. I must confess that I have not done so. If I had three or four days to spare, I would like nothing better than sitting under one of those oak-trees with the little leaves, and looking out on the river. I don't want to fish—I don't want to do anything but sit down and look out and maybe talk a little bit. But I can't do it, Moton." The Ulysses element in his character was too strong for him.

Hope sailed at the end of July for London, where he was to transfer to a Russian steamer. The Atlantic crossing, on board the *De Grasse*, afforded a sardonic though hardly unique episode. He described it to Miss Read in a letter: "Strange things happen," he wrote. "I spent from 11:45 A.M. to 3 P.M. as the guest of the captain of the good ship *De Grasse*. But who were the other guests—a gentleman who is a scientist connected with Harvard University and his wife who is a Southern (Mobile, Alabama) aristocrat, and does not hesitate to let that be known many times during a three-hour conversation. What will the poor woman do when she finds out what sort of Southern aristocrat I am! I am a 'veiled aristocrat.' Of course, after I found out that she was southern, I was braced and prepared to let them all know the worst; but, *mirabile dictu*, there was absolutely no reason or opening during the entire three hours for any profession or proclamation on my part."

In London Hope attended to various commissions and then attempted to communicate with Ruth Fisher, a young American colored woman who represented the Library of Congress at the British Museum, and whom Du Bois wished him to meet. Miss Fisher, however, was out of town. Hope then prefaced his Russian expedition somewhat inconsistently by visits to the "bourgeois" stronghold of Simpson's restaurant and to Soho Square, which he hunted up for

the sake of *The Forsyte Saga*. "It was," he wrote to his wife, "a very satisfactory little visit as it is also the home of the Crosse & Blackwell pickles which I have known from my early childhood." In this way the memory of his father's provision firms was always being refreshed in Hope's retrospective mind.

It was probably well for Hope that he had these few days of respite in England, for he had to admit that he was nearly worn out. He wrote to Constance Nabrit: "Now that I am away from everything and everybody with none of the usual things driving me and kicking me into action, I realize that I am tired—very tired. It is not simply the body or even the mind. I think it is possible to have a sort of Soul Fag. I am sure now that I have lived sixty-four years in body, mind, and soul."

Once on the Soviet steamship *Cooperation*, Hope brushed aside all thought of tiredness and became a dynamo of curiosity and enthusiasm. Luckily as he boarded ship he was introduced to a young woman, wife of the American journalist Arthur Ruhl, and she, being half Russian and half English, was able to answer his stream of questions. Mrs. Ruhl, who was traveling by herself to visit relatives in Russia, served as his interpreter throughout the voyage. She recalls that he "wanted to know everything that was going on among the Russian passengers on board ship, and he wanted to talk to them and to the officers of the ship." She added, "He was rather steady and slow in his reactions." Friendship sprang up between the two travelers, but Hope in his preoccupation with new discoveries failed to realize that she thought of him as a white man. It was not until a year or so later that Hope, dining with the Ruhls in New York, suddenly became aware of the misapprehension and said: "I'm afraid I'll have to disillusion you. I'm a colored man." The disclosure surprised and touched the Ruhls and gave them a new angle of interest in their friend. Hope's life had been full of such revelations, and he was always scrupulous about identifying himself. The responses of new acquaintances to such disclosures gave him a unique perspective in human relationships.

Almost the reverse of this experience occurred while the *Cooperation* was in dock for two days at Hamburg. Hope, in the course of sight-seeing in the city, took a bus and chanced to notice a handsome and dignified young colored woman seated some distance in front of him. Wondering who she might be, he cautiously moved forward seat by seat so that he might view her better. The young woman could

see in the driver's mirror that a man, apparently a white man, had his eye upon her and was moving toward her, and she was, as she afterwards related, extremely annoyed. She determined that if the man spoke to her, she would pretend that she knew no English. Hope, however, was not dismayed by her forbidding appearance. Leaning forward, he said, "Are you sight-seeing in Hamburg, too?"

To her own surprise the young woman replied, "Yes, I am."

"Are you by any chance going to Russia?"

"No, I've just returned from Scandinavia."

"Oh! And where are you going now?"

"To London."

"And then?"

"I live in London."

"You live in London! And what do you do in London?"

"I work at the British Museum."

"The British Museum! You're not Miss Ruth Fisher?"

"I am," she replied curtly, but amazed at the knowledge of her inquisitor.

Hope then revealed himself, and the iciness in Miss Fisher's voice melted. They spent a part of the day together, exchanging news of their friends. Hope promised to visit her in London on his return from Russia—a promise which he enjoyed keeping, finding her not only brilliantly informed in her own field, but, by avocation, a gifted singer of German *lieder*.

The Cooperation reached the port of Leningrad in the middle of August. Hope, after viewing the great city, went on to Moscow and spent more than a week in this cultural center of the Soviet Union. Having introductions to various officials, he had more opportunity than the average traveler to penetrate the mental atmosphere of the country. He talked with members of VOKS, the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. He discussed the physical and moral aspects of education with Dr. Magiton, chairman of the Scientific and Methodic Section of the Supreme Council of Physical Culture. This Russian expert told him that the slogan of his program was, "Be Ready," and that the department was fighting against smoking and drinking and was studying the effects of physical culture upon sexuality, all of which was interesting to Hope because of the asceticism of his own Worcester training. Another stimulating discussion arose in an interview with Comrade Agol, head of the Scientific Department of the People's Commissariat of Education. Comrade Agol,

as Hope afterwards related in a talk before students in Atlanta, had spent a year in America and now said to him: "You have great efficiency in the United States, but you lack civilization. I have seen other countries that had civilization that was objectionable, that was reactionary and mean; but you lack civilization of any sort." On these remarks Hope commented to the students: "It was not quite the truth. It was a far indictment. But I want you more and more to think of education in terms of culture."

Hope noted in a small book facts which arrested him, such as "Anybody can go to the university in Russia without cost to himself," and "Women have two months before and two months after confinement—then they have to work." His observations were always painstaking, but his approach to his Russian visit was not academic. His unofficial contacts were various. He happened upon Clark Foreman and Langston Hughes. He made the acquaintance of Louis Fischer, liberal American journalist, and exchanged views with Rennie Smith, former British Member of Parliament who had visited Atlanta the previous year. He had a taste of the Russian theater and saw "a delightfully entertaining play," *The Forest*, by Ostrofsky, under the Mayerhold management, and *Hamlet*—"really almost a new *Hamlet*"—played under the direction of Stanislavsky. He found companionship in the writer Maurice Hindus, to whom he had a letter of introduction. They saw each other frequently, and Hindus on a visit to Atlanta two years later remarked: "If Dr. Hope told you what he ate in Russia and told the truth, he told you he ate cabbage soup. I know, because I had a good many meals with him in Russia and know what he ate." Hope liked that staple Russian dish and the cucumbers and black bread that accompanied it, partly because they gave him an inkling of the ordinary life of the Russian people. He also liked to walk the streets and let the faces and the movements of the people sink into his consciousness.

On August 25th, Hope left Moscow for a five-day, two-thousand-mile journey down the Volga by steamer from Nizhnii Novgorod to Stalingrad and return by train to Moscow, a trip that might have seemed formidable to anyone less addicted to strenuous travel. He had longed to see the Volga River from the time when, as a small boy, he had first traced its black line on the map. In college he had read and been fascinated by accounts of the great fairs at Nizhnii Novgorod. Now his long-standing curiosity was to be satisfied, although the cities along the river had been completely transformed from those of which

he had read during Tsarist rule. Nizhnii Novgorod was now known as the Soviet Detroit, because of its huge automobile plant. The old city of Saratov had become the center for the manufacture of tractors and combines. Stalingrad had its great tractor factory. As interesting to him as the industrial marvels were the people on the boat and in the villages along the way. He recorded in his notebook: "Went down in steerage on Volga boat, after Saratov. Saw men and women crowded in sleeping quarters. Saw them playing lots." Again he noted: "Fire in Volga village at night. Our boat to the rescue." And again: "About 3 A.M. aroused from sleep on Volga boat by noise of peasants. Two women in distress and weeping. Thought I, if this is Russia today, what was Russia before the Revolution?"

From Stalingrad Hope entrained for Rostov, where he visited the state farm, the "Camel," with its vast central "city," and also spent time on one of the largest of Russia's collective farms, where men and women had voluntarily banded together to farm on a large scale. He also inspected the Rostov plant for the manufacture of combines before taking the train for Moscow, where he was to catch a plane for Berlin. He was amazed and vastly stimulated by the enormous distances and gigantic ambitions of the Russia which he saw. He wrote to Miss Read: "Just what I shall do with all that I have seen and learned and felt since my arrival in Russia, I do not know. I hope that it will all get 'shaken down' as you would say; and that in unexpected moments it may come to the surface and be useful. But, however that may work out, I am sure that I shall be a broader man. Of course, one has to see Russia with Russian eyes. It is perfectly provoking to hear people from other countries making comparisons and prophecies."

Hope felt impelled, however, to make comparisons when he reached Berlin, where he wrote his wife on September 7th: "Berlin as a city I like better than I did before. Perhaps its general good order and cleanliness contrast so with Russia's cities that Berlin is just profiting by a bad comparison. But, as for the peoples' chance just now, I would say that Moscow, as Rostov, has Berlin whipped to a finish. There people were working, rushing, and apparently happy in spite of very great trials. But here in Berlin the ordinary people of the streets seem crushed, dazed, helpless. . . . Fine young well dressed men meet you on any street and beg piteously. For myself I cannot enjoy the city for thinking of these poor people. At night you are openly solicited by women, most of them young, some rather attractive, almost all well dressed. It has been so long since I have seen women

openly soliciting on the street that I was somewhat shocked, rather pained by the activity. In fact you think better of the U.S. when you see some things here. During all our three years' depression I have never been solicited in the U.S. by a woman in any city. Nor was I in Russia a single time; but here and in London you are accosted. It is strange how I talk about this, for I was born and reared in a town where women did that as an occupation and a business. The world and I have evidently progressed, for the thing hurts me now terribly. It seems so hard on women that any circumstance should bring it about that a woman could boldly offer her body for sale."

When Hope returned to Atlanta later in September he told his colleagues, "I was uplifted by what I saw in Russia." A few weeks afterwards, when his impressions had "shaken down," he gave a series of illuminating talks about his journey. These were condensed and printed in the *Spelman Messenger* under the title "High Lights on Russia," and give Hope's considered and deeply felt views upon the Soviet Union. He said, in part:

"In all matters relating to people, we hear about the masses, we hear about the cause, and we hear about the individual. I suppose one of the difficulties of society has been that at no time have we been able to concentrate on all three at the same time. That is one of our difficulties in the South today—that while white people for several generations have been interested in the individual Negro, not enough attention has been paid to the mass of Negroes. Another trouble has been that there was no great amount of thought given to all Negroes as a cause. It seems to me that when a man goes to a great people like Russia, if he wants to understand them, he must think about the cause and keep in mind the masses, and then, for fear he will become too bloodless, he has got to be very much interested in that father walking along there with an immense pack on his back, that mother with almost as big a pack, and a baby swung somewhere about her, and four or five children running beside them. They are rushing to get a railroad train, and a railroad official—almost always officiously—stops them, and there's quite a lot of excitement. Two or three soldiers come along with their guns to see what it is all about. It's not a big question—what that family has in all those bundles, whether it's taxable, whether it's for sale, and their right to sell. You are interested in that father and mother, those children, and that little baby that will be a man some day; you want to know what is happening to them. . . .

"That is the sort of thing you will find in Russia today. That is what you will find anywhere that you find a cause, and the mass, and the individual. In Russia today the comfort and happiness of thousands and thousands of people are being definitely and consciously sacrificed in order that years hence there may be more happiness. And thus far it has worked out so well that people work all day long and don't get the things they want, and don't complain a great deal about it. At least, while there is considerable complaint, there is nothing like what it would be if you and I were living under similar circumstances. . . .

"I shall never forget the happiness I saw one afternoon on a playground where men and women, boys and girls were playing. In some instances men and women were playing together, football, soccer. And then over in a theater boys and girls were rehearsing for a play. That is a part of their organization. They were all very happy. They went to shower baths, put clean clothes on, listened to a band concert. Then you can go down to another section of the same city and see people that look awfully tired, awfully hungry, ill dressed.

"There is one thing in Russia you will notice. Whether it has been worked out consciously or whether it is unconscious, nearly all the pictures and posters you see are a sort of staircase reaching up. In Lenin's statue, you see him pointing upward. Call it propaganda if you want to; it has taken hold of these people. . . . It is an insistent thing, that something has taken hold of these people that is making them reach up on tiptoe.

"The young people are ruling things, young people who know practically nothing of what happened before the revolution. This is so much the case that older people are more or less suffering. That is one thing that distressed me. . . . But the young people! How they did look; how they did stand up, and throw their heads back. . . .

"I was in a village where there are collective farms. . . . An Englishman in the party, an able man who has saved millions of dollars for Great Britain in efficiency planning, asked the blunt question, 'Why don't you put some paint on your houses?' The farmer to whom he was talking replied: 'I'll tell you why. First, we have to get farm machinery, and proper kinds of seed, and better stock than we have now. Then, when we get all those things, we will put some paint on our houses. In the meantime, we are happy, we are free from the Kulaks.' The Kulaks were the terrible exploiters of farmers. 'We have got free of the Kulak, and we are a free people and we are happy.' I

think perhaps that story describes it. After all, nothing in the world, nothing man can buy, quite takes the place of the feeling that a man or woman has that he is free. . . .

"These people in Russia, in spite of their handicaps, are measurably content, and they will become more content as they get more and more comforts. The great danger in Russia today, a danger everywhere today, is the danger of materialism. It is a danger that a few of us have had to war against in our own hearts for sixty-five years. Materialism—because, needing and wishing everything, we have had relatively little, and it has been a question just how far we could go, how blunted we might become morally, how unethical we might become, to get our own houses, our own furniture, our own clothes, spending money to enjoy leisure. It is marvelous how a million colored people have maintained their ethical standards.

"But Russia has lost—if it ever had—the one thing that has kept us in bounds. That is religion, a religion that told us that life is more than food and clothes. . . . The young Russian has no religion, no church. . . . If he doesn't continue to worship Lenin, I don't know what is going to become of him. There is one hopeful sign; it is not Jesus Christ, but the Russians do worship at the tomb of Lenin. His picture is in every home, in every business house. So they have, at least, something to make them reach up."

With his mind stimulated and his spirit stirred by his contacts with Russia, Hope turned to the affairs of Atlanta University with renewed confidence in the future, in spite of the increasing shadow of the financial depression. The fall term began auspiciously, the number of graduate students having doubled since its opening two years before. The stately Administration Building, rising on the broad new campus opposite the new library, was close to completion and was about to be dedicated.

The increasing beauty of the campus was a source of joy to John Hope, whose aesthetic side had always been more thoroughly moved by architecture than by any other form of art. He had lectured on Greek architecture as a young professor, and his companions in Greece have testified to his almost uncanny knowledge of the buildings on the Acropolis. W. W. Alexander has written of the close relationship which grew between Hope and the architect of the new Atlanta University buildings, James Gamble Rogers: "They became friends and worked together as fellow artists in outlining one of the most

dignified and beautiful academic plants among American colleges. . . . Great architecture is primarily a thing of the spirit. President Hope's spirit is embodied in the physical plant of Atlanta University as definitely as it is in the men who were his students in the old Morehouse days." *

Satisfaction also came to Hope in his awareness that the movement toward cooperation among the Atlanta schools was growing. Morris Brown College had leased the historic buildings of the old Atlanta University. Hope made a provocative address at the opening of Morris Brown in its new quarters, beginning with his simple definition of an institution of learning: "An institution of learning is just what it says—an institution that promotes the movement from ignorance to life, *without reference to previous obligations or tenets or dogmas.*" The definition partly explains why he was the inevitable choice as leader of the Atlanta experiment.

On Armistice Day, Hope made another pertinent address, to a group of school children. It might be considered as a companion piece to his series of talks on Russia, which took place at this period. It reflects his horror of war, dating from his experiences in France, and his growing pacifistic beliefs. "It is an awful thing for Society," he said, "that we can do a piece of national and international devilishness, and wait just enough years for another crowd to be born and brought to manhood in order that some more devilishness may be done. And each time that the deviltry is done, it is a more fiendish expression of science than it ever was before. . . . I think you young people must not be deceived by what people call the poetry of war—and there is so much glorious poetry of war. But war is a sordid thing. It is a miserable, cold, sordid, thirst-producing thing. It is something that in some people might induce a noble spirit, but it is more apt to turn gentle men and gentle women into perfect fiends. . . .

"The mere creation of bread and butter, the working means and base and appellation of brotherhood, in order that there may be secured more bread and more butter, will never save the world. . . . I wonder whether you have the grit and courage and faith to keep your beliefs and to make your beliefs more and more powerfully and effectively and constructively felt in the presence of this force, a spiritual force, a spiritual personality, a spiritual being that doesn't believe that Society is to survive with guns and shells and hatred that makes those guns and shells possible." This speech may have gone over the heads

* "Phylon Profile, XI, John Hope," *Phylon*, First Quarter, 1947.

of Hope's young audience; but he was never one to talk down to young people, and they were always swift to catch and emulate his spirit.

Two months later a great satisfaction came to Hope when W. E. B. Du Bois yielded to several years of persuasion and came to Atlanta as guest professor of sociology. Du Bois' move was prompted in part by the clash of certain theories of his with the general credo of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at that time. After his guest term at the university was completed, he resigned from the editorship of the *Crisis*, amid tributes from his associates, and accepted a permanent professorship at Atlanta University. Hope, speaking with joy of his success in drawing Du Bois southward, said, "I brought him here to be my friend and companion." Actually the two friends saw perhaps less of each other in Atlanta than in New York, where they had invariably met for a carefree dinner and evening at the theater. Hope was preoccupied and harried as never before.

The depression which had long since engulfed the colored population of the United States was threatening the security of the entire country. Franklin D. Roosevelt, inaugurated as President on March 4, 1933, could not stem the tide. On March 5th, Hope, aware of danger ahead, telephoned Professor L. D. Milton of Atlanta University at his office in the Citizens Trust Company and said: "I am the custodian of a great deal of money in a certain bank. What do you think I should do?" Milton asked him the name of the bank and was able shrewdly to reassure him: "If it's a 100 per cent loss, the government can't tolerate a situation in which everyone loses. That money is in a good place. Don't join the line and ask for it."

On March 7th, all the banks closed down. Milton and Hope kept a vigil at the Citizens Trust until three A.M. Finally Milton, discriminated against at first because his bank was a Negro bank, secured a license to reopen. Hope found that the money about which he had been anxious was equally safe. The tension dropped.

Paralleling the anxiety which Hope felt for the safety of the university and the other Negro institutions, was the apprehension aroused by the hardships of individuals. He could take comfort in the fact that Edward was now secure in a professorship at Howard University, and that young John, who had received his M.A. at Brown the year before, was at home teaching economics at Morehouse. But from other members of the family came pleas for assistance, to which

he responded. His sympathies were enlisted, too, by the courageous efforts of his friend Channing Tobias to continue the work of his colored department of the Y.M.C.A. During this year he contributed \$500 to the Y.M.C.A., \$400 to Atlanta University, and unrecorded sums to friends and relatives. He had always shown a Scottish knack for making a little money go a long way, and now that he had a really adequate salary he stretched it phenomenally.

Not only the financial depression but a special dream of Hope's brought him into close alliance with Tobias in the work of the Y.M.C.A. department at this time. He remembered how as a boy in Augusta running barefoot on the common or lingering on the streets after his day at Henson's he had seen the effect of restless idleness upon himself and his friends. Now he summoned a meeting of Negro leaders from seventeen points in the state and founded the Georgia State Council for Work Among Negro Boys, which promptly elected him president. This responsibility was a heavy one in a year already overloaded with responsibilities. Yet his report to the University trustees on April 29th exhales like a clearing wind his confidence in his work and his race. He wrote, in conclusion:

"For more than half my entire life I have lived on two hills in this city. I have seen empty fields with their deep gullies and trash heaps become filled with homes for Negroes. Great business enterprises have been developed here. Some have failed while others have stood the test of these severe years. As you look into these enterprises you see the guiding hand of educated Negro men. . . . Yet among the Negro institutions of Atlanta most educational emphasis has been placed on that sublime fact of human living—that life is more than meat. There must be a deliberate effort on the part of schools to bring Negroes to see everything, to comprehend all, to be dismayed by nothing, but to continue the charted course to democracy, to brotherhood through intelligent leaders who rate their personal success and happiness by the enlarged welfare of those among whom they work and strive and live. I want Atlanta to be a place of culture—but a culture that knows and feels and creates life."

In a commencement address at Tuskegee a few weeks later he reiterated his faith. "My young friends," he said, "don't think that Tuskegee or any other institution for colored people has solved our problems. It has not! Our problem is a great problem. It is a very complex problem. . . . The best we know is this—that we have within ourselves the power and purpose to put our house in order and

to get our place in this great American commonwealth. When I say 'our place,' my friends, I mean not anything selfish but simply this—all people without reference to race ought to have the opportunity to develop to the highest power that they can develop, and all people ought to be interested in the welfare of every other person. There will never be real democracy until there is a disposition and a purpose on the part of all citizens that all citizens should be free."

Chapter XVIII

“SOON I WILL BE DONE”

JOHN HOPE, like his father before him, was a gardener and orchardist of dreams. That many of his sowings had borne flower and fruit did not halt his constant search for other seed beds, further ground, new and better harvests. Indeed his own spirit reflected all such fields and they were sunned and dewed by his aspirations and his steadfast labor. He had now reached an upland of his life only to find unhusbanded plots that tempted him to new exertions. This meant for him a strenuous and satisfying life but one in which he almost never paused to renew his physical resources. He knew that he needed rest, but he could not stop for it. As he had written Moton before his trip to Russia the previous year: “I don’t want to do anything but sit down and look out and maybe talk a little bit. But I can’t do it, Moton.”

Now in the hot weather of the southern June and in the midst of his heavy commencement schedule of 1933, he was busy bringing into being another dream, a simple plan but one in which he had an intense interest. It was linked to his tried belief in the ability of a few persons of imagination to work amazing changes in a community. On his suggestion and with the help of state and county authorities, a small school was chosen in a country district not far from Atlanta, and a Spelman teacher was detailed to conduct a summer session for the local children. The school was a dingy one-room affair with a muddy yard, on a rutted road. Morehouse College boys came from the city to help the local boys whitewash the house. Atlanta summer-school students mended the doorsteps and screened the windows. The neighborhood children watched in open-mouthed excitement, and parents and children planted flowers in the school yard. By the time that Hope, Miss Read, and Dean Lyons drove out on a tour of inspection on June 15th, the little place was transformed.

This trip to Red Oak School was a heart-warming experience. Hope enjoyed that day. On the drive home, he noticed cabbages growing in a field and, perhaps remembering his Russian meals of the year

before, expressed a jovial desire for a cabbage dish. But, arriving at Miss Read's house, where he was to talk with some of the people interested in the Red Oak School, he suddenly felt ill. Miss Read was alarmed, and summoned Mrs. Andrews from the hospital. Together they took him home. Mrs. Andrews recalls that as he was getting out of the car, he caught sight of the campus night watchman and wanted to speak to him because "he hasn't had a vacation for a long time and he wants to talk to me about it"; but the two women refused to let him do so.

That night Hope had a heart attack, and by morning he was dangerously ill. He remained at home several days and was not fully aware of his condition on June 21st, when he dictated a letter to Moton saying: "A few days ago I had to go to bed for repairs. Hot weather, too much work, and a disgusted stomach finally put me aside for what I hope is only a few days." The following evening, however, he was taken to the hospital at Spelman, where his illness forced him to stay until the 6th of August. The diagnosis of the disease was angina pectoris. For a time he was near death, but gradually, with his usual resilience, he regained something of his former strength. Unquestionably his collapse had saved him from even more serious consequences. As his friend Tobias wrote at the time: "Perhaps this enforced rest is the best thing for you, for you are so constituted that enforced rest is about the only kind you are willing to take."

It was tragic for Hope, whose joy was in work and contacts with people, to be cut off from the whirling world of activity in which he had always previously flourished. He was unable to attend the marriage of his son John, which occurred in the middle of July. John and his fiancée had offered to postpone the wedding, but he would not hear of delay. To make up for his absence from the ceremony, he wrote to the bride, Elise Oliver, a letter of singular tenderness, reflecting not only years of giving counsel to young people but the wisdom of his own experience:

"I think each of you is getting a fine companion and friend, and I would like for both of you to continue living as friends and companions. I would not want either of you ever to rely upon happiness merely on the ground of your being husband and wife. I would much rather that you would both, each day, attend to it consciously or unconsciously that you maintain a charming dependence, a beautiful freshness—the constant miracle of successful matrimony. I think it a common mistake of married people to think of their relation to each other as one of

ownership and proprietorship. I hope that you and John will not have that narrow, heavy view of married life. I hope that you will have broad acquaintances with people, fine friendships with other people; that you will keep young in body, mind and spirit. . . . I want you and John to enjoy your honeymoon—though I don't care much for that conventional, trite word—and I hope that the new discoveries that you will make of each other will be pleasantly made. Each one of you has his own disposition, and it is impossible that by this time you should have discovered each other fully. Furthermore, dispositions are not static, and you and he will be making changes in your disposition, your mood, and attitude perhaps. I want all of these discoveries to be made happily. It is very hard, Elise, for me to tell it in a letter. I would like to talk with you about it."

A day or so before John's wedding a telegram arrived from Edward Hope at Howard University addressed to Constance Nabrit: "Your friend Marion Coniver is now Mrs. Edward Hope. Aunt Jane represented the family. Dr. Johnson performed the ceremony. Please notify Mrs. Andrews, and break the news gently to Father if the doctors think it advisable. Will tell Mother and John after latter's wedding."

When the father heard the news he could not entirely repress a feeling of sadness, despite his approval: the world seemed to be speeding past him, leaving him far behind. That night Mrs. Andrews was roused three times by the switching on of his light, only to be told that there was nothing she could do for him. Finally she hazarded a guess. "Are you lonely because of Edward's marriage?" Hope replied: "Sit down. I wonder whether my work is done. Here are my sons getting married. . . . Yet I'd like to live long enough to have my successor know what I was trying to do." In recalling the incident Mrs. Andrews has said, "His mind was always on his work."

While he was in the hospital an old dream was suddenly and unexpectedly projected before him. At that time the Roosevelt Administration was contemplating the sponsorship of slum clearance and low-cost housing. Charles F. Palmer, an Atlanta real estate man, believed that Atlanta was the place for such experimentation both in the white and in the colored districts and asked whether Hope would be willing to petition for the latter. Instantly he was fired with the vision, and Beaver Slide seemed to be swept away before his eyes. In spite of the solicitude of his family and colleagues for his health, he promised to take the plea to Washington as soon as he was able.

In August Hope left the hospital and went North to recuperate.

He went alone. His doctor and his family, with rare insight into his character, had agreed that he should "stand on his own feet." He had picked his destination, Clifton Springs Sanitarium in New York State, remembering it out of the distant past when, he believed, he had heard it mentioned by Harriet Giles, co-founder of Spelman College. He was charmed by Clifton Springs, and returned to it again and again in succeeding years. He characteristically analyzed its effect upon him in a letter to his wife, August 14, 1933:

"I consider it a perfect divination on my part that I selected this place. . . . I am finding what you should also discover: it is not where we go, what we do, or even whether we go or whether we do that really counts for inner repose. Inner repose just comes. . . . I have always thought myself capable of repose and believe that it is something that I have to some extent been experiencing for many years. But in these recent weeks I have been conscious of an inner contentment. . . . Do not think I am ignorant of how ill I have been. I know that I have been very near the edge. But I am calm. I want to live and work. I want those nearest to me to help me to do it without ever talking to me about my health. Never again, as long as I live, shall I forget. . . . I have no regrets about overworking. Practically all that I have done has been necessary. . . . It has been a magnificent opportunity that I have had. And from the way my physician talks it looks as if I still have much good work left in me if I use care."

While he was at Clifton Springs, he had more opportunity to indulge his natural habit of introspection than he had had for many years. He found that his mind returned to his distant childhood and evoked the images of his father and mother. He tenderly noted down "A Dream" of the night of September 11, 1933:

"At night, I dream in the past. Beautiful, kindly, very real returns of my kinsfolk are mine—always kindly, always beautiful, gentle, refreshing. What a beautiful family I must have had at old 1108 Ellis Street, for they all come back a kindly, gentle sort of happy people! I have just dreamed of sitting all alone with Genie in the 'dear old back room.' She was busy as she ever used to be in her younger years at making things. How beautiful the things she used to make! Then her world was at home, not the great world outside into which I so much advised her to go. It is almost amusing to see her so perfectly innocent of the fact that she has been swallowed up. It has been a fine thing for her and that serious, needy outside world into which she has gone; and perhaps I am as well off. As for the boys, they had

already grown up or gone off, or as little fellows gone out to play; and it probably has not mattered, because they are certainly very fine men. . . . (Poor kids! They are married, aren't they? They up and married one week this summer when I was abed and could not witness the change of life of them.)

"Well, I grow garrulous. Genie and I were sitting in the 'old back room' where life converged for my family. . . . It looked so bare of things. I was evidently looking back into the old days when the room had more people. I thought I was missing furniture but it was probably the emptiness of people that was working on me. Anyway, I said to her: 'I wish I could furnish this room.' It seemed to me that there was to be a reunion, and I wanted to make my mother so happy with a pretty cheery room when all the family came back. I think Genie thought it rather ambitious for me to think of spending enough to furnish that room in the manner that I would furnish it. . . . Then it seemed that two or three others came in and we were sitting about in the old way, and I said, 'Where is old fat Elise?' referring affectionately and playfully to my new daughter, John II's wife. 'Doesn't she come here every night?' Then it occurred to me that probably she and John were at their own little home. All at once it dawned on me that I was sitting in the old home of fifty years ago in Augusta, and that they were young people in Atlanta. I was much confused between the thought of these young people and my old family reunion in the old home. And while I was thus muddled, I woke up in this sanitarium where I have been for nearly six weeks.

"Almost every night some kinsman comes to watch with me. My older brother has been. My beloved Aunt Anna came one night and stayed. I believe my mother has been. But I consciously think of her so much that perhaps I am not relaxed enough for her to come. How lovely my mother is! I say 'is,' for none of these people seems dead to me. I wish poor Anna, my sister, would come to see me. She *would*, if her coming could make me well. Anna's disposition was so cheery that she cured people, and, though poor, she gave of her money with queenly lavishness. I wish Anna would come. Perhaps they cannot easily come. Perhaps they know that I will soon be coming to them. But when they do come about, they are always kindly, gentle, human, and of the age that I remember. My home life, I repeat, must have been very beautiful to have remained thus in memory with me. Is the trooping of departed kinsfolk to my hotel room just a memory, or is it a manifestation of immortality?"

He mused, also, at this time upon the problems of his race and the world, and a brief, elliptical, and characteristically prophetic note on the sanitarium notepaper still survives: "A man never lays down his gun until he does so in spirit. When he does that he can live in spirit. B. T.* got the N (the educated one) to lay down his gun. Most of us did. I did not lay mine down until I believed that Ashby Jones, Wilmer, Alexander, and Moton were really going to give us a gunless w. man's civilization. The Indian never laid his down, and he is dead. And the w. man, powerful as he is, will be dead if he does not lay down his g. in spirit, because he will be unable to trust anybody and nobody will trust him. Witness his situation now throughout the world."

Hope returned to Atlanta on September 21st after stopping in New York to see Tobias, who, ill himself, was immensely cheered by the signs of his friend's recovery. Back in Atlanta, he undertook a special schedule, living at the hospital until the middle of November and making only a few trips away from the city. It was a trying time for him, and under the stress of his disease the nervous irritability which had plagued him in his youth, and which he had then called a tendency to get "nettled," returned in a measure. But he found it good to be alive and attending once more to the work that was his life. The Atlanta campus with its newly opened dormitories for men and women graduate students was growing visibly in beauty. The graduate school was flourishing. He was slowly gathering together a faculty which in its enlightened mentality and scholastic ability was the equal of any in the country.

Early in October, Hope left Atlanta and went to Washington "at the risk of his life," as his friend Alain Locke has stated, to plead the cause of housing for Atlanta. He found the Public Works Administration dubious as to the advisability of Atlanta for this initial experiment; but he and his white associates by quiet insistence secured the promise that the clearing of the slum areas would be undertaken. At first the government voted an allotment for a limited dividend corporation to effectuate the Negro housing; but later, under Hope's urging, it decided to buy the land and construct the buildings. Thus what was called the University Housing Project, the first of all such projects in the United States, was launched by the Roosevelt Administration.

* Booker T. Washington.

In the middle of November, he moved back into his own home, the president's house, where a room and bath had now been added to the ground floor for his use, so that he would not have to climb stairs. He was amusingly precise about arrangements for this room. He wrote his wife: "Please do not bother about any pictures for my room. . . . You know people get tired of the same pictures. I am tired of some of ours. Please have very few things in the room. . . . Do not try to make me over. I am old material."

His son John has given a touching portrait of him at this time: "When he had his heart attack, the doctor said that he had six months to five years of life ahead, depending upon how he took care of himself. He was supposed to avoid extreme fatigue; to lie down in his office, if he was tired; not to climb any stairs—an elevator was put into the administration building. He had to sacrifice much of work and pleasure. He worked carefully all day, came home quite tired, and went to bed. To get his work done, he, who loved people so intensely, had to shut himself off from his kind. He had to delegate some of his work to other people. Old Atlanta University enemies began to say, 'See, John Hope has gotten too big for his job; he's delegating all details to other people; he's losing touch with the common people.' But he had to keep to himself. He was a very lonely man. On the porch overlooking the (future) University Homes, he said: 'I have no fear of death. I'm not afraid to die. But I'm impatient. I know just where I'm going. Now, I could do so much for my race. Now, I could "go places."' Things which would have been so hard for me twenty years ago, would now be so easy, if I had a little more strength.' "

In spite of physical limitations and the sense of frustration they brought, the unrelenting Ulysses was still strong in John Hope's personality and was increasingly manifested. Albert Dent, then superintendent of Flint Goodridge Hospital of Dillard University, had arranged a memorial meeting for Julius Rosenwald to coincide with the Mardi Gras of 1934, with the thought that Hope might in this way be induced to visit New Orleans. He was not disappointed. On February 9th, Hope reported to his wife by letter: "This is my third day in New Orleans. I am standing it well and enjoying myself. Dent gives me much of his time, and we ride a great deal. I have been to Bishop Jones' home to dinner, and yesterday he, Dent, and I rode to Waveland. I hope to interest you in that place. Dr. Alexander arrived this morning and will probably remain through Mardi Gras." To Constance Nabrit he wrote: "Dr. Alexander and I are both stopping

at the hospital. I shall try not to have to call for first aid. But 'reducing' is a severe and cruel task in the midst of this remarkable New Orleans food. Cooking here is no accident, nor is it a mere vocation. It is almost a sacred obligation and rite."

One can almost hear conversational echoes of James Hope and George Newton in this epicurean tribute. Albert Dent has said of Hope's visit, "He was carried away with enthusiasm and never seemed to get tired."

Tired he often was, though his wonted spirit had returned and he did not permit himself to reveal his inner feelings. The Morehouse College finances were again weighing upon him. It seemed impossible for Morehouse, less securely endowed than its sister colleges, to win its battle against budgetary difficulties. Early in 1934 it was suggested that Atlanta University take charge of the financial management of Morehouse, and the arrangement was completed. But problems of the Morehouse campaign still remained to be solved. Because of the depression many colored people had been unable to fulfill their honestly made pledges. Now a rearrangement was made in the conditions of the endowment offer from the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and the load was partially lifted from Hope's shoulders.

Another less personal but almost equally effective cause for anxiety was the struggle of the colored department of the Y.M.C.A. for sheer monetary survival during this fourth winter of the depression. In December Tobias had written to Hope: "Just what to do beyond January first, I am afraid, will puzzle me out of the Merry Christmas that you were kind enough to wish me." Shortly afterwards Hope, Moton, and Alexander met at Tuskegee and took action to assist Tobias. By their joint efforts the Rosenwald Fund and certain northern philanthropies came to the rescue. On February 19th Tobias was able to write to Hope thanking him "for your part in the securing of practically all of the results that have been achieved so far." A few days later he wrote again: "I may find it possible to break away for a little bit. If I do I shall be strongly tempted to gravitate toward my beloved Georgia." There was a strong bond between Hope and Tobias, and not the least fiber in the tie was their devotion to their native state and to the old Augusta of their boyhood memories.

In March, Hope decided that if he were to conserve his physical strength he would have to leave Atlanta for a time. His natural source of renewal had always been travel, and as he seldom traveled without an end in view he now decided to inspect a venture in intercollegiate

cooperation in California, known as the Claremont Colleges, with whose president he had been in correspondence. On board the train March 20th, he wrote to his wife: "I am recuperating from some very hard work done since I saw you; and I think that I was beginning to get on people's nerves because everybody urged me to leave town and get very far away. . . . Atlanta is running on very well. You may bet your entire bank account that it will run well when we both are gone." Transferring to the Grand Canyon Limited, he wrote the following day: "I have looked all day long for two days and nothing is tired but the eyes. Tomorrow I shall get a view of the Grand Canyon. . . . The last rays of the evening sun have dropped behind the ridge. You suspect giants are in these neighborhoods." On March 22nd he added: "I shall never be able to describe the half of what I have seen. The most wonderful sight of Nature that I have ever seen."

His return from California was made by the Overland Route, through the Nevada desert and Utah. From Salt Lake City he wrote to Constance Nabrit: "I am in a mood to talk to you today. But even these few lines give me a pain in the chest. How unfortunate—for me at least—that the writing posture gives me pain! It may be a blessing to those who thus escape long letters. . . . I have at least one new idea for the university. I wish I could carry it out during the next two months. The university grows in my own estimation and thinking as I get away from it. It is too bad that I am not physically equal to my best thinking and planning. . . . How wonderful these views, this panorama through which I am passing! I am enthralled. Of it all I am a part, tied in almost. What am I, dust or soul?"

The "new idea for the university" may have been Hope's plan for a summer theater company on the Atlanta campus for which he, together with David Stevens of the General Education Board, made arrangements in late April, and which came into being in the summer. It may, on the other hand, have been another scheme, long cherished—a plan for special courses in the techniques of physical education. During this spring he appointed George D. Brock to the staff as an expert in health and physical education; but Brock died before his work could begin, and Hope knew of no colored man to fill his place. Another dream also took shape at this time, Hope's vision of a School of the Fine Arts, to bring together work in painting, sculpture, music, and dramatics in a unique alliance. Some motion in this direction was achieved through his own efforts, but his full hopes had to be abandoned to the distant future. But if some of his ideas were forced to

bide their time before being tested, the spirit of cooperation which he had been trying to encourage amongst the Atlanta schools was widening and deepening. Its growth was slow, and his own cautiousness and meditateness held it to a moderate tempo; but its growth was sure.

For his summer of 1934 Hope planned for himself a real "vacation." This meant that he would once again be able to join the meeting of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A., of which he had for so long been a member. The meeting was to be at Oxford, and further consultations would take him to Geneva. It was a question how he was to travel, for his family would not hear of his going alone. Finally it was decided that Mrs. Nabrit should go with him as she would be able to take some of the responsibility for the work which always pursued him. It was to be her first trip abroad. Writing of it afterwards for an Atlanta newspaper, she noted: "I was more fortunate than the average tourist. I was fortified not only with the usual Baedekers and manuals, but I had as a guide one who knew and loved history and to whom Europe and its people were an old (yet ever new) story. Thus in the things I saw there was always a tying-up of the beautiful with the historical and the human."

Under the letterhead of the Paris on the 26th of July, Hope wrote to his wife: "I found your two beautiful letters, which I read with happiness. . . . Constance has stood the sea well, but I must say that the sea has been the tamest, smoothest that I have ever experienced, hardly a ripple. . . . I did work one morning about one or two hours with Constance on my memoirs, just by way of getting started." He never added to these seven pages of autobiographical notes which he was moved to dictate on that day.

Landing at Plymouth, he went immediately to Oxford. Mrs. Nabrit proceeded to London, where she was met by Professor Tillman of Morehouse and shown the sights of the city. Hope rejoined her a few days later, writing to his wife: "I had an interesting four days at Oxford, meeting a number of old friends from different parts of Europe and even Asia and making a number of new acquaintances. I took a somewhat more aggressive part in the meetings this year and hope that I did no harm. . . . Tell John and Elise that when I was at Oxford I had the bedroom and study that had been occupied by Premier Asquith when he was a student there, and in that same division Lord Grey and Lord Curzon had lived. I was therefore in the

company of very distinguished Shades. But although I was the only person in that little division for four nights and the halls were very dark, I met none of those gentlemen face to face. For once in my life I doubt whether I should have been frightened. I should have been very happy to talk with those men, all of whom had *their* serious great disappointments."

From London after a brief visit to Wales they crossed to Paris and went on to Geneva. From Montreux, Hope wrote to his wife: "It is the same beautiful little town that we visited years ago. I am stopping at the same hotel. My room looks out on the same blue lake. Across the lake are the same snowcapped peaks, and tonight the same moon stands high above everything and its white light streams across the lake. My thoughts are with you tonight as truly as they were that night when we stood in the wide window and looked across the lake."

After a week of work in Geneva, the two travelers took a sight-seeing trip to Milan and Venice. In her newspaper article Mrs. Nabrit recalled various high lights and among them: "a few quiet minutes before Leonardo da Vinci's 'The Last Supper' in the small age-old church of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan," and "the old Ghetto in Venice—to which the Jews were confined until the abolishing of the law by Napoleon III in recognition of their service to the State—and the thoughts which it evoked of almost parallel situations today by virtue of housing restrictions."

Leaving Venice, the travelers returned by way of Geneva to Paris and London. In Paris Hope saw Elizabeth Prophet, the Negro sculptor, whom he persuaded to come to Spelman as instructor in art—this as another step toward the School of Fine Arts which he had in mind. By the middle of September, he was back at his desk in Atlanta.

The great moment of the year came for John Hope on September 29th when Secretary of the Interior Ickes, visiting Atlanta for the purpose, detonated a charge of dynamite which demolished the first of the doomed houses in "Beaver Slide." The blasting promised an end to an era of almost criminal negligence. Some time later Hope was to say to the assembled students of the Atlanta University System: "Beaver Slide will never pass until society all over the world learns how to do its duty by the underprivileged and underadvantaged. That is what I want you to know when you say Beaver Slide. Hereafter don't say it as a joke. The Negroes in that community did not take it as a joke and came very near taking a streetcar conductor off the car for calling their street Beaver Slide. Out of there have come considerable

people who are honored by this community today. . . . Beaver Slide is a health condition, Beaver Slide is an educational condition, Beaver Slide is an economic condition, Beaver Slide is a condition of character, Beaver Slide is a state of mind."

That autumn Hope received on the faculty his former student Ira Reid, a sociologist with an M.A. from the University of Pittsburgh who was later to receive his Ph.D. from Columbia. He had a special affection for Reid running back to the days when he had persuaded the Reverend D. Augustine Reid to send his small son to the Morehouse academy. After Hope's death, Reid gave an amusing sidelight on their early relationship: "I know that John Hope had a tremendous influence on my life. . . . As a boy I was bashful and shy. My father was of great physical size. If ever I wanted anything from him, I wrote a note and put it on his desk. He was a gentleman of some leisure since he was connected with the church. I'd leave the note for him as I rushed out to school in the morning. He would leave the answer on my desk, since he would be out when I got home. Can you imagine coming to college and leaving written requests under the president's door? That's what I began to do. Mr. Hope would call me in and say: 'Young man, why do you do that? If ever you want anything from me, come in and say it. I'm not going to answer any notes.' I didn't ask for anything for a couple of months. But I learned how to ask." Now, in 1934, the versatile and brilliantly mature Reid was for Hope a delightful asset to the campus.

Another newcomer appeared on the faculty a few months later through Hope's intervention. This was W. S. Braithwaite, of whom Hope wrote to the General Education Board which was sponsoring him: "We want Mr. Braithwaite to teach English literature in such a way as to develop the writing ability of the students. . . . I need not tell you of Mr. Braithwaite's qualifications. You know he served for many years as a critic on the *Boston Transcript*. He edited anthologies of American magazine verse from 1913 to 1920. He has edited a volume of Elizabethan poetry published in the Golden Treasury series, also one of Georgian poetry. He has written poetry of high order, and three volumes have been published. I suppose that there is no Negro living who is so steeped in English and American literature and who has had such unusual opportunities for acquaintance with contemporary writers of prose and poetry. He has encouraged many young American authors of both races and by his friendly criticism has helped to make them writers of note."

The year of 1934-1935 was one of optimism for Hope even though it was also a time of strenuous activity. The long financial depression was easing even for the colored people. The way was being smoothed for greater coordination between the Atlanta schools. He was encouraged about his own health and, after a check-up at the Mayo Clinic in November, reported to his friend Tobias: "They find me in good condition after having gone through what I did a little more than a year ago, in fact they consider me in remarkably good condition for a man of my years. They dismissed me with very positive instructions to behave myself but by all means to go ahead with my work as usual." It is to be noted that Hope crossed out the words "just as" before "good" in his first sentence and, a few days later, hearing of Moton's resignation from Tuskegee, wrote to him somewhat pathetically, "I do not envy you, but I might wish for myself some measure of the happiness which I dearly want you to have."

Special satisfaction did come to Hope at this time with a newly acquired house and land near Clayton, Georgia. He had always regretted that he did not own his own home. In 1927 he had written to Professor W. E. Anderson (one of his former students): "I wish to commend you for having accomplished, in your few years out of college, what 'the grand old man' has not yet been able to accomplish—a home bought and paid for. I am telling senior college men now every year to own a home. Living in a college house as long as you are well and hearty and behave yourself is all right, but being put out when bad conduct or old age requires it, is pretty sad business. I do not exactly let the thing bother me. . . . I am not worrying over the fact that I do not own a home, even though I see what jeopardy there is in this lack." Perhaps Hope's emotional concern with the matter was related to the significance that his father's deed of the Augusta homestead to his mother had had for the whole family. In any case his farm, acquired not long after his mother's death, had never filled the need which he felt; and now at the suggestion of another former student, Maynard Jackson, who was advocating a colored summer community in Rabun County, he had bought a lot in the hills of north Georgia. During the summer of 1934 Mrs. Hope superintended the building of the house, and from Europe Hope admonished her, "Do not think so much about me that you will be building a house for me instead of yourself."

In the fall John, Jr., drove his father one afternoon to see the new place. They arrived in a thunderstorm; but the caretaker had built a

fire, and they sat before it talking contentedly. The father said, "Well, John, this is the first time I've sat under my own roof." Early in the morning John rose to find his father sitting on the porch overlooking the valley; he must have been up since dawn. Another dream had been realized.

The pivotal emotions of Hope's nature were those which bound him to his home, to his schools (both those where he had taught and those where he had been taught), and to his race. These last two were closely intertwined. When, on the 1st of January, 1935, he received a letter from President Barbour of Brown University stating, "I have the honor and pleasure of informing you that the Board of Fellows of Brown University has voted to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws," he was deeply touched. He answered: "Could any Brown man have the new year ushered in for him more happily than I with such a letter as I received from you the first of January! To have such a commendation from my Alma Mater as your letter of December 29th, indicates, I consider, the highest honor and most comforting reward that could come to me."

Another recognition received by him in that same month struck an answering chord in his race consciousness. When representatives of more than four hundred and eighty colleges came to Atlanta for the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel, Hope was asked to give the address of welcome. Now for the first time the colored president of a Negro university spoke for all the colleges of Atlanta, white and colored. The city of Atlanta contains several of the most notable southern white colleges. One or another of these might have insisted on a white man fulfilling the role. Yet this was not the case. Another forward step had been made in American civilization.

By far the most important milestone passed by Hope during 1935 was of his own creation. He had, after much outward observation and inward cogitation, finally formulated a basic scheme for cooperation amongst all the Negro schools of Atlanta. As he saw it, the four undergraduate colleges should be encouraged to go on functioning and should be unhampered one by another. They should all remain colleges small in size and should not compete in their enrollments. Their academic standards should be on an equally high level, so that all upper-class men might be qualified to attend any courses offered by any of the four schools, and all graduates qualified to enter Atlanta University. He felt that to achieve these ends three things were

necessary: the raising of the academic standards at Clark and Morris Brown through increasing the salaries of their professors; the transfer of Clark to a site close to the other colleges; and the acceptance of a "central guiding influence" which should serve to bring the various elements into cohesion. He believed that the General Education Board might be willing to provide the first and second answers, and that Atlanta University could supply the third.

Underlying these conclusions were considerable shrewdness and tact, for Hope knew that a Negro Atlanta of jealously embattled denominational schools might otherwise jeopardize the benefits of the affiliation itself. When Trevor Arnett and Jackson Davis of the General Education Board came to Atlanta in January to review the situation, Hope invited them to lunch at his home, together with Miss Read and the heads of Morehouse, Clark, Morris Brown, the Atlanta School of Social Work, and Gammon Theological Seminary. The visitors from New York were struck by the harmony which prevailed. Following this initial meeting came a series of consultations between Presidents Hope, Archer, Read, Davage, and Fountain; and agreement was quickly reached with regard to a free interchange of students in the third- and fourth-year courses of the four schools. Elaborate plans were also laid, following suggestions of the architect James Gamble Rogers, for the transfer of Clark to land between Atlanta University and the new housing project; but this latest dream did not find actual realization until after Hope's death.

Early in March Hope and his wife took an automobile trip to Florida for the dedication of the new building at Bethune-Cookman College, and went on by plane to Nassau for a brief vacation. Before he left he gave to Mrs. Nabrit an unusual memorandum, which she noted down as follows: "On Monday afternoon, March 4, 1935, Mr. Hope talked with me about arrangements for his funeral. He stated that he wished no elaborate ceremony—no sermon, no solos. He suggested the reading of a scripture, a prayer, and the singing of one or two songs. If people still liked him and wished to have a service later in his memory, that would be all right; his family, he thought, should suit their own wishes about attending such a service. As for the place of burial, if death occurred in a far place or country, he saw no need of going to the expense of bringing his body back here. If death occurred here, burial might be in Atlanta or Augusta, according to the decision of Mrs. Hope and Mrs. Lyons. Mr. Hope mentioned a lot in Lincoln Cemetery that had been given to him by the company

some years ago. He did not know whether the gift still stands. Mr. Hope emphasized the fact that he wished a plain, very plain, casket, which might or might not be set inside a plain wooden box when lowered into the grave. He expressed a dislike of brickwork in the grave, and said that a little grass—if his family wished—would be all the adornment he cared for. These instructions were given by Mr. Hope so that they might be available whenever the need for them occurred; not because of any feeling of imminent disaster.”

Hope was, as he indicates, not superstitiously inclined, and perhaps this conversation with Mrs. Nabrit had as its motivation merely the fact that he was about to travel by air and therefore considered this trip more hazardous than his usual travels. Possibly, however, there is in the memorandum a subconscious meaning of which he was not fully aware. It would seem that he was coming to realize more clearly than ever before the probability of his early death. While he was fighting his serious illness, he had hardly taken time to think of losing the battle. Now that he had recuperated, he was forced to recognize the extent of his physical disabilities and was becoming consciously resigned to them.

On his return from Nassau in the middle of March, Hope immersed himself in a routine of intense work which he pursued almost without a break until the following December. Though he was preoccupied with the affairs of the University and Morehouse, the plans for the housing project and the delicate negotiations relating to cooperation among the Atlanta schools absorbed much of his time. Morehouse, as always, claimed his close attention. It seemed to all concerned that the time had come for Morehouse to stand independent of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The society had been gradually releasing its control over various of the Negro institutions which it had cherished, and now was willing to add \$100,000 to the Morehouse endowment as the college emerged on its own. But even with this gift, the budgetary and administrative difficulties of Morehouse remained serious because of its relatively small endowment. Hope therefore suggested that it would simplify the running of the college if its board of trustees were made identical with that of Atlanta University—in other words if those of its board not already on the Atlanta board be elected to the latter. By the beginning of summer Morehouse had given an *Ave atque Vale* to its parent society, had received a new charter, and had united itself in an even closer alliance with Atlanta University.

In the summer of 1935 both Europe and Africa beckoned to John Hope; but he reluctantly thrust them aside. He was needed in Geneva as member of the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A., and on the other hand Max Yergan was again urging him to come to South Africa. Hope had previously reserved ship passage to Europe for July, but after casting his eye over his unfinished work in Atlanta he resolutely canceled it. Going to Africa was even less possible at the time, but he clung to the thought of it. He cabled to Yergan: "Not coming Geneva, South Africa this summer. Could visit South Africa later if necessary. Hope." Thus Africa slipped away from him for the last time.

During this summer Hope had a few days of real relaxation in the Moton home at Capahosic on the York River, Virginia. On July 4th he wrote to Moton from Atlanta: "In the language of the Iliad, 'my heart impels me' to see the Motons at Capahosic if only for a few hours. Do not be surprised any day to see me riding in. If the Moton house and the Washington house are crowded, I shall be content to sit on the shore under one of those gnarled oaks and look across the river."

He went to Capahosic for five days in the middle of July and again for a week in August. A standing joke amongst the Motons was his lack of interest in fishing. A notice of a fishing trip which he took with Moton appeared in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of July 21, 1935, with a Gloucester date line:

Dr. R. R. Moton, retiring president of Tuskegee Institute, and party went on a blue-fishing trip with Captain Frank Nuttall from Ware Neck, Gloucester County, Friday. The party included Dr. John Hope, president of Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., Professor Edward Hope, Howard University, and W. H. Carter, Treasurer of Tuskegee Institute. The catch was 204 bluefish and over 150 croakers.

Moton sent this on to Hope who chuckled over it and replied: "Thank you for the clipping from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. It exonerates me and strengthens my standing in the community."

Actually, as his son John has said, though Hope cared little about fishing or swimming, he had a great love for the sea and water generally. He was never so much at ease as when on the deck of a ship or sitting on Moton's lawn at "Holly Knoll" watching the water. It is odd that he and his son Edward, inlanders of inland descent, should have been so attached to the sea, and it is easy to imagine the

father's delight could he have known that his son was destined, in a second world war, to achieve the rank of lieutenant commander, the highest rank ever given to a Negro up to that time in the United States Navy. Of lesser but still vivid interest to John Hope would have been the foreknowledge that in the same war a great ship would receive his own name.

The grind of the summer of 1935 upon John Hope is illustrated by a letter written by Miss Read to Dean Sage on October 8th:

"The Housing Project is going up with speed, and it is supposed to be completed by April. The Government seems to be at a loss about the way to handle it, and while they still insist that the Advisory Committee is to have a great deal to say about whatever policy the Government decides to follow, we really do not know what may happen. Mr. Hope has been keeping in touch with developments on the inside as well as possible. At one time in the summer, he learned that it had been proposed to have a white manager for both Atlanta projects. That plan has been scotched, I think, and I doubt if there is any further danger of that. . . . The housing situation was one of the things that kept Mr. Hope from getting a vacation this summer. He wanted to be on hand if anything came up suddenly. Then Morehouse was much on his hands, too. Now, after many sessions on the Morehouse budget and two meetings of the Advisory Committee on University Housing when resolutions were passed about our views on the managership, and several meetings of all the college presidents on teachers and courses and policies, immediate and remote, and getting many questions settled through conferences with teachers, he has followed his doctor's advice to get some rest. He has gone to Clifton Springs again to the Sanitarium. . . . He may have to leave in a few days as one University matter needs attention in New York. But if he does, I hope he will return and get at least two weeks of rest and then go off somewhere on a trip. The doctor here has told him that he has recovered in fine shape from the trouble of two years ago—quite remarkably so—but that he goes at too fast and hard a pace and works too long hours for his present and future good. There is no getting away from it here. . . .

"To illustrate the extras, outside of educational and financial and social matters of the University, his chauffeur was shot and killed one night, the week college opened. It was Sunday night about 9:30 P.M. At 1.30 that night, a woman and her son rang the bell at Mr. Hope's house to apply for the job for the son. That to Mr. Hope meant that

jobs are exceedingly scarce for Negroes. Then the chauffeur's widow appealed to Mr. Hope for advice, etc. She works for a white man downtown. Mr. Hope and the white man went to the office of the Solicitor-General of Fulton County and after persistence and finesse found that the case was being shot through the Grand Jury in a quite irregular way—with a release that day for the murderer indicated on the grounds of self-defense. . . . The Assistant Solicitor-General promised to look into the case—and stopped the irregular procedure. There was half a day gone and several other pieces, but the gain is that it is important that the law should take some care when one Negro kills another. Too often that doesn't happen."

In spite of his need for rest, Hope was willing to pay only a brief visit to Clifton Springs, and while there had little time for real relaxation. He wrote amusingly about the sanitarium's routine in a letter to his wife, October 9th: "Just about the time you think you are through with punctures, urine jars, and baths—tub baths and hose baths—so that you may settle down, in walks an amiable-looking positive-talking nurse with a pill and a glass of water. Lest there be too much time left after all that, the doctor walks in and looks as concerned as if there was very little hope for you. Well, that is a good day's work, and you decide to take a walk when who should knock on your door but the Chaplain, who has to do his spiritual and social part by the patients. But he is a good sort and I think he enjoys my company. If he does not, then he is a glutton for punishment as he talked with me for an hour. Well, I must close this. Before I write another I may be leaving."

The "world was too much with" him. Yet, all in all, these hard months had their distinct rewards for him. He was able to see the fruition of his work at the University, where the enrollment had made a spectacular leap from forty-five full-time and forty-nine part-time graduate students to seventy-five full-time and fifty-seven part-time graduate students. Then, too, the spirit of cooperation was riding high in Atlanta. One small manifestation of this was the uniting of the nine teachers of fine arts at the three affiliated schools into a Fine Arts Staff. To them Hope propounded that, in the words of Cicero, "all the arts are held together as it were links in a chain," and he might well have applied the simile more broadly to illustrate his conception of the Negro schools of Atlanta.

In October of 1935 Fred McCuistion and L. M. Favrot of the General Education Board made a survey in Atlanta and reported

that the relationships between Morehouse, Spelman, and Atlanta University were so remarkably close that their operations could not be considered separately. They also noted that salaries at Clark and Morris Brown were so low that cooperation under the circumstances was almost impossible. This report opened the way for direct action by Hope, who wrote to Favrot on November 9th:

"When I returned to Atlanta I had a conversation with Presidents Davage and Fountain and told them of my conversation with you. . . . I reminded them that they had asked me to see whether I could secure financial assistance for Morris Brown College and Clark University, and that I had promised to do what I could. I told them . . . that if I undertook to make a request for additional funds for Morris Brown and Clark, I would prefer to do so because I actually thought such a grant would be of value to Atlanta University and, in direct or indirect ways, of assistance not only to Morris Brown and Clark but to the entire federation of colleges and university in Atlanta. . . .

"As it is now, the University has advisory relations with Morehouse and Spelman Colleges in the selection of their teachers. Because of that, these three institutions may have an understanding not only as to the quality of the teacher chosen by the individual school but also as to how well he may meet the needs of the other two schools. With Morris Brown and Clark, the Atlanta University president has no such authorized advisory relations. . . . If the University could have some such working understanding with Clark and Morris Brown as it now has with Morehouse and Spelman, we could within a few years get together four college faculties of equal value, all the individual members of which could work in any of the colleges and also in the University Summer School; and a large number of these teachers could do much of the University graduate work. With this become an accomplished fact, the University's financial resources could then be used more and more for purely graduate work. Facilities for work with the doctorate might then be possible, to say nothing of further strengthening and enriching the work that the University is already doing. . . . I believe there is a wonderful opportunity in Atlanta for fine federation among these Negro institutions. To delay this federation much longer might mean the loss of great educational advantages to an institution that could be of nation-wide and perhaps world-wide service and influence."

This letter laid the basis for the complex functional relationships which were to develop among the five schools. Favrot responded to

it "with high appreciation of your educational statesmanship," and it was presented to the General Education Board for consideration in its December meeting. Before the meeting took place Hope wrote again, discussing the matter in still greater detail and introducing the fact that Morehouse was likewise suffering from small salaries and had been forced to allow appointment of teachers who normally would have been on its own staff to posts in Atlanta University and Spelman—a situation which he was anxious to see rectified. Under the combined impact of these letters, the General Education Board voted a considerable sum to be added to salaries at Morehouse, Clark, and Morris Brown. This served as a direct stimulus to the formation of the enlarged university system of five colleges which soon took place.

By the middle of November, Hope began to breathe more freely than he had breathed for a long time. He relaxed his vigilance and, as he expressed it in a talk to the students, took occasion to "pouter-pigeon a little bit." This talk opened the year's series of "All-University" Assemblies, and in it he aimed at a "friendly fireside" kind of speech. It was one of his last addresses, and in it he sounded a warning which underlay his growing pride and confidence in the university system. He seldom dwelt upon monetary problems in his speeches, but on this occasion, after some preliminary reflections upon the housing and its relationship to the University, he began to drive home to the students their practical debt to the Atlanta schools:

"The next thing I want to talk about is the fiscal condition of these three colleges. . . . The three schools today have a combined acreage of 93 acres. As the deed reads, more or less. If a man asked me this morning whether more or less I should say more. We have 38 buildings, and the conservative estimated value of the 93 acres and the 38 buildings is \$2,942,598. . . . Now let us think of endowment. Except for \$500,000 all of this endowment has come since the great Wall Street crash. Most marvelous! Just seems as if they said, We have lost so much, what is the use of bothering about the rest, take it. . . . Morehouse College has \$920,000 and \$200,000 held in trust, or has the equivalent of \$1,120,000. Spelman College has an endowment of \$3,066,042. I am glad to see you people laugh about money. I have had so much trouble about it that when I don't have it, it worries me, and when I do get it I get a little nervous dreaming about it. Think of Spelman College when Harriet Giles and Sophia Packard were going around talking at prayer meetings, taking up collections, and a rich man reached down and all he had in his pocket was twenty

dollars, gave it to them, and said, 'You women expect to stick on this job?' Think of the agony, the evolution, the great development that has taken place when at the end of fifty-odd years that man and his children have become so certain that these two women kept on the job and that other women were following who were just as worth while, so certain of this that through his various agencies has come this great gift of three millions of dollars in the last few years. . . . And here is Atlanta University, tremendously embarrassed ten years ago or less, but it has had the same kind of experience in these lean years of the nation. She came with a little over \$300,000 and that as late as 1930. She came from a \$300,000 endowment to \$3,224,330. . . .

"Now having expanded and pouter-pigeoned a little bit, let us look at something that might happen to that endowment of \$7,410,372. It could shrink overnight, and who would pay the bills? . . . Now I am going to tell you something that might bring you into your place. Last year Morris Brown College raised out of Negroes—poor Negroes, many of them have been unemployed—\$28,000. If you assume that endowments are paying 4 per cent, that \$28,000 is equivalent for Morris Brown to an endowment of \$575,000. When I told President Fountain a month or two ago, 'Don't you know that you have an endowment of \$575,000?' he took out his lead pencil and said, 'I am going to use that.' 'Brethren,' says the pastor, 'we got a school up there, we got to support it. We Negroes are a self-respecting people who pay their bills.' And they bring forth \$28,000 to pay the teachers over there in the last twelve months. And the Negro Methodists all put together in the state of Georgia are not half the number of the Baptists of Georgia. 'But, oh,' you say to me, 'yes, but they got a bishop that wields a lash.' . . . But, Baptist brethren, Congregational brethren . . . what technique are you going to develop whereby you can persuade out of Congregational and Baptist pockets as much as the bishop can whip out of his crowd? Sooner or later Negro institutions are going to close up if Negroes don't support them, and my message to you this morning is just to let these figures scare you to death. In the name of God, if that real estate, those stocks, those bonds should just go to nothing! . . . The surest endowment, after all, is the dynamic love of a constituency for its institution. . . . You are not going to endow it overnight, but if you can get \$28,000 a year for Morehouse and Atlanta University out of Negro pockets you will increase the endowment of each school by \$575,000. It is worth while to think about."

Hope paused, smiled, and sat down. Someone whispered to him, and he quickly rose again. "I never was very good in arithmetic," he said. "I don't know what I would do if it were not for my co-workers. I said 4 per cent but divided by 5 per cent. Instead of \$575,000 it would be \$700,000—almost three quarters of a million endowment."

Years before, he had written to his friend of Worcester Academy days, Erastus Starr: "You know I never was much at arithmetic anyhow and frequently went to you and Charlie Ellis for assistance." Now, in this amusing slip, he revealed himself to be no more of an arithmetician than he ever had been, but rather the prophetic seer, the architect of ideas.

By now Hope was unwontedly eager for his long deferred vacation, which he now planned to take in December in the form of a voyage by Colombian Line to Haiti and the Canal Zone. He delayed his departure from Atlanta for a few days, however, so that he might take part in a half-hour program of the Columbia broadcasting station on Sunday evening December 1st, commemorating the seventieth anniversary of Atlanta University, which occurred this autumn. The broadcast was given over to a dramatization of the progress of Negro education and was composed partly of passages from Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" and partly of other episodes written for the occasion, all of it interspersed with spirituals and jubilees. Hope said a few words at the conclusion. It was one of his few radio speeches, and his voice rang out with a carrying power which it had never had in classroom or auditorium, and which was therefore especially stirring to the thousands of graduates of the Atlanta schools listening in on their radios across the country. They could hear the unshakable pride, the suffusing joy in the voice of this man to whom the colleges of Atlanta were the children of his spirit. At this time, Hope had written to a friend:

"Every morning I see Woodruff's picture of the red autumn trees. . . . This morning it seemed more lovely to me than ever . . . I came out after breakfast and stood on the porch looking over the campus—the Yard—and it was so beautiful to me. I rather grieve that it is not so lovely to others. Maybe the campus is in my mind's eye . . . I grieve over the ugly patches, the failures, the mistakes . . . but nevertheless the green yard with here and there a clump of pink, white and purple, the snowy clematis covering the dog-wood tree and the perfect peace and quiet entered my very soul—I might almost say soaked into

me. Is it not pitiful that we cannot share our best with those who come ever so close to us? Is it anything less than tragedy that only our exteriors are seen while our real selves are never penetrated? People did not see in me this morning Woodruff's scarlet trees firing my heart before the wintry wind might come in with its blight and chill. They did not see growing in me the grass, the trees and flowers that for thirty years I have been wanting to see. . . ."

On December 5th Hope set sail from Brooklyn. The ship's first port of call was Haiti, and brief though the time allotted for the visit was to be, he anticipated it with eagerness; it was partial compensation for his inability to reach Africa. Haiti, land of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Henri Christophe, had only lately been released from its unjustified and humiliating twenty-year occupation by United States marines, an occupation which had resulted in the deaths of 3,000 Haitians. The Haitian cause had long been sacred to him. Years before, he had joined his friend Oswald Garrison Villard and others as they challenged President Wilson's action in sending troops to Haiti. He landed at Port au Prince on December 9th and was entertained there by the Haitian scholar and diplomat, Dantès Bellegarde. He wrote to Constance Nabrit afterwards:

"Haiti clutches at your heart. You wish for it every good thing. You see the struggle at a glance and, as I say, it clutches your very throat. A beautiful country, a noble, courageous, self-respecting people, poor but carrying their heads high even when in rags. I loved them too much to speak of my few hours there as happy and enjoyable. Yet in a way the hours were enjoyable. The man with whom I was most of the time, Mr. Dantès Bellegarde, seemed happy to have me and seemed to trust my friendliness. I came upon a young Haitian on our ship and asked him some questions. His name is Cator and he won prizes at the Olympic games. He was most helpful to me on landing at Port au Prince. It was thrilling to me to see this Negro, speaking perfect English and French, at ease with white people of several countries, not conscious of any difference between him and other people. Just a free man."

Dantès Bellegarde was to come to Atlanta University after Hope's death, for conferences on Haiti and other international questions. He spoke glowingly of Hope and said that Haitians had wished that he might be sent to their country as United States Minister.

On December 10th, 1935, Hope went ashore briefly on the British

island of Jamaica and two days later he landed at Puerto Colombia and visited the cities of Barranquilla and Cartagena. Of these cities he wrote to Constance Nabrit: "You would have reveled in the trips of the past two days, and your Spanish would have held you in good stead. Cartagena is a very considerable city—historically most absorbing. In population it is largely Negro or Negroid, while the city visited yesterday [Barranquilla] is strikingly Indian. It was astounding to find today that in the lifetime of one priest, forty years, three hundred thousand African slaves passing through this seaport [Cartagena] were baptized by this priest in the seventeenth century. Our guide today was a Negro, a man of charming manners, speaking English and Spanish fluently and well versed in the history of upper South America."

From Colombia he also wrote to John, Jr., and his wife Elise, reporting enthusiastically, if somewhat soberly, upon his trip: "Having seen Florida, California, southern Ireland, and the fringes of the Mediterranean, I was somewhat ready for beautiful, well-kempt Jamaica; but Haiti has presented me something new and thought-impelling. Now today I am in Colombia. When a little boy studying Geography I learned that Bogotá was the capital of the United States of Colombia, and it seemed so strange to me that there was anywhere united states other than the one in which I was living. Well, after all those years, I stood for the first time today in U.S. Colombia * and had an enjoyable ride to Barranquilla on the Magdalena River. I love nature—mountains and valleys, the sea and the broad expanses of land; but for me, after all, the great interest is the people in these different settings. I do not have to know people to love them. Nor do people have to be unusual for me to be interested in them. So today with Indians, Spaniards, Negroes, and a few of other races sprawled out before me I was elated. People so poor that you would feel sorry for them, yet so serious, happy, and free that you felt a little ashamed of your own self for being neither happy nor free."

Two days later, when he visited the Canal Zone, this serious mood deepened, for he found himself back in the oppressive interracial atmosphere of his own country. He wrote to his wife: "The Canal and all the arrangements for conducting its business reveal United States' efficiency and gigantic conceptions. But also like the United

* Actually the country had been called for many years the Republic of Colombia.

States it is a painful place racially, but nobody seems to complain, nobody seems to feel the situation." On a separate bit of Colombian Line paper he jotted down hints of what was on his mind: "A lack of understanding. A superficiality. An ignorance of history. A lack of sympathy for anything, anybody, any country that acts differently, thinks differently, looks different. How shall we account for such provincialism in a country where there are spent such huge sums of money for public instruction?"

Historically Hope appreciated the Canal Zone. He took the train from Colón to Balboa and then flew from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, with the Canal in sight the entire trip. "I saw," he wrote, "some ruins in the old city of Balboa which gave me a new reverence for the Spaniards with all their faults and cruelties." The following day he sailed on the return trip, stopping again in Jamaica and Haiti, and arriving in New York shortly before Christmas, looking rested and fit.

After Christmas he was once again drawn into a whirlpool of activity. He went to Nashville to speak before the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity; he went to Washington to discuss the housing project and to New York for meetings of the Association of American Colleges and the Y.M.C.A. and for interviews with the General Education Board. Interspersed, were conferences in Atlanta on inter-collegiate cooperation and the current Atlanta University campaign for funds. On January 23rd he composed a form letter inviting "the friends of Atlanta University" to visit the campus. This read in part: "You will remember in Stephen Vincent Benét's magnificent poem 'John Brown's Body' how the Yankee Slaver's captain justified his trade saying: 'It's down here in the Bible in black and white—sons of Ham—bondservants—sweat of their brow. The pay's good, but it's the Lord's work too.' Today we have arrived at a new and more humane understanding of what is the Lord's work. . . . I wish you might see the University in action—this training of young Negroes for leadership of their own race—that you might more clearly understand what such training means for better race relations in years to come."

At this time, during his visit to New York, Hope put himself in touch with Stephen Vincent Benét, whose uncle had long been a contributor to Atlanta University, and asked him whether he would write an appeal for the Atlanta campaign. Benét assented readily. There was a possibility of the two men meeting, but this was not to be.

After Hope's death Benét wrote to Miss Read: "I regret not having seen him when he was here in New York. I had the chance but it happened to be a very busy week for me and I knew that he was probably busier than I. So I thought I'd put it off till later—which one should never do."

On Monday evening February 3, 1936, Hope held his last joint faculty meeting, which Du Bois afterwards recollected as having been "very touching." In the course of it he said that he felt that criticisms of the college had not been reaching him rapidly enough, and that he was not in close enough contact with what was on the minds of the faculty: "I want us to be a really very straightforward frank family." This feeling was based mainly upon Hope's regretful realization that his newer academic position had separated him somewhat from the ebb and flow of campus life, but it may have sprung partially from the subconscious warnings that had prompted him, the previous spring, to give Constance Nabrit instructions for his burial. At least one sensitive member of the faculty felt that this last meeting had been prophetic.

At this time Howard Russell, an old friend, came to Hope at his office, and they talked of the housing project. Russell recalled that fifteen years before, Hope had said, waving at the slum houses, "Wouldn't it be fine if all this was swept away?" Russell, who had never thought it would be, now remarked: "What if we knew everything that was going to happen?" Hope replied, "Well, Mr. Russell, it's better we don't know. We might die of grief or joy."

On Wednesday February 5th, he left Atlanta to attend the meeting of the Oklahoma State Teachers Association, of which his former student W. E. Anderson was now president. Hope had a special friendship for Anderson, and it was to him that he had written, nearly ten years before, expatiating on the joys of owning one's own home. In Oklahoma City he stayed at the home of Dr. A. I. Davis and spent Saturday morning with the editor of the *Black Dispatch*, Roscoe Dunjee, whose father had had such a distinct influence upon his life in Augusta. Saturday afternoon he went with Anderson to his home in Okmulgee for the week end.

That night a small incident occurred of which Professor Anderson afterwards made a charming memorandum: "Later in the evening Charles Hill Anderson, our then sixteen-months-old son, screamed in his sleep. President Hope heard him. The next day he remarked: 'When I heard that baby scream, I was on the eve of getting up to

come and see about him; then I heard your voices. I knew you old folks could take care of yourselves, but the baby could not.' ”

Sunday and Monday were spent in energetic sight-seeing, and, although the weather was cold and influenza prevalent, Hope seemed none the worse for his trip when he took the train from Tulsa. But by the time he arrived in Atlanta early on Wednesday—Lincoln's Birthday—he was “in pain in his hands and feet.” In spite of that and the fact that the day was a holiday, he went, after taking a hot bath, straight to his office. By Thursday morning he had the beginnings of a bad cold but spoke, nevertheless, at the Negro History Week Assembly in Oglethorpe School, where he painstakingly wrote statistics on the blackboard to impress the children with the growth of the Negro race in the United States.

That day there arrived at Hope's office the letter which Stephen Vincent Benét had written on Lincoln's Birthday in the interest of Atlanta University. Hope felt that it was a beautiful letter and was impressed and touched by it. It seemed, though written from a white man's point of view, to embody what he was struggling for; and, as a “race man,” he responded to the poet's imaginative projection of the Negro's situation. In a sense Benét seemed to be speaking for him:

“Were you ever a child, in a city or a small town? I hope you were, because then you will know why I am writing this letter. We all of us went to school, in the town I'm thinking about—all the boys and girls I knew. It was part of the natural order of things, like measles and Christmas and presents. And, after school, came college, for a lot of us—and then we were supposed to be really started in the world. Well, we weren't entirely ready, of course—but, at the end of school and college, we had certain tools in our hands. That was what education was for—to give you some of the tools for life. We never considered what life would be like without any of those tools.

“Only—my skin was white—my people had not risen out of slavery within two generations. If I wanted an education—there were dozens of doors open to me. There were lots of boys in the town whose skins were black. Some of them were pretty intelligent. But the same doors weren't open to them. I remember their faces. I wonder how many of them ever got within reach of a college. I wonder how many of them had to start in life without any tools at all. I wonder what would have happened to me, if my skin had been black. I wonder if I would have had the guts and the initiative and the patience to fight my way to the same sort of education that was more or less

handed to me on a platter. I am not talking about the Negro Problem or the Educational Problem or anything like that. I am just wondering. I wonder what most of the people I know would have done—born off a red clay road in ignorance or in the back streets of Birmingham or Nashville or Harlem. Hungry for knowledge, anxious to serve and lead their people.

"They do it—that is the marvelous part of it. I didn't have to pay for my education out of the price of pounds of cotton picked under the broiling sun. But boys will do that—to get to Atlanta University and other colored universities. And, out of Atlanta University and its affiliated colleges alone have come, since its foundation, over twenty thousand graduates—skilled men and women, whose leadership, example and training have been of incalculable benefit not only to the Negro race but to this whole country of ours.

"That is why I am writing this letter in behalf of Atlanta University. . . . Maybe I ought to have written about the buildings. But I keep seeing the faces of young Americans—boys and girls of a different skin than mine—who have worked and struggled for their education with a courage that I doubt if I could match. And they are the lucky ones—they got there and there was room for them. But there are hundreds and thousands more who would lead as well and serve as well if they once got the start and the chance. I keep seeing those, too. I keep thinking, 'If any work ought to go on, this work ought to go on.'"

The work, however, was thenceforth to go on without John Hope's guidance. That evening the physical distress from his heavy cold was apparent, though with his usual Spartan habit he tried to fight it off.

But life as earth knows it, life that holds injustice and justice, triumphs and defeats, glories and shame, beauty and horror, hate and love, was soon to lose sight of John Hope, and no eye follow him beyond its horizon's edge. The next morning he was taken to the hospital, and Dr. Byrd, his physician, who had kept him alive for two years, diagnosed his illness as pneumonia.

From then on Hope fought consciously and stubbornly for his life. He was aware of his own condition. He asked Mrs. Andrews, "Isn't this pneumonia?" One day, his temperature broke for a time. Mrs. Andrews was so much encouraged that she wanted to tell his family the good news, but Hope said to her: "You wait awhile. We don't know how this is going to pan out."

On February 19th, five days after he was admitted to the hospital, it became apparent that he whose spirit had felt a lifelong kinship with streams and seas, the expanse and life of waters, now had but one more current to cross, Deep River. Momently, he felt himself nearing it. In the afternoon he suddenly said to Mrs. Andrews: "I'd like to live long enough to tell my successor what I'm trying to do." Gathering the last of his forces, he held through the night. At dawn he reached the river. A little later he was on the other side.

The frame that held his spirit's fire lies in the red clay of the hill that he once found bare. Near by are the roots of buildings that rose out of his dreams. Through their halls the ever awakening generations of his race pass enriched by the eternal influences which nourished his own spirit.

On the campuses about are other plantings which he helped to make and bring to flower: Sweet Shrub, Firethorn, Tulip Tree, the Hollies, Redbud, Dogwood, Magnolia, Chinaberry, Flowering Almond, January Jasmine, Mimosa.

On the day he was buried the Christmas honeysuckle was in bloom. The air above him was sweet with its breath. It is very fragrant. Its fragrance is different from that of the ordinary honeysuckle.

The house where he was born no longer stands. The tower that stood in Augusta, the silent bell, and the blind watchman who never warned of danger are long since swept away. High over their empty place and over all the nation the four quarters of the sky are coursed by the planes. From them Negroes often look down at the land of their nativity. The land they see is veiled to their countrymen of other races. They see where they live. They live in shadows cast by none of the clouds of heaven. Fogs wall them in and roof them there below, exhalations from the depths, unbreathable mists born of darkness in the heart of man. John Hope was a dispeller of shadows, shining through them with the native radiations of his spirit and the lightnings of his never-daunted passion. Because he lived, the winds of time can a little sooner lift them away.

NO MORE RAIN FALL TO WET YOU.

Addenda

AN EDITORIAL BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

From the Pittsburgh Courier, March 28, 1936

JOHN HOPE

The death of John Hope removed an unusual figure from American life. He was an American of Scotch descent who had somewhere among his ancestors a black man. From his physical appearance no one would have ever suspected this. Biologically, he belonged distinctly to the typical white American race; but by education and social heritage, he was just as typically a Negro. There was no inner soul dissension about this. He was at once white and glad to be black.

He was born in Georgia. He came up among the well-to-do mulattos and whites of Augusta. Thoroughly and completely he identified himself with colored people and, despite soul-searing experiences, came through life unusually sweet of temper and unspoiled. This aspect of his character and his patent honesty of purpose particularly impressed white folk.

Negroes liked him because they felt him so thoroughly a part of them. He was shy and unselfish and with a fine sense of humor. No situation was so tragic and cruel but what he easily saw its essential comedy. He accomplished an unusual work by any standard. Graduating from a New England private school and from Brown, becoming a teacher, a college president, and then the president of the first equipped graduate school of university grade that Negroes have had, he died attempting to fix this school in its difficult relations to scholarship and to the races in the South.

His methods were enough to bring widespread acclaim. First of all, men recognized his fine simplicity, his unselfish motives, and his delicate, almost painful fear of injustice. He was always desperately afraid that he was not doing quite the right thing by somebody; it led to hesitations and retreats as well as firm advances in his life work. He often said that he ruled by conference, and perhaps conference was his strongest and most successful point. Even his speeches had the nature of personal conference rather than exhortation or informa-

tion. He was at his best when he could sit down about a table with three or six or twenty men of differing temperaments and different beliefs and divergent aims; and then out of this conference and further conferences, interspersed with little casual personal conversations, and perhaps a written note or so, and over all Time, Time, Time—while men waited and fretted—at last there came a wide basis of agreement. One seldom thought of giving John Hope credit for this agreement. Each one who agreed believed, and quite rightly, that the basic thought was his.

This method of government and advance and organization did not make for the strong, bold and spectacular; but it did make for accomplishment; it did make for slow, sure advance, and in a world so torn by hate and difference and misunderstanding as that in which John Hope lived, it was perhaps the only sure way. Thus, in many respects, his work was more permanently successful than the work of Booker T. Washington, and certainly it outdistanced all the intransigence of Monroe Trotter.

In his premature dying, John Hope above everything left friends; not a great number, but a few persons who feel that with him, honest and unselfish devotion to duty has lost a beautiful exemplar; and that they have lost something inexpressibly near and absolutely irreplaceable.

*MEMORANDUM SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY
EDWARD E. WILSON, ASSISTANT STATE'S
ATTORNEY OF COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS:*

I became acquainted with John Hope in 1897 when we were both attending summer school at the University of Chicago. We boarded at the same place and became quite intimate. I thought Hope a good deal of a wit as he used to enliven our meals with sallies that set us all roaring. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that this lightness was his main characteristic. He was also noted for two things—his deep religious character and his love of his people.

I never knew Hope to show anger except when discussing some injustice to Negroes. However, he mainly looked on the brighter side of life. He recognized the fact that this race question was not confined

to the South alone, but in America, or more strictly speaking, in the United States, it was universal. Some of his most angry blasts were directed towards white Northerners who blew hot and cold on the subject of race relations and justice to all men. However, he recognized the fact that there were many staunch friends of Negroes among the Whites. . . .

Hope was bent on some work . . . among Negroes. He was imbued with a firm faith in their future. I suggested to him that one man could do little to improve social conditions. He replied that every little helped and that armies were made up of individuals. . . . He was not moved by any desire to earn money. When in a discussion I suggested to him that I thought he would do well in the medical profession, he shook his head and [said] he thought he was needed more elsewhere. . . .

Hope, however, was not a professional uplifter who seized on racial conditions to stir up strife or forward his own ends. His was an attitude of dignified conciliation without surrendering the rights and privileges that made life worth living. . . . In conversation Hope was a trenchant talker. The flash of his gray eyes convinced one of his sincerity.

No stranger to Hope would ever have taken him for a colored man. He was not only white but had auburn hair and blue-gray eyes. He was of medium height, of dignified bearing; yet always quiet and unassuming and, as I have said, did not show temper unless aroused by injustice.

LETTER OF KING CHARLES I, "GIVEN AT OUR COURT AT WHYTEHALL, THIS 10 OF JUNII, 1641":

To Our Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Thomas Hope Baronet, Greeting. We are informed that in the actioun preservit be you, for an interest against John Maxwell, bailie-depute to the Earl of Nithesdaille, it does appeir by the rolment of the Court that the executioun was done by ane fair and legall procedour of indytment and convicioun by ane assyze; but neveryeless that by the negligence or corruptioun of the clerk, it is nocht thairin exprest they war takin wt fang; and yairfore that in the rigour of the law the defender may possibly run in the danger of wilfull murthour—WE thairfore, taking unto or

princely consideratioun both the prescripturin of many yeirs and the defenderis offer to prove that the defuncts were takin reid hand, as lykewayis that in equitie so small ane oversight or informalitye aught nocht to be ballancet with the lyf of ane subject equallie executing the lawis and cled with sufficient authoritie yair anent, have thought fitt to will and reqaryre you to desist frome any farder prosecutioun yair-of till or farder pleasure be knawin and with all to intmat this our sense yairof to or Justice-General or deputtis that no farder process till or said pleasure be farder knawin, be granted yairin, in which nocht doubting of yar care and diligence we bid you farewell."

*"A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF
SCOTLAND"*

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
Where moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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A host of people contributed information about the Augusta that John Hope knew as a boy. Among these were the late Mr. Levi White, Mrs. Levi White, Mrs. Kemper Harreld, Mrs. R. C. Williams, Mrs. Georgia Swift King, the late Mrs. Mattie Price, Miss Carrie Harper, the late Mr. L. J. Harper, Dr. L. H. Harper, Mrs. John Dart, the late Mrs. Sarah Brown, Mrs. Cecelia Ladeveze Johnson, Miss Mary Carey, Rev. T. H. Dwelle, Miss E. C. W. Gray, Mrs. B. B. Matthews, the late Major R. R. Wright, Mr. Robert Douglas, Mr. H. B. Garvin, Mr. Lucian Hayden White.

WORCESTER ACADEMY YEARS

The chapter on John Hope at the Academy owes much to Mrs. Dean P. Lockwood, Mrs. Benjamin Snow and Mr. Ralph Abercrombie for memories of their father Dr. D. W. Abercrombie. The story of Edward Burr Solomon came through Mr. Edwin S. Chamberlin and Mr. Roscoe Dunjee. Mr. Erastus Starr, Dr. Albert E. Bailey, Mr. Hubert Sedgwick and Mr. Ralph Robinson contributed reminiscences of the Class of 1890.

BROWN UNIVERSITY YEARS

Mr. W. Chesley Worthington and Mrs. Christine Hathaway of Brown University contributed invaluable data with regard to John Hope, Levi Trimble, and other Negro students. Miss Emily Tolliver, Miss Reberta Dunbar, the late Professor T. Edward Owens, and Mr. Will Freeman told of Hope's activities in the community as well as on the campus. Mr. Henry Sharpe, the late Mr. H. Anthony Dyer, Dr. Willard Richardson, Dr. Harold Dexter Hazeltine, and Dr. Israel Strauss contributed reminiscences of the Class of 1894.

THE FOUR YEARS IN NASHVILLE

Professor J. W. Johnson, Dr. A. M. Townsend, and Dr. W. A. Reed gave recollections of Hope as teacher at Roger Williams University. Mrs. Ida Napier Lawson made vivid the social life of the colored community. Dean Charles H. Thompson of Howard University supplied the data on Hope's invitation to teach at Tuskegee.

EARLY YEARS IN ATLANTA

A great many people, friends and students, helped to complete the picture of Hope's life in Atlanta. Chief among those who gave reminiscences of his earlier years as professor and president of Morehouse College were the following: the late Dr. Charles Dubois Hubert, President John W. Davis, President Mordecai W. Johnson, Professor Waldo B. Truesdell, Professor Kemper Harreld, Professor C. H. Wardlaw, Mr. W. T. Courtney, the late Rev. James B. Adams, Dr. Nathaniel Tillman, Professor Benjamin F. Bullock, Mrs. J. W. E. Bowen, Mrs. John Brown Watson, Mrs. S. H. Archer, Mr. Alec Harvey, Mr. A. J. Davis, Mr. Matthew Bullock, Dr. James M. Nabrit, Professor George A. Towns, the late Dr. E. R. Carter, Dr. Raymond Carter, Mr. Alexander Huth, Dr. Emmett Scott, Mr. J. Max Barber.

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Present and former members of the faculties of Atlanta University and Morehouse College gave wholehearted cooperation in picturing and interpreting John Hope's leadership. Chief among these were President Benjamin E. Mays of Morehouse College, Dean Brailsford Brazeal, Dean J. P. Whittaker, Dean Samuel M. Nabrit, Dr. Ira Reid, Professor L. D. Milton, Dr. Howard Thurman, Dr. Clarence A. Bacote, Professor Willis Laurence James, Dr. Rayford W. Logan, Miss Elizabeth Prophet. Reminiscences also came from many former students including the Hon. Benjamin J. Davis, Mr. Clyde Reynolds, President Albert Dent, Dr. John W. Lawlah, Dr. Roscoe McKinney, Professor W. E. Anderson.

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Insight into Hope's activities off campus was given by Mr. Ralph Bullock, Dr. Max Yergan, Dr. Carter G. Woodson, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Mr. Arthur Spingarn, Miss Mary B. Brady, Mrs. Mary Seymour, Mr. Howard Russell. Episodes of his travels were given by Miss Ruth Fisher and Mrs. Arthur Ruhl.

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